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Keeping the Peace
REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D.

Some International Aspects of the Stock Exchange
E. H. H. SIMMONS
President: New York Stock Exchange

Turmoil on the Yangtse
K. K. KAWAKAMI

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VOL. CCXXIV

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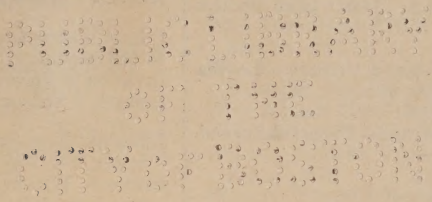

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1927

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MONTROSE J. MOSES,

himself the author of a new anthology, *Representative American Dramas*, is specially qualified to discuss our Drama in all its aspects. His discussion in the present essay on The Little Theatre is timely and important.

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IN PROSPECT

Dame Rumor, in Virgil's epic, "grew on that on which she fed". So THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, while disclaiming relationship with that ancient bird of evil omen, enjoys that same capacity, and gains from the achievements of one issue an increased strength for those of the next. Thus it is enabled to look to future numbers with confidence commensurate with the gratification which it feels in reviewing the past. In token of this, note some of the features which are to appear in the forthcoming June and succeeding issues:

The **Hon. Charles G. Dawes,** Vice-President of the United States, shrewdly observant of the distinguished body over which he presides, will write of THE PRIMARY SYSTEM, which has recently been involved in deplorable scandals, as a method of nominating candidates for the Senate. Of similar interest will be a discussion under the title "The Senate or the States" by the **Hon. James W. Wadsworth, Jr.,** lately Senator from New York, of the question whether States shall choose their own senators in accordance with qualifications prescribed by the Constitution, or shall be subjected to the arbitrary and extra-Constitutional censorship of the Senate itself.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S call for another conference on limitation of armament makes most timely the views of **Representative Thomas S. Butler,** Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, on the present status and NEEDS OF OUR FLEET. So the greatly-urged projects for a CANAL FROM THE LAKES TO THE SEA give special pertinence to an article by the **Hon. Joseph S. Ransdell,** Senator from Louisiana, for many years one of the foremost advocates of Inland Waterway Improvement. The strenuous demand for FARM RELIEF which found voice in the McNary-Haugen bill, will be illuminated by the veteran Kansas Editor, **Charles M. Harger,** in an article on UNTANGLING RURAL FINANCE. And with Americans clamoring for stabilization of wheat and cotton, and Frenchmen for the stabilization of the franc, and what not other calls of similar tenor elsewhere, there must be unsurpassed interest and profit in an exposition of the whole subject of STABILIZATION by so expert an economist as **Dr. John R. Commons,** of the University of Wisconsin.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH–APRIL–MAY, 1927

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

ANGLO-AMERICA

ANOTHER coincidence occurs in Anglo-American history. It has long been a truism that the war of 1776 was as revolutionary to Great Britain herself and to the remainder of its empire as it was to America. It moved the British Government to adopt enlightened policies which averted any more such insurrections and which confirmed the union of that empire as much as it did the union of these States. Next the one hundredth anniversary of our independence was coincident with the adoption of the imperial title by the British sovereign, in token of more complete integration of her dominions. And now, for the third time, while we have been commemorating our sesquicentenary, British statesmen have been reorganizing that empire more radically and significantly than ever before in all its history; the new order of affairs being denoted by the coming of a Minister to Washington from Canada, as if from some entirely independent Power, and by our sending in return a Minister to Ottawa.

This is a token of increased coördination among the English-speaking nations of the world. It does not, we assume, mean any withdrawal of the Dominions from their allegiance to the Crown, any more than reaffiliation of America therewith. But it stresses the significant circumstance that the Commonwealth of British Nations is becoming more and more a community of nations

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rather than of provinces; and that is a circumstance which, paradoxically, draws them nearer to America while not drawing America nearer to them. Talk of political reunion or permanent alliance between America and Great Britain would be vanity of vanities. But talk of moral coöperation between this country and all the members of the Commonwealth, for the promotion of justice and the maintenance of peace, is one of the most practical and hopeful of things. There was no exaggeration in the recent declaration of Mr. Stanley M. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, to a New York audience, that "If the British Empire and America work together for the rehabilitation of Europe, and the promotion of peace, there is hope for mankind. If they do not, nothing mankind can devise can possibly succeed." Nor was there anything beyond plain common sense in the words of Mr. J. L. Garvin, the eminent English publicist, to the effect that "Whenever world peace itself is threatened, its maintenance would be assured by the combined weight of England and America thrown into the same scale. Periodical English-speaking conferences along the free lines of the recent Imperial Conference would keep up coöperation without entanglement."

Any formal pact would perhaps not be practicable, nor necessary. The Monroe Doctrine does not in terms apply to Canada, or the British West Indies, or Australia or New Zealand. Yet no rational man questions what would be the course of the United States—of the United States Army and Navy—in case of danger of conquest of one of those countries by any other Power; or indeed what would be the course of those countries and of the whole British Commonwealth in the inconceivable case of danger of the conquest of America. As was said more than two generations ago, and as will be truly said for uncounted generations yet to come. "Blood is thicker than water."

THE CRUX OF CHINA

Complicated and involved as the Chinese problem is, one outstanding issue looms supreme. That is, the question of China's equal sovereignty among the independent Powers of

the world. More than two-thirds of a century ago, Lincoln expressed the wise belief that this nation could not permanently endure half slave and half free. So might it long ago have been declared that China could not, would not, should not, permanently endure to be half sovereign and half subject. Either it must be entirely sovereign, with full control over all its own territory, its courts, its tariffs, and what not; or it must sink to the level of a dependent and subject State. The determination of that question is paramount among the issues in Eastern Asia today, just as much as was that of slavery or freedom in the America of Lincoln's time. All other issues, and all other settlements that may be made, are subordinate to it.

The matter of control of foreign concessions of territory is one with which we are not concerned. It has not been the American practice to seek such concessions. In that of alien control of Chinese tariffs we have been chiefly followers of and participators in European practice. Great Britain has been above all others responsible for the system which has long been imposed. But under the characteristic American principle of "most favored nation", established by Kearny with the "open door" eighty-five years ago, we have, of course, been identified with that system. In the matter of extraterritorial jurisdiction in the courts, however, America was the leader and has been properly regarded as its prime exponent. We may date the beginning of it away back to the Terranova case, more than a hundred years ago; while the detailed explication and confirmation of the principle occurred in 1844, when "Count" Caleb Cushing, under the most absurd credentials ever borne by an American or any other envoy, made one of the shrewdest and wisest of all our treaties. The principle of extraterritoriality had indeed been practiced to a limited extent for centuries, between European and some Mohammedan countries, but it remained for Cushing, in the name of America, first of all to insist upon its formal adoption as a world-wide rule between Christian and all non-Christian nations. And this, as he took pains to explain, was not because of any inferiority of the non-Christian States in independent sovereignty or in their right to their own codes of law and jurisprudence; but it was simply a practical recognition of the radical

and essential difference between two civilizations. "Between them and us," said Cushing, "there is no community of ideas, no common law of nations, no interchange of good offices."

Conditions have greatly changed, and international relations have changed, since that time. It is still true that "East is East, and West is West"; but the twain are today much nearer meeting in many important respects than would have been deemed possible a generation ago. It is therefore a fair question whether this principle of extraterritoriality may not be abandoned in the case of China, even as we have already abandoned it in the case of other Asiatic Powers; and since America was the leader in establishing it, it would be eminently fitting for it to exercise such leadership in abrogating, modifying or otherwise dealing with it as the best judgment may dictate. That Great Britain signifies an inclination to coöperate in whatever policy our Government may pursue, is not the least auspicious feature of the case.

OUR RIGHTS IN NICARAGUA

The President's policy in Nicaragua was right. That we believe to be the judgment of the American people; with the exception perhaps of two small groups. There are those who hold that whatever is, is wrong; and that therefore insurgents against a constituted government are always of necessity right. There are also various replicas of Ko-Ko's—

> . . . idiot who praises in enthusiastic tone
> All centuries but this and every country but his own,—

who hold it iniquitous for the United States to enforce its rights or even fulfil its duties, while praising all other nations for doing so; repudiating the declaration in our primal charter that this country has "full power to do all acts and things which independent States may of right do". For us, we prefer Thomas Jefferson to Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses.

The President's course was justifiable on three major grounds, any one of which would have been sufficient, alone. One was, the necessity of protecting the lives and property of American

citizens and the treaty rights of this country. The giving of such protection is a fundamental duty. The Government which fails to do it abdicates its authority and is unworthy longer to exist. Nor can we imagine a more hopeless piece of self-stultification than for a nation to invest millions of dollars in a canal route the utilization of which will be a necessity to its welfare in the not distant future, and then to abandon that property to the contingencies of revolution and potential conquest.

Another ground was the need of vindicating the Monroe Doctrine by affording to the citizens of other countries the protection which their Governments requested. When European Powers thus entrusted to us the performance of their own duty toward their own citizens, they showed in the clearest and most gratifying manner their respect for the validity of the Monroe Doctrine. Certainly it was incumbent upon us to show equal respect for it. We could not play the dog in the manger, by refusing either to grant such protection ourselves or to let the European Powers do it. There is no exaggeration in saying that the moral integrity of the Doctrine was at stake.

Finally, there was our moral obligation to regard a treaty, even one to which we were not ourselves technically but only morally a party, as something more than a "scrap of paper". Bear in mind that under our countenance and patronage, and with our encouragement, the Central American States entered into a solemn compact not to recognize any insurgent or revolutionary government unless the freely elected representatives of the people had constitutionally reorganized their country. If that did not place us under the strongest compulsion to stand by the constituted Government of Nicaragua, rather than to connive with insurgents for its overthrow, then words have lost their meaning and we had better strike the negatives out of the Decalogue, and reckon that two and two make five.

We are not willing for a moment to concede that the United States is not entitled to maintain its rights or is not bound to discharge its duties, in any place, at any time. We shall not admit that it is wrong for America to pursue a course which those who affect to condemn would piously praise if it were done by the League of Nations; or for America to do, on its own initiative, in

a neighboring State, that which its critics would applaud it for doing at the dictation of the League in Borrioboola Gha or the domains of the Akhoond of Swat.

JAPAN'S NEW ERA

America's bereavements, in the deaths of Presidents in office, have been so sorrowfully frequent that we can truly sympathize with Japan in her time of mourning. Yet we might also wish for a certain degree of emulation, here, of the Japanese spirit of reverence for the Chief of State, both living and dying. For the profound and protracted manifestations of woe at the passing of an Emperor are not mere worship of the individual, albeit he was traditionally reputed to be of Divine descent. Over and above all that, they are denotements of reverence for the lawful authority of which he was the supreme exponent; just as the divinity which hedged him and equally hedges his successor must be regarded as an adumbration not of the divine personality so much as of the divine sovereignty as the basis of all true law. We must, we repeat, wish that America might always have as much respect for a Chief of State chosen by the sovereign volition of the people, as the representative of law and government, as the Japanese have for their hereditary monarch in a like capacity.

It is the felicitous custom of Japan to regard and to name each imperial reign as a special era in her history, and with several of those eras it has been the lot of America to be intimately associated. There was one, marked with the masterful but beneficent doings of Matthew Calbraith Perry and Townsend Harris, remembered today by Japan with flattering gratitude. There was another, comparable in beneficence, the Era of Enlightenment, in which America also largely shared. Since then increasing contact has not at times been altogether free from artificial friction. That we must recognize, and for it we may not entirely absolve ourselves from blame. But there is assured ground for confidence that in the new era now begun there will be a confirmation and a most fruitful cultivation of

those earlier relationships, both sentimental and practical, which made all intercourse between America and Japan suggestive of a dawning Golden Age of peace and universal brotherhood. It is with such feelings that citizens of this country extend at once their sympathies and their auspicious anticipations to the people and the Government of Japan.

AMERICA'S ALSACE

It was about ten years after the German seizure of Alsace that Chili took possession of Tacna and Arica. So perhaps by ten years after the restoration of Alsace to France, Tacna and Arica will be restored to Peru; though we must earnestly hope that it will not be by the same strenuous means. Both seizures were made by virtue of military conquest; but with quite different ostensible purposes. In the European case the act was absolute and perpetual. In the American it was, at least on its face, conditional and subject to revision and reversal. After a period of years a plebiscitum was to be held, and was to determine whether the Chilian occupation was to be permanently confirmed, or return to Peru was to be made. But after forty-five years and more the plebiscitum is still untaken, the permanent disposition of the provinces still undetermined.

The feature of the case that is most unsatisfactory, perhaps we might say most ominous, is the apparent failure of precisely those processes which we are wont to regard as most desirable and most auspicious in international transactions. Conquest through war we deprecate, as we do also the arbitrary holding of the spoils of conquest, regardless of the will of the conquered. We have regard for the sanctity of treaties, for the right of self determination and for the moral authority of mediation and arbitration. What hurts is that the Treaty of Ancon should still be unfulfilled, that the promised self determination should be withheld, and that the results of the arbitration which was not only accepted but actually solicited should not be received with effective acquiescence.

Never, we may confidently aver, was arbitration more impar-

tially, more benevolently or more intelligently performed than by the President of the United States in this dispute between Chili and Peru. Nor do we believe that a more just judgment was ever rendered. It should have been promptly accepted by both parties and put into effect. That it was not, but that under one pretext and another it has been virtually rejected, might be regarded as an affront to this country. We shall not thus resent it. But we should hope that it would restrain those concerned in it from casting suspicions and aspersions, such as some are reported to be casting, upon the attitude and course of this country toward any other Latin American affairs. Certainly, the United States does not deserve to be made the subject of Lorenzo Dow's epigram on Predestination:

> You can and you can't; you will and you won't;
> You'll be damned if you do, you'll be damned if you don't.

Yet what are we to think, if objection is made to intervention on the one hand, and rejection is the fate of arbitration on the other?

GERMANY ON HONOR

One of the most significant occurrences of the year thus far in Central Europe has been the withdrawal of the Allied control of German armaments; or, rather, transfer of it to the League of Nations; following immediately upon Germany's agreement to demolish all the forts along her eastern frontier which she has built since the World War. To optimists, this is auspicious; to pessimists and cynics, it is ominous. Which view is correct, only the sequel can tell. Certainly it will afford a test of the efficiency of the League of Nations in the performance of one of its most important functions. Also, it will soon throw light upon the real spirit and purpose of the German people and their Government; who are now placed on their honor to "seek peace and pursue it". It would be profoundly disappointing to have them take advantage of this release from Allied surveillance to make surreptitious increases of their military strength, with aggressively belligerent aims. There is reason to hope that they

will not do so, but that they will sincerely devote their attention to eliminating the evils which Junkerism brought upon them and to confirming the peace of Europe. And it is also to be hoped that France and Belgium will have the moral courage and the steadiness of nerve to assume, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that Germany will keep faith with them. It may be that thus this withdrawal of Allied control will be a white stone landmark on the path of peace.

TWO TYPES OF DEBTORS

Recent utterances, discussions and negotiations concerning the debts of European nations to this country have more and more marked the differentiation between two kinds of debtors, among peoples and their Governments as well as among individuals. These are, in brief, the willing and the unwilling.

There are those who, whether able or unable to meet their obligations, are willing to do so and desirous of doing so, if they can; and who give their chief attention to finding ways and means of paying. There are also those who, whether able or unable, are unwilling to pay, and who devote their ingenuity to the devising of pretexts for avoiding payment.

It is natural and just, as it is quite inevitable, that the sentiment and the attitude of the creditor toward the debtor shall largely be determined by the class, of these two, to which the debtor belongs.

VERMONT'S SESQUICENTENARY

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of New Connecticut, otherwise Vermont, has not loomed as large as that of the United States in historical commemoration. Yet in some not insignificant respects it was of comparable interest; if as nothing more than a too much forgotten curiosity in American history. It should be remembered that Vermont is unique among the older States, in that it was never either a separate British province or a Territory of the United

States. It was an independent republic, declaring and maintaining its separation both from the British Empire and from the United States. It participated gallantly in the Revolution not as a part of the United States but as an ally. And finally, when it became the fourteenth State of this Union, it was not elevated from a Territorial status to that dignity, but was annexed as an independent foreign country, just as was Texas, many years afterward.

It is grateful to recall that Vermont in spirit anticipated by three-quarters of a century the proud motto of West Virginia, *Montani semper Liberi*, by being the first State on the American continent to abolish and prohibit human slavery. Also, it was the first to establish universal manhood suffrage, every one of the original Thirteen having at that time some property qualification for the franchise. Yet it presented an interesting combination of conservatism with advanced liberalism, by making moral and religious enactments in its statute books which were perhaps the most strict of all in America. Certainly Berkeley in Virginia or Cotton Mather in Massachusetts Bay could have done no more than to make death the penalty for blasphemy, and we cannot recall that they did more than Vermont did in prescribing fine and flogging for even the simplest profane swearing, and sending a man to the stocks for making a social call on a neighbor on a Sunday afternoon. These are interesting reminiscences for those who are fond of exploiting Ethan Allen as a free-thinker and atheist. Happily, after a hundred and fifty years the bigotry has vanished, while the freedom and manhood remain, confirmed and triumphant.

PLAYING WITH PARLIAMENTARY FIRE

Let us say, to begin with, that we do not expect to see parliamentary—or Congressional—government in America overthrown. We shall have no Mussolini nor Primo de Rivera in the United States. Trust to the good sense and resolution of the American people for that. But let us also say, very advisedly, that both Houses of Congress are playing with fire in a reprehensible if not an ominous fashion, and are bringing upon themselves a measure

of reproach not to be greatly differentiated from that which has in so many European countries brought Parliaments into discredit and given opportunity for dictatorships. And they are doing this by flouting and violating the very Constitution to which they owe their existence.

Note, for example, the course of the Senate. An "immutable covenant" in the Constitution guarantees equal representation in that body to all the States. Yet Senators propose to deprive States of equal representation by excluding members who have been duly elected or appointed and are constitutionally qualified. The Constitution makes the Senate "the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members". But it does not empower it to prescribe what those qualifications shall be. On the contrary it prescribes them itself; to wit: That a Senator must be thirty years old, for nine years a citizen of the United States, a resident of the State for which he is elected, and elected by the people of the State or, in case of emergency, appointed by the Governor. That is all. And all that the Senate has any constitutional right to do is to judge whether a Senator meets those constitutional requirements. If he does, it has no option but to seat him. If the Senate had a right to impose additional qualifications of its own devising, it could impose any such tests, and it could thus deprive at will any State of its equal representation. It is a mischievous blow at the sovereign rights of the States, and at the integrity of the Constitution; though it is likely to recoil with more damaging force upon the Senate itself. It is a perilous swing of the pendulum to the opposite extreme from the ground taken by one of the ablest men that ever sat in that body, John C. Calhoun, that Senators were in fact ambassadors from sovereign States, over whom nobody but their own States had any authority or supervision.

Again, observe the conduct of the House of Representatives. The Constitution requires that body to reapportion its members among the States on the basis of a census of the population to be taken every ten years. Such a census was taken in 1920, and according to the plain intent of the Constitution the House should forthwith have made a new apportionment. But it did not do so. It has not yet done so, though more than half of the decennial

period has elapsed. And the indications are that it will not do so at all, but will ignore the census of 1920 and wait until another is taken in 1930. Meantime gross injustice prevails. Some States have more Representatives than they are proportionately entitled to, and some are deprived of Representatives to whom they are justly entitled. Moreover, it is obvious that if the House is permitted thus to ignore one census it may as well ignore two, or a dozen. If it can go from the census of 1910 to that of 1930 without reapportionment, it can go to that of 1940, or 1950, or the year 2000, making its present apportionment perpetual. It is a flagrant defiance of both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution.

These things are, to our mind, immeasurably more serious and detrimental than all the filibustering, and pork barrel grabs, and enactment of foolish laws, and failure to enact needed laws, which have often brought reproach upon Congress. For all such doings are at worst merely non-feasance, or mis-feasance. But the things which we have described are deliberate mal-feasance, and are directed not against some temporary interest of the nation, but against its permanent fundamental law. It is, as we have said, a dangerous playing with fire, though more likely to scorch the players than to destroy the house. What the abatement will be, is a question yet to be answered. On its face the Constitution seems to provide no means of coercing Congress or one of its Houses to do its duty or to refrain from usurping powers. Yet such means must exist, or must be provided; else the Government would be unable to preserve its integrity. It would be most desirable for the two Houses to come to their senses and themselves mend their ways. If not, they must remember that they are after all nothing but the creatures of the American people.

"HISTORY AS SHE IS WROTE"

Senator Carter Glass is entitled to gratitude for his authentic refutation of Colonel Edward M. House's flatulent and egotistic twaddle about his mighty achievements during the Wilson Administration. The Texas Ranger apparently thought that after the

death of the President who made him—for a short time—famous, he could play the part of Coriolanus, and boast "Alone I did it!" But he forgot that there might still be somebody living who knew the facts and in whose showing of them the public would have confidence. Lord Randolph Churchill, at the zenith of his brilliant career, was thus forgetful, when he imagined that there could be no competent substitute for him in the Treasury Office; but was quickly driven to confess, "I forgot Goschen!" It was unlucky for Colonel House to forget Senator Glass.

The incident illustrates, however, some of the difficulties with which historical writers have to deal. If there are such contradictions among "original sources" in the very generation in which the events occurred, what will be the embarrassment of the writer a few generations hence who seeks to find the truth of history in a symposium of Tumulty, Page, House and Glass? The result may rival, though for a different reason, the present frenzy for calumniating George Washington. We note that Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, one of the too few serious and competent students and teachers of history, reports that in one current and much-touted "biography" of Washington, by a person called Hughes, there are two hundred and ninety-seven "absolutely false" statements, and a hundred and eleven which are "extremely doubtful". It would be most edifying to have Senator Glass compile a corresponding tabulation of Colonel House's screed.

"MEDDLESOME MATTY" AGAIN

The progeny of Meddlesome Matty are numerous and active. A century and a quarter ago Dr. Logan was a good man, and meant well. Of that there was never any question. And indeed he was actually the means of doing some good, when he surrendered his meddlesomeness into authoritative hands. But even in those days of ultra-strenuous factionalism, there was general recognition of the potential mischief of such doings as his, and approval of the law forbidding under penalty their repetition. The Alien and Sedition acts were repealed, though renewed with intensified severity during the World War. But the Logan act has remained unchallenged to this day.

Its spirit, however, is grossly and widely disregarded, not infrequently to the misleading of other nations and to the detriment of our relations or negotiations with them. In a recent number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW attention of a somewhat excoriatory nature was given to an American gentleman of genealogical as well as professional standing, who had assumed to speak "off his own" in the name of the American people in opposition to the policy of the American Government, on the subject of the debts due from European countries, and to do so directly to the peoples of those debtor nations. Since then others have been busy, in the same pernicious fashion. We have no objection to American citizens expressing themselves as freely as they please, merely as citizens, to each other and to their Government. But for men whom foreign peoples have reason to regard—though incorrectly—as authentic exponents of public opinion if not of official purpose, such as a former candidate for the Presidency, or who not, to go abroad and to tell those foreign peoples in their own capitals that the policy of the American Government toward them is not approved by the American nation and will never be executed or enforced, is an impropriety so flagrant as to be incapable of adequate characterization without the use of language more forcible than polite.

We must also regard it as unfortunate, to say the least, for self-constituted bodies of private citizens, however enlightened and benevolent, to affect investigation, counsel or what not in the foreign affairs of America, especially under names calculated to give the impression that they are invested with official authority. Here, with *Who's Who* at our elbows, we understand such things and know that they are merely "pretty Fanny's way". But they are not thus understood abroad; and when foreign peoples hear that "the American Commission for This" or "the United States Council for That" has reported so and so, and has recommended to the President such and such action, there is grave danger of their taking these things far more seriously than they deserve.

It is beyond doubt highly desirable for American citizens to acquaint themselves fully and accurately with foreign as well as domestic affairs, and it is well for them to make their opinions

and wishes known to their own representatives in their own Government. But it is not well for them to clamor for the conduct of diplomacy in town meeting, or to assume for themselves the pose and nomenclature of official agencies. It would have to be an immensely greater Commission or Council than any that has yet been formed, that could affect to speak for the people and Government of America, without incurring the fate of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street who called themselves "We, the People of England". We have already had too many Meddlesome Matties in "unofficial gossips" and "impudent commissions".

IF POOR RICHARD WERE HERE!

It is an appropriate and should be a profitable thing to commemorate the birthday anniversary of Benjamin Franklin every year with a Thrift Week, for the promotion of that homely virtue of which he was one of the world's chief apostles. Yet we cannot help reflecting, somewhat grimly, we are afraid, upon what would be his sentiments and his vigorous words, if he were permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon and observe the appalling thriftlessness which has long prevailed in the republic which he so greatly helped to found. For the fact is that our wastefulness of three of our very greatest natural resources has for years been one of the most amazing and most discreditable phenomena in the economic history of the world.

COAL. Men still living and resentful at being called old remember reading in their school textbooks that the coal deposits in a single State of this Union were sufficient to supply all possible needs of the entire nation for centuries to come. Since then deposits have been opened up in a dozen other States. Yet today expert engineers are computing the measurable time that will elapse before our coal beds are practically exhausted, at least beyond the limits of profitable working. And men who know the business best declare that of all the coal taken from our mines, probably fifty per cent. has been wasted before reaching the place of consumption.

TIMBER. We used similarly to be told that the forest wealth

of America was practically inexhaustible; sufficient to supply the whole world for centuries to come. But today something resembling a lumber famine prevails. Prices have increased five hundred per cent., and more and more we are drawing our supplies from foreign lands. It is true, of course, that the manufacture of paper and other causes have enormously increased the consumption of timber. Yet it is a truism of the trade that fifty per cent. of the available forest growth that has now vanished was not used at all, but was simply wasted and destroyed, either carelessly or wantonly. And such a thing as scientific forestry, aiming to cultivate woodlands instead of merely cutting them off, and to replant forests as fast as they are cut, has scarcely been dreamed of on any considerable scale. Today we are dependent upon other countries for wood, and have so far denuded our land of trees that it would take fifty years of the most ample effort to restore us to a self-supplying basis.

WATER. There are few countries of the world so richly endowed with natural water supplies, for both potable and industrial purposes, as the chief industrial States of this Union; yet there are few that have so greatly neglected and abused the gift. We have allowed millions of horse power, for industrial uses, to flow to the sea unutilized, while we have gone on consuming millions of tons of coal and millions of barrels of oil for which the water would have provided a preferable substitute and which it would have enabled us to conserve for other uses. A large part of our supply of potable water has been lost to us by our practice of the stupid and filthy rule that the only way to dispose of sewage is to pour it into the nearest river or lake; until now our great cities are put to great expense and are driven far afield to find enough for their supposed needs. But even in such circumstances, profligacy prevails; for in the average large city from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of the water that flows through the mains is not used at all, but absolutely wasted.

Yes; it would be mightily interesting to have Ben Franklin come back and tell us what he thought of us. Indeed, though, it should not be necessary for our information or our admonition. To every man of vision and imagination there must be a spiritual radio broadcasting from the Elysian Fields!

MEXICAN RELATIONS

It is impossible to avoid now and then contrasting conditions upon the only two foreign land frontiers of the United States. Along that at the North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific elsewhere in this issue referred to as "the most beautiful boundary on earth", no fortifications exist, no troops are massed, no wars are waged nor rumors of wars arise, but peace and profound mutual confidence have prevailed unbroken for much more than a hundred years. Along that at the Southwest, about half as long, also from sea to sea, during most of the time for four-fifths of a century, suspicion, unrest, antagonism and frequent disturbances have prevailed, with several acts of outright war, and an incessant watchfulness of armed forces. The difference between the two could scarcely be greater or more significant than it is.

We may charge it in part to the radical differences of race and of civilization. But we must also recognize the fact that the regrettable conditions along our Mexican border have largely been also the fault of the two countries. The instability of government which for much of its history has been unhappily characteristic of Mexico, and the easily explicable preference of revolutionists for the American border as a field for operations, must be reckoned to have been a prolific source of trouble; not infrequently aggravated by filibustering or other operations from our side of the line. Nor do we absolve ourselves from blame. The war of eighty years ago has been condemned by foremost Americans as severely as by the Mexicans themselves. Nevertheless 1867 may fairly be regarded as atonement for 1847. If at the earlier date we spoliated Mexico, at the later one we saved her from extinction; of which the death of "Poor Carlotta!" this present year has been a pathetic and tragic reminder.

If therefore we may scarcely hope to duplicate along the Rio Grande the fortunate conditions which exist on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, there could be and there should be a marked amelioration of those which have prevailed there during most of the time since the abdication of Porfirio Diaz. It should be remembered that twenty-five years ago the two countries set an inspiring example to the world, by submitting an important and long-standing controversy to the Tribunal of Arbitration at The

Hague—the first ever brought before it—and by loyally accepting and fulfilling its verdict. Certainly neither of the two should be averse or reluctant to follow their own example.

THE FLICKERING OF "FLAMING YOUTH"

The painfully obvious and indisputable "wave of crime" which has for some time been widely prevalent, and the apparently authentic statistics of a marked increase in juvenile and adolescent delinquency, have set sociologists, educators and others to discussing the subject of moral and religious training for the young, with some significant results. The statements have been made, on what seems good authority, that more than eighty per cent. of all crimes from murder down to petty misdemeanors are committed by persons less than twenty-two years old; that the average age of burglars has decreased in ten years from twenty-nine to only twenty-one years; that fifty-one per cent. of automobile thefts—which involve values of tens of millions of dollars a year—are committed by persons under eighteen; and, most pitiful and shameful of all, that forty-two per cent. of the unmarried mothers are schoolgirls averaging sixteen years of age.

That secular education should be an efficient agency for combatting such conditions is often insisted upon. Yet that theory is confronted with such facts as this: That in the State of New York in three years more than six hundred million dollars have been spent on public school education, and in those same years more than fifty thousand of the pupils in those schools were sent to prison as convicted criminals. That religious instruction, in church Sunday schools, should be effective, might perhaps reasonably be expected, if it existed to any general extent. But we are told that it reaches scarcely thirty per cent. of the children; so that seventy per cent. of the children of America are growing up without moral or religious instruction of any kind in the schools.

There remains the home, or what is left of it. The original American principle was that children should receive moral instruction, discipline and guidance from their parents. Statistics

of the practice of that theory are, manifestly, unavailable; and the opinions and estimates of shrewd observers would have too cynical a tone to be repeated. But the failure of the home thus to function is proclaimed unmistakably in the appeals that are made for the teachers in the schools to undertake such work. At a recent convention of educators in Oregon a large part of the discussions urged the "obligation" of teachers to develop moral character in their students. One leading speaker called upon his fellow teachers to help to "give children internal control now that they have renounced external control"; though he does not seem to have told by what right of common sense or reason children are permitted to "renounce external control". Lowell wrote that "The Ten Commandments will not budge." Are we to understand, however, that the Fourth has been abrogated? Another speaker insisted that teachers must "help in the reorganization of homes which have gone askew". A pious work, truly! But is the young normal school graduate to undertake the instruction of the fathers and mothers as well as of the children of the community? And still another speaker, representing the parents of the community, pleaded with high school deans that "they train girls in right standards and ideals"; as though girls were to wait until they reached high school before being thus trained!

It was refreshing, after such futile babblings, to hear words of truth and reason from so eminent an authority as Dr. Henry Suzzallo, who recently retired from the Presidency of the University of Washington; words to be commended to every teacher, still more to every church, most of all to every parent in the land. "The school," he said, "is an institution preëminently devised to deal with intellectual things. The average critic of our schools expects them to do things they were never designed to do. He expects them to develop triple-A high moral character, which is primarily the function of the home and the church. I love my job as schoolmaster, but I am not going to take responsibility for the development of those things in youth which are left undeveloped by the breakdown of other institutions."

"Flaming youth" may be admirable, if the flame be constant, luminous and serene. But if it is to be kept from flickering and

flaring and consuming itself in ruin, the hand that steadies it should be the hand that lighted it. President Coolidge was everlastingly right in saying that the hope and strength of America are in the homes and at the hearthstones of the people. Pedagogics, sociology, penology and all the rest of the social sciences can never contrive nor discover a substitute for parental authority and domestic influence.

IF WE HAD NO NAVY!

A biting irony was seen in the Chinese cataclysm. Among the Americans who cried for rescue from impending slaughter, and who were taken aboard the naval vessels of this nation and conveyed to safety, were not a few who had formerly been clamorous for abolition of our Navy, or who were associated with such pacifist propaganda. Many here at home, too, who had been demanding that every vessel in the Navy be sent to the scrapyard, were mightily glad to have their friends thus rescued, and would have raged in fury at the iniquity of the Government, if it had left them to their fate.

Disarmament is a noble ideal, no doubt. But the process must begin with the human mind and heart. When every nation practices justice and desires peace, and has assurance that every other does the same, we may dispense with armies and navies. Meanwhile we may profitably remember that lack of arms never did and never will keep men from fighting when they have occasion to fight; nor will its own defencelessness ever protect a country from aggression. If there is anybody who supposes that Americans in China would be more secure from mob or revolutionary violence if it were made known that their own Government had no ships to send and no troops to land for their protection, he is of course entitled to his opinion, by virtue of a right which Hosea Biglow long ago declared to be "safe from all devices human".

KEEPING THE PEACE

BY REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D.

Ought it to be kept? Can it be kept? And if so, by whom, and how? The first question is the most easily answered. The peace ought to be kept, and must be kept if we are not to perish. The World War made that clear. War has become a new thing. We can no longer think of it in terms used in the past. We keep the old word but science has presented us a new thing. Men waged what they called war in the eighteenth century, but George Washington did not know war, nor did Wellington, nor Nelson, nor the great Napoleon, as we know it, and because of our knowledge, it behooves us to keep the peace. In the old days men often spoke nonchalantly of war. They said it was a good thing, a tonic. "A little bloodletting will tone us up." Some went so far as to call war a "school of virtue." No one has ventured to speak thus since the end of the World War. We now know that war is a school of vice; and that even if it were a school of virtue, what is the use of cultivating virtue if civilization goes down in the process?

In former times men formulated laws of war. It was a game and they laid down the rules for the players. It was a duel and they regulated the weapons and procedure by agreements and conventions. Those days are gone. War can no longer be regulated. It defies all restraint. It laughs at repression. Those who still talk of regulation live in the past. They think in terms of a world which has vanished. It was proved in the World War that all rules of war are scraps of paper. This is because military defeat now means ruin. No government will refuse to make use of any efficient weapon within reach to escape destruction. Regulations for submarines and poison gas and tanks and bombing-airplanes are withes which will blaze like flax in the conflagration of every future war. A government is only a group of men in charge for the time being of the conduct of public affairs. The group changes again and again, and in war

the changes are more frequent than in peace. No group of patriots responsible for the deliverance of their country will ever allow it to go down when hard pressed by a military foe without using every weapon upon which they can lay their hands, no matter what promises may have been made by groups of leaders who preceded them. Those who think that war in the future can be regulated are living in a world which will return no more.

The old arguments for defense are all out of date. The vaunted protection did not protect. The promised security was a myth. The insurance did not insure. The multiplication of guns did not work for peace. It worked for suspicion and fear and hate and war. Men who keep on repeating the old arguments, and reciting the old formulas, and urging the continuation of the old methods, are survivals of a bygone age. They assume that war is what it was. Men to whom experience can teach nothing are not safe guides. The man who is eager to prepare for the next war is the man to be watched. If civilization is not to sink to perdition, there must be no next war. We are under bonds to keep the peace.

But can it be kept? Many say No! Their most convincing reason is that the peace has never except for brief seasons been kept. "Men have fought from the beginning, and therefore it is certain they will fight to the end. Human nature being what it is, war is inevitable." But the argument though plausible is not conclusive. Impossible things frequently happen. Up till yesterday every one said man could not fly. But today he is flying. It is easy and it is common. It will be still easier tomorrow. Not till today was it possible to hear in New York City the hand-clapping at a football game in Pasadena. The Lord Mayor of London has just had a conversation with the Mayor of New York by telephone, something which no other Lord Mayor of London in the history of that city ever attempted. Things never done before since the beginning of the world have been done since the opening of the present century. Why should anyone say oracularly that it is impossible for nations to keep the peace? If science has made war a new thing, possibly science has opened up new avenues to peace. Science has given us the radio and has

made it possible for the whole human race to listen in. With sane teachers giving instruction from selected centres, all the nations can be taught the science and art of peace. "Impossible!" It was Mirabeau who once said—"Never mention to me again that blockhead of a word!" With so many incurable diseases lying dead at our feet, who dare say that war cannot be slain? If there are antitoxins for the poisons which have made havoc of our flesh, what ground have we for saying there is no antitoxin for the microbe of war? With witchcraft and slavery and cannibalism and duelling all vanquished, it is foolish to assert that war is unconquerable. There have been three historic scourges, famine, pestilence and war. The first two have been banished, and only timid hearts declare the third cannot be overcome. It is reasonable to believe that everything which ought to be done on our planet can be done. If war ought to be abolished men can do it.

II

By whom can the peace be kept? By all the members of the family of nations. Peace is a world problem, and every nation must contribute to its solution. But all cannot be expected to act at once, and a few strong nations must go ahead. Why should the English-speaking nations not lead? Why should they not come together openly and unitedly declare their devotion to the cause of international good will? The beginning should be made by establishing a fuller understanding between England and the United States. The Governments of these two countries are already working harmoniously together, but the two peoples are not so close together as they ought to be. They do not yet understand each other, and because of the partial understanding their hearts are more or less estranged. The friendship is not sufficiently cordial and the union is far from complete. The next step in human progress is the creation of additional bonds between the peoples of these two countries. Certain facts work for progress. We have first of all a common language. All English-speaking peoples are greatly helped in establishing social contacts by possessing a common tongue. The jurisprudence

of England and the United States is founded on the common law of Britain. Both countries are making the same bold experiment in democracy. Both are pledged to ordered liberty, and both believe in the supremacy of law. The most beautiful boundary line on earth is that between Canada and the United States. It is the only boundary of three thousand eight hundred miles without a fort or a gun. Moreover the United States and England are under obligation to lead in the cause of peace because of their enormous wealth and prestige and power. If nations hold their wealth in trust for all mankind, then into what nobler cause can Britain and the United States throw their strength than into the work of establishing a universal and lasting peace?

The first step, then, in the great enterprise of world peace is to bring the English people and the people of the United States into more cordial relations with each other. The area of mutual understanding must be widened. There are groups in England who understand America, and there are groups in America who understand England, and these groups must be extended. The popular feeling in both countries must become more sympathetic. The public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic must become more amiable and appreciative. More than one of our Presidents has declared that war between the United States and Great Britain is unthinkable, and so it is among the highest and best. But when good will is absent from large classes of people, one cannot be sure that sane measures will prevail. The only sure safeguard against war is friendship. There is no international dispute which nations in a good humor cannot settle. There is hardly any dispute which can be settled by nations which dislike each other. Nothing can take the place of friendly feeling. Feeling is the mightiest force in the world. Without sentiment no noble cause can get on. Hague tribunals are desirable and so are world courts and arbitration treaties, and so is a League of Nations. All these are invaluable helps, but all of these are unreliable without a league of hearts. It is only when hearts touch that international relations rest upon a solid foundation. The United States and Great Britain should walk side by side down the perilous path of the coming years, liking each other all the way.

III

There are many obstacles, and these must be overcome; many perils, and these must be resolutely faced. Both of us have a free press. We would not be content to have a press that was muzzled. We are committed to the principle of liberty of thought and speech. But liberty is dangerous. It has its tragedies. One of its deepest tragedies is in the press. Unscrupulous and irresponsible men rush into journalism as they do into other professions, and the whole world suffers. There are journalists in every country who habitually put the worst construction on every act of a foreign government, and who take a devilish delight in poisoning the wells of international good will. The slurs and jibes of editors and reporters, repeated day after day, can induce an irritation in hearts three thousand miles away which, unless checked, may become a dangerous inflammation.

A newspaper even at its best is a poor medium of revelation of the noblest in a nation's mind and heart. A newspaper is a megaphone. To attract attention it shouts everything loud. From its nature it cannot communicate the finer tones of the spirit. Sentiment in every country is higher than the sentiment which is reflected in the press. Moreover the newspaper makes a specialty of the exceptional and the abnormal. Only these are counted "news," and it is these which work their way into headlines which can be read across the ocean. No nation can be known through its press. The press reports many things which are so, but it misleads by leaving out other things which must be known if one wishes to know the truth. A few years ago certain Irishmen in New York City had a fashion of packing Madison Square Garden now and then to relieve themselves by hissing England. All their hisses were accurately reported by the press here and across the sea. The papers did not report that there were twenty thousand New Yorkers in the neighborhood of Madison Square Garden who did not know that an anti-British meeting was being held, and that there were probably forty thousand other New Yorkers in that section of the city who put the hissing Irishmen down as fanatics and fools. One

room full of hissing men is only a small per cent. of the population of a city of six millions, and an insignificant fraction of the total population of a country of over a hundred millions.

In every country there are men who are instinctively boorish. They have never mastered the art of good manners. Their tongue is not acquainted with the law of kindness. They say offensive and cutting things about other countries without thinking of consequences. Such men sometimes rise to high positions in industry and business and even in politics. Boors sometimes become Congressmen and even climb into the United States Senate. What they say is reported not because of the wisdom or worth of the speaker, but because of his political position. Words of a man in a high place work with deadly effect if they are foolish, and even more disastrously if they are slanderous or insulting. Englishmen and Americans of a certain type are alike in possessing a genius for saying exasperating things. All such bitter words are blown through trumpets into the ears of the world, and international friendships are thus imperilled.

But the power of mischief is not confined to men who sit in high places. The common people by their chatter and gossip can bring down the social tone of the world. Bitter words spoken at the dinner table, or in the railway train, or in the club room, or in the street, words which are contemptuous of men of other lands, work together for discord and render it more difficult to keep the peace. Tourists—a tribe constantly increasing—also have their responsibilities. They often in a foreign land disgrace themselves and their country by behavior they would not be guilty of at home. The worst in some people comes out when they travel. Tourists become doubly mischievous if on returning home they insist on writing books. Clever men with a gift for coining piquant phrases often take delight in writing sarcastic and blistering things about a country in which they have spent as much as two weeks. It is because we all read and speak English, that English visitors to America and American visitors to England should be careful to avoid words which scorch and stab. The mischief-workers are numerous on both sides of the Atlantic, and because their number is legion the continuous work of men of good will is urgent.

The unfriendly feeling in the United States to England is not due to the fact that in the eighteenth century we had a slight altercation with an English king, but because sundry Englishmen in our own generation have been snobbish, heating our blood by the things they have said and written. The dislike of America which is prevalent in certain circles in England is not due to the fact that the United States refused to remain a British colony, but because of the exasperating things which individual Americans have said and done either in England or on their return home.

IV

Here, then, is a sizeable piece of work cut out for our generation. The first thing essential is that we shall get our eyes squarely fixed on the work, and gird up our loins and go at it. It is not a work which will do itself. World peace is not going to come by chance. War will not be abolished by wishes or prayers or resolutions. The world will be delivered from the greatest of all scourges only by the concentrated efforts of determined and resolute men who realize that the continued existence of our present civilization hangs on the success of their labors. We must get into a better humor. Good intentions are not a match for bad tempers. No matter how good the motives, offensive speech always causes trouble. The world must have a new purpose and a new spirit. There must be a new public opinion. Public opinion must not be divided by the Atlantic Ocean, and opinion in English-speaking countries should not be uncertain. For the creation of public opinion every man is responsible. In bygone days there have been frequent military and naval conversations. The time has arrived for continuous conversations on peace.

A wise Englishman once remarked that a man ought to keep his friendships in repair. That is what nations ought to do. International friendships wear out and must be renewed. The wear and tear of international life are constant and severe, and international good will is always becoming frayed and weakened. Huge corps of peace lovers on both sides of the Atlantic should

work unceasingly to keep our international friendships fresh and strong. The reduction of armaments is a pressing problem and many noble men are working at it. The work is slow and disappointing. Dreadnaughts and cruisers are icebergs which have drifted down to us out of an age of international ice. They cannot be broken to pieces by sledge hammers wielded by the brawny arms of stalwart statesmen. They will be melted in the sunshine of a warmer clime. The atmosphere is yet too frigid for the work of the League of Nations to run and be glorified. The world must have a warmer heart.

But no matter by what method we work, progress must inevitably be slow. Patience is a virtue indispensable to all men who work at gigantic tasks. England must be patient with us and we must be patient with England. Under democracy unexpected and disappointing things are constantly happening. Groups of politicians sometimes get into power and tie the threads of the world's life into a hard knot. Later on another group will sit in the seats of the mighty and the knot will be untied. Strong men do not repine because of delays. What ought to be, will some day come. The thing for us to do is to work. We must all work. There should be no slackers in this great campaign for peace. They tell us that in the next war there will be no noncombatants. The aged as well as the young, the women as well as the men, all ages and all classes and both sexes, will be mobilized; no one will be left out. No one should be left out now. Women as well as men should take a foremost place in creating this new international atmosphere, and from the youngest to the oldest there should be found no recreant heart, every one doing what he can to establish a peace which will endure forever.

In his autobiography, *Twenty-five Years*, Viscount Grey sums up in a sentence his conclusion to this whole matter. He propounds the question, "Can war be avoided, and if so what are the means to that end?" His answer is so simple there is danger it may be overlooked. He says, "The most effective change would be that nations should dislike each other a little less and like each other a little more."

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PANAMA CANAL

BY FRANKLIN SNOW

THE Panama Canal has more than proved its worth as an artery of commercial transportation. The western transcontinental railroads serve a large and an increasingly populous territory, one which was developed by adequate rail transportation and which today is even more dependent upon that facility than it ever was before. The canal is a Government owned and operated agency while the railroads are privately owned and Government regulated utilities. Through the Government owned canal ships move carrying such cargoes as they desire to, at such rates as they may care to charge, while over the supposedly privately managed railways, traffic of any type must be hauled at rates fixed by a Government commission. To top the climax of this paradoxical situation, the rail carriers are at present actually forbidden to lower their rates to coastal cities in order to participate in a portion of the transcontinental traffic!

Before the Panama Canal was opened to shipping, the western roads had built up a lucrative business in the carriage of the mill products of the East to the western country and in hauling the heavy tonnage of lumber, fruits, wool and other commodities of the West to their point of consumption or manufacture in the East. The traffic may safely be said to have been developed because of the adequate rail transportation which was available. With the exception of the cities on the Pacific coast, which could avail themselves of the long route around Cape Horn or across Tehuantepec, the West was dependent upon its railways for its prosperity. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of these roads in their financing, construction and operation, one fact remains conspicuously to their credit—they tied together the far flung sections of the East and West in an indissoluble bond. "The tie that binds is the railroad tie," it is said; and the pioneer work of the promoters of western railways supplied not

only the tie but the necessary cars, engines, bridges and other equipment.

Then came the Panama Canal. Constructed and maintained out of public moneys, to the extent of $463,000,000 according to the report for the fiscal year 1924, it was opened to traffic in 1914, and the railroads faced a new competitor, more formidable than any they had hitherto encountered. Mountains had been pierced, roaring streams bridged or diverted from their courses, the battle with the elements had been fought and won by the railroads, but the deep water competition which Nature, augmented by man in the shape of Stevens and Goethals, had placed against them, was a factor which they could not successfully combat.

Without its railways which it had in turn promoted and exploited, hated and praised, enriched itself by and then over-regulated, the West could not have grown into the fine, prosperous country which it is today. Had it not been for the steel highways, the ore of Montana, the coal and silver of Colorado, the wool of Arizona and the cattle of Wyoming would hardly have reached their eastern markets in any appreciable volume. Lost would be the tourist's tread upon the beautiful streets of Salt Lake, or around the brim of the Grand Canyon, had not the railways made quick and easy the means of transportation. Of little value to their owners would be the apple orchards of Oregon, the vineyards of Southern California or the vast sweeps of cattle ranges of Texas, if the means of marketing the products of these regions had not been provided.

To these shipping points, the railways still are either the only, or at any rate, the best means of transportation. To the coastal cities, the Panama Canal has been a blessing; to the interior, its advantages diminish in proportion to the distance from seaboard. To reconcile the divergent ambitions of various sections—for it is indeed a national problem—is a matter commanding the best thought not only of railroad men but of bankers, economists, business men, and even college professors, whose point of view, although academic, is often based on a more careful and impartial analysis of the facts than is possible to those more intimately involved.

If the railroad is still a necessary adjunct to industry in the East, it is an indispensible utility in the West, for the Western States can neither consume their products of greatest volume and value nor manufacture or grow many of the necessities which the railways bring to them. But the need is mutual. The railroads must have the traffic which produces earnings just as much as the States which they serve must have transportation. The present attitude of the railways toward the Panama Canal is not one of destroying a competitor, but rather of saving themselves. An empty car earns no revenue, and unless it is productive of revenue it is a distinct liability. It is like a mortgage—the charges must be met even though the house stands idle.

One can talk to the chief executives of these western railways, particularly those in charge of the northwestern railways which appear to be in the most unfortunate situation, and hear no word of complaint about the canal as a means of transportation. Its value to the nation is frankly admitted. It is not the Panama Canal itself to which they take exception. Rather do they view the question from the point of view of the alleged injustice which they feel is being done to their properties, and through this to the territories which they serve, in the Government's providing a $450,000,000 facility and permitting steamship lines to use it with no supervision over their rates and practices, while at the same time exercising a rigid supervision over rail charges.

If the canal has proved a blessing to the seacoast cities on the Atlantic and the Pacific, it has been a boomerang to those in the interior on both sides of the continent. Manufacturing establishments which have grown through a half century of development into thriving industries in our Middle Western States, employing thousands of men and marketing their product almost with equal facility in California and in Maine, are suddenly brought face to face with a condition which threatens their lucrative markets. Where in former years, by reason of identical rail rates, the manufacturers in St. Louis and Philadelphia sold their goods in San Francisco on an equal basis, the Philadelphia manufacturer today is reaping the benefits of his geographical location. The closer actual proximity of the St. Louis merchant today is really a penalty, for the greater the distance from sea-

board, the higher his costs of transportation are and the more difficult it is for him to compete.

It is not a theory which is facing the manufacturers of the Middle West, but an actual condition. It is a situation fraught with many potentialities affecting the entire Mississippi Valley. One large manufacturer has met it by moving his plant from Chicago to Bridgeport. The Middle West manufacturer may, of course, ship his goods to New York by rail to take advantage of the cheaper water rates; but even so, the rail rate to seaboard represents the added cost of the goods to the California purchaser, and in these days of highly competitive markets, the added cost is an important element in the sale of goods.

Into a long established routine of selling, the injection of water transportation with rates ranging from one-half to one-third of the all rail rates has led many merchants to investigate the possibilities of removing to the East. While a general movement of this sort may be discounted on the broad grounds that the majority of manufacturers do not market their product in the Far West exclusively, it is none the less evident that if the Pacific Coast is to be served by eastern merchants using the Panama Canal, the western railroads are going to lose an increasing volume of through freight. Further, the westbound traffic from both eastern and mid-western mills is exactly the freight which they can least afford to lose. Moving generally in carload lots, paying a higher rate than most commodities, of a character which makes it possible to employ the refrigerator cars which have brought fruits east in which to handle this westbound tonnage, the loss of it runs well into the millions of dollars annually.

Every 50,000 tons of traffic which is diverted from the rail lines to the canal, involves a loss of $1,000,000 in railroad revenues. Even though a cheaper rate may give the East a temporary advantage, our social structure is so closely interwoven today that no section can gain a permanent advantage through the misfortune of another, nor can we view with urbanity any arbitrary changes in the manufacturing, selling and transportation practices of a large and prosperous region.

The water competition did not become acute until after the War. If the condition were merely that of a new and superior

form of transportation replacing an older and obsolete method, the plight of the railroads would afford small grief to most persons. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Leaving aside the basic economic factors confronting the western roads, there is still the underlying principle of the "long and short haul", which allows lower rates to more distant points, when the shorter distance is included in the longer, to meet water competition. While there are no such "violations" of the Fourth Section (the long and short haul clause) in the Far West now, a bill is nevertheless pending for the complete revocation of such possible rates. The principle involved is of the greatest interest and importance to New England and other sections as well as to the West.

The popular practice heretofore has been to regulate the railways. The coming phase apparently will be that of protecting them. No more significant action has been taken than that of the National Association of Public Utility Commissioners of forty-seven States, which passed a resolution urging government regulation of water rates through the Panama Canal. The step was taken not so much to coddle the railways as to defend shippers in many sections from unfair rate discriminations.

Yet a further complication arises in any thought of reducing transcontinental rates to coastal points while still holding the rates at their present level at interior places. The railroads still haul a considerable volume of through freight. If the rates were reduced as a "bait" to attract business now moving by water, the shippers now paying the present all rail rate because of the faster service would receive an unsolicited reduction. This would be a loss to the railways which, to an extent at present indeterminable, would partly offset the increased earnings by their obtaining some of the present canal business.

The principle of the low rate for a longer than a shorter haul is sound and is employed in many other sections. It benefits New England immeasurably in a part of its shipments to the Southeast. It likewise may be assumed to offer the means of helping the western roads, if rates so based were permitted, but it raises a broad question which has far reaching effects.

Admitting that water transportation is far more economical than rail, are we to penalize the rail lines by refusing them per-

mission to compete with the water lines? If we are to refuse this permission, will the rail traffic to the interior points provide adequate revenues to furnish new facilities and to attract new capital? Is it fair to penalize the Mississippi Valley in order to encourage intercoastal water transport, even admitting its benefits to the coastal cities?

To attract new capital to an expanding business, thereby making possible necessary expansions and improvements to handle better the traffic offered, rates must be such as to yield a modest return on the investment. It is easy to say that the Government can take over the roads and settle the entire rail question, including that of the western lines, but such an opinion differs from that of all business men who use the railroads and pay for their upkeep through the charges on freight and passengers carried. And at best it evades, or conceals, the self-evident fact that no matter who operates the railways, they must continue to run. If the Government managed them their cost of operation would be spread out in taxes among a very much larger proportion of the population than is now the case when the operating expenses are borne by those who use them most, both for their freight and their own travels.

It is not to be disputed that freight charges are in the end passed on to the consumer, and in this way, by a stretch of the imagination, Government operation with taxes to meet rail deficits amounts to somewhat the same thing in the long run. But with the example of the Canadian nationalized system deep in debt, together with the spectacle of the United States Government dropping approximately $40,000,000 a year in an attempt to manage steamships, the Government ownership panacea has lost all but its most biased advocates. Politics in business does not work as successfully in practice as in theory. And so the solution of the railway question in the West must be met in a straightforward, American manner, viewing the question on its merits, considering the many divergent and far-reaching interests involved, and solving it on the self evident presumption that the railways serve a much larger proportion of the population than do the water lines, and as such are deserving of prior consideration.

It has passed the point of being a railroad question or even a local problem. It is a national one, involving as it does the needs both of shippers dependent on these railroads and of the security holders who own them. To paint a pessimistic picture of the railroads' plight is but to portray in a brighter hue the unquestioned value of Uncle Sam's $450,000,000 ditch in so far as it affects those of our population who reside on the seacoast. Somewhere a line must be drawn, reconciling on the one hand the railways and the thousands of persons who have no other means of transportation, and on the other the seaboard manufacturers and the steamship lines who have benefitted by the half-billion investment of the Government. If the railways may be said to have enjoyed a monopoly prior to the opening of the canal (albeit it was a Government regulated one) and the intercoastal water lines are now furnishing a competition which is disastrous to the rail carriers, the question facing us—the Interstate Commerce Commission immediately, but the nation at large ultimately—is a broad one. That a line of justice exists is obvious. To find it seems less easy.

An interesting avocation of the alert newspaper man is the keeping of a private "morgue" or series of clippings filed in special envelopes containing data upon all subjects to which he may have occasion to refer at a later date. After accumulating such a set upon a given public question over a period of months, or years, it is an illuminating sidelight upon the general trend of public opinion to compare these. With the exception of the propaganda emanating from points in the "Inter-Mountain Rate Territory", notably Spokane and Salt Lake, it is evident that many business men (we can properly exclude the railroad officer, who naturally is biased) are deeply concerned in this general question. The two cities above named are jealous at what they term "unfair discrimination" which would be enjoyed by coastal cities by acceptance of the proposition that lower rail rates be made to coastal points in order that the railroads may partly compete with the water lines. Obviously, being removed from seaboard, the inland cities suffer the natural disadvantage of geographical location, but the "long and short haul" clause is a thorn to them. Of which, more presently.

Referring again to the clippings, we find that under present conditions, a certain type of traffic pays a dollar a hundred pounds from New York to the Pacific Coast by water while the rail rate from Kansas City—1500 miles nearer—is $2.05. Yet the Interstate Commerce Commission refuses to allow the transcontinental roads to lower their rates to coastal cities to meet this competition.

It is against this purpose of charging less at points which enjoy water transportation that the Spokane group objects, and to prevent it, Senator Gooding of Idaho secured the passage of a bill in the Senate to revise the Fourth Section of the Interstate Commerce Act which gave this permission. Had not business interests opposed its passage in the House, the bill might have been enacted to the great detriment of New England and New York manufacturers who profit by such practices on much of their traffic to the South.

Both Spokane and contiguous territory such as Idaho are more thoroughly dependent upon adequate rail transportation than any other section of the United States. Nevertheless they seek to deprive the carriers of a chance to pick up a small additional revenue by carrying such transcontinental traffic as they can at low rates, admittedly not remunerative, to coastal points in order to fill cars which otherwise would be sent west without loads. At present, three loaded cars move east to one load west. If the westbound empty cars (which must be moved at a cost of about five cents a mile, often plus per diem of a dollar a day for use of other roads' cars) can carry some traffic, they at least will pay the cost of fuel and wages and thereby help to increase the revenues of the western carriers to the obvious advantage of the territory dependent upon them.

Do the cities in the interior appreciate this fact? Emphatically they do not. All that they can see in the proposal is the transportation of goods to their doors at perhaps a dollar and a half a hundred pounds while the same merchandise is carried four hundred miles further possibly for only a dollar. And yet if the interior cities shipped by water to Seattle, for instance, and then inland by rail, their combined freight charge would be the same. The very fact that they are removed from the coast acts

as an arbitrary and automatic discrimination against them imposed by their founders. What then do the clippings show is their attitude?

I quote from a New York paper a statement attributed to the general manager of a very active rate association in the West: "Total merchandise traffic through the Panama Canal amounted to about 5,000,000 tons in 1924, as compared with 627,000,000 tons of freight carried by Class I roads of the western district." The ton-mile factor—indisputably the only gauge of traffic density and volume—is adroitly overlooked. The fact that many tons of this 600,000,000 might only have been moved a hundred miles against the two thousand mile loss to the western lines alone on the transcontinental freight carried by water, is not even taken into account in this argument. Because of which, it is condemned without further reasoning, as being built on a fallacious basis.

Numerous business men in the Middle West, at meetings held under the auspices of the United States Chamber of Commerce, have considered the problem, not from the standpoint of helping the railroads merely from sentiment, but because they must be allowed to earn a certain net if they are adequately to carry the nation's business. Further, it is to the interests of the Middle West to protect its own markets on the coast from encroachments of eastern manufacturers who are aided by what amounts to subsidized competition.

The Panama Canal, representing as it does an investment in capital account and subsequent maintenance of more than $450,000,000, showed a handsome "profit" last year. The figures are arrived at, generally speaking, by deducting the operating costs from the revenues. No taxes, of course, are paid or even theoretically charged, nor is it evident, from the annual report that the interest on bonds is charged against the earnings of the Canal. Capital cost is being enlarged annually at the rate of $250,000, representing payments to the Republic of Panama for "right of way"; apparently an operating cost although not so charged.

Ship lines operating through the Government owned canal are protected by the laws which restrict the United States intercoastal traffic to ships under the American flag. Beyond collect-

ing tolls, however, the Government is not interested in them. They may make such rates as they desire, or fix their charges by "conference" agreement, and unlike common carriers, are not obliged to accept unremunerative traffic.

During the calendar year 1924 (and the figures for the year 1925 do not differ materially) these lines carried approximately 5,275,000 short tons of merchandise freight, in addition to the oil traffic. The eastbound business predominated. These figures do not include the foreign business, a portion of which also formerly moved by rail. Had all of this traffic been handled by the railroads from coast to coast at the modest average of twenty dollars a ton, or one dollar a hundred pounds, the earnings of the western railways would have been enhanced by many millions of dollars. Of course, a portion of this freight always moved by water, either across Tehuantepec or around the Horn, although offsetting this, is a volume of foreign business formerly carried across the United States but which now moves direct to destination by water.

About half of the straight merchandise intercoastal traffic was to and from North Pacific Coast ports. Suppose the hypothetical figure produced by multiplying this tonnage by $20 had been distributed evenly among these railroads. A $10,000,000 increase alone would have been a substantial asset to each of the northwestern carriers, for a large part of it would have been net. The addition of the revenue from westbound freight alone would have been a material aid, filling as it would a portion of the now empty cars. In 1924, 44.5 per cent. of the westbound car mileage was empty, and the western roads as a whole suffered a loss of 1,000,000,000 ton-miles under the 1923 figures. It is reasonable to assume that part of this went through the canal, although a substantial part was due to a smaller volume of business in general. Nevertheless, the ton-miles handled by the carriers in the Northwest increased only three per cent. in nine years ending 1924, it was recently shown by H. M. Sperry, an analyst of the situation, compared with a fourteen per cent. increase for the United States as a whole, and twenty-one per cent. for all the western carriers.

Higher rail rates, at least to coastal points, are not a solution,

for a higher rate would drive more freight to the water lines, not only between seaport cities, but also to and from those located as far inland as the combination of water and inland rail rate remained lower than the straight all rail charge. Even now, the rail lines are penalized by not being permitted to make lower rates to the strictly coastal points. The charge on cotton piece goods, for instance, from New York to San Francisco is $1.875 a hundred pounds by rail against seventy-five cents by water. Eastbound, wool in bags moves at a rate of $1.50 by water from Los Angeles to New York, against $2.70 by rail. Obviously, with discrepancies such as these, not only the western railways but the mid-west manufacturers, whose rates either all rail to the coast, or rail and water via an eastern port, are proportionately higher, are being severely penalized. Whether the word "discrimination" is justified is perhaps a matter of personal opinion, but it is safe to say that the situation is one which must be faced and adjusted in the interests of a large portion of our population.

The matter of lower rail rates to more distant than to shorter points, where the shorter distance is included in the longer, is a matter of economic justice, warranted by conditions of trade and production, eminently fair to all concerned, approved by the vast majority, and, finally, of inestimable value and need to our western carriers. It is in the interests of those residing in sections somewhat removed from the Pacific Coast also to approve this, for adequate rail transportation is vital to them. If the railroads are to be penalized at coastal points, to and from which they might under different circumstances handle a volume of business, the improved facilities needed to care for an expanding traffic at interior points cannot be provided out of diminished earnings. The railroads seek a rate not so low that it will meet the water charges but rather one which will come within striking distance of them. Through faster rail service, with resultant lower interest charges to shippers and shorter intervals in which capital and goods are tied up in transit, they reckon that they can compete on fairly even terms with the water carriers. Obviously, they cannot regain all the water-borne traffic, nor is it right that the water lines should be deprived of their business, but even a small portion of it would be a substantial benefit to the railroads.

That our shipping industry needs encouragement and a fair measure of protection, no patriotic American can deny. Just where the line is to be drawn to afford this relief to the railways and at the same time assist the ships flying the American flag, is a question easier to propound than to solve.

No sooner had the Public Utility Commissioners advocated placing the intercoastal water carriers under the regulatory powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, than the Merchants' Association of New York made an emphatic protest that the underlying motive of this was to raise the water charges, which would thereby penalize New York and other seaboard points. That the Commission has "managed" the railroads satisfactorily is becoming generally admitted, and with this as a background, much more may be heard of the proposition to place the water lines under its supervision. That the rail lines—the indispensible units of transportation—require some measure of protection, grows increasingly apparent. But that the shipping industry must also be considered is self-evident.

The solution of this perplexing problem is a challenge to business and transportation which cannot long be evaded.

A BRITISHER LOOKS AT RUBBER

BY H. ERIC MILLER

During the last two years the American public has heard a great deal more about the rubber industry than in all the preceding eighty-five years since Goodyear's discovery of vulcanization opened up the possibility of the wider application of rubber for the benefit of mankind. Much that was printed during 1925 presented a one-sided and misleading picture, but enough of the British side of the case has seen the light to give assurance that calmer and fairer opinions now prevail; and this paper furnishes an opportunity to attempt to analyze where mistakes have been made in the past, with a view to helping so far as possible to prevent their recurrence.

The ups and downs of rubber present an interesting study in human nature. Originally supplies were extracted from wild trees scattered throughout the tropical zone in somewhat inaccessible regions, and if the world today were dependent on them we would have to be content with only a fraction of what annually comes to market as the result of the initiation and development of the plantation rubber industry. It is exactly fifty years since the first steps were taken on behalf of the Government of India to experiment in tropical Asia in the growing of the types of rubber tree indigenous to South America and Africa. Of the many varieties tried, only the *Heves Braziliensis* was ultimately proved capable of practical large scale exploitation in plantations. Some twenty-five years elapsed, however, between the beginning of these experiments and the appreciation of the desirability of actually developing rubber plantations on a large scale. It was a dispensation of Providence that this move coincided with the development of the internal combustion engine, which led to the enormous expansion of the use of automobiles, for it is a fact that the simultaneous development of these two great industries was not in any way coördinated.

In 1910 the demand for rubber suddenly exceeded the available supply, and although by that time those interested in the opening up of plantations did associate directly their future with the expanding use of the automobile, which was particularly in evidence in the United States, it required a spectacular rise in the price of rubber to three dollars a pound to give rapid momentum to the extension of the area under plantation rubber. In that year a large amount of British capital was diverted to this industry because of the large profits which the few producing estates then existing were able to show. Having been in the thick of it, I may fairly describe this "boom" as a period of frenzy, during which people temporarily lost their heads. I wish to draw particular attention to that outburst of human excitement, because I shall have occasion to refer to a somewhat similar phase which occurred during the year 1925. In my opinion both these occurrences were necessary in order to bring home to people what, under calmer circumstances, they would most probably have failed to appreciate until too late.

The rubber tree takes some six or seven years to reach an age at which it can be profitably tapped, a long time for the individual in our generation, but a very short time in the development of civilization. Under modern conditions those who are actively engaged in commercial or industrial pursuits are so preoccupied in dealing with the daily problems which present themselves that few have the time or feel the necessity to think very far ahead. The whole business world is in a state of rapid flux. What is deemed to be true today is doubted tomorrow, and emotions govern men's actions to a much greater degree than calm deliberation. Perhaps it is best that the majority should be so swayed. Progress involves the taking of risks, and if the majority were all cautiously deliberate the world would advance but slowly. In the nature of things, however, rapid forward movements are generally carried too far, and are followed by a reaction which lasts until the actual rate of progress is equal to the average of the forward movement and the reaction combined.

The rubber industry is a conspicuous example of this, but it differs fundamentally from most others in that a rapid forward movement in the planting of rubber estates does not make itself

felt in increased supplies of crude rubber until some six to seven years after the planting has been done. The "boom" planting of 1910–11 was thus making itself felt appreciably toward the end of the War period, but the extraordinary development of automobile transporation, which was undoubtedly speeded up by the increased productive activity which the War occasioned, particularly in the United States, eased materially the consequence of the planting of rubber in 1910–12. The abnormal activity of 1919 tended further to obscure the difficulties which were imminent, and although the ensuing slump of 1920 indicated them, the true position did not come fully to light until 1921 and 1922, when there was a very rapid accumulation of unwanted stocks of rubber. Had tire manufacturers continued to build fabric tires, giving service of only four thousand to five thousand miles, the world could have absorbed again the available supplies of rubber, once the effect of the slump in 1920 had passed away. The much improved cord tire had, however, then been evolved, giving at least twice the mileage of the fabric tire, which itself had been improved by more scientific manufacturing processes. The position of the rubber producers thus became most critical, because their actual and potential production was largely in excess of the weight of rubber required to equip and keep the automobiles of the world running, approximately eighty per cent. of the total world consumption of rubber being put to this one use. The average price of crude rubber in the years 1914 to 1919 was roughly sixty cents a pound. In 1920 the price fell as low as twenty cents. For the whole of 1921 the average price was only twenty-one cents, with a low point of eighteen cents, and the average price during 1922 was nineteen cents, with a low point of fourteen cents. Although the plantations had, during this time, gradually succeeded in reducing their cost of production, the industry was working at a dead loss during two whole years, and, notwithstanding voluntary curtailment of output, world stocks of unwanted rubber continued to increase at a rapid rate, and many producers were forced to suspend operations.

The protracted duration of this depression was leading to demoralization, and it was the bounden duty of the British Government, under whose flag two-thirds of the rubber plantations had

been developed, to help this important primary industry to preserve intact its productive capacity. The trained labor forces on the estates had been recruited from distant countries, and their impending repatriation on a large scale would have thrown out of gear the whole mechanism of production for a long time. On tropical estates neglect of upkeep means the rapid encroachment of rank vegetation, and the subsequent reclamation of estates which had been abandoned would have been possible only at heavy cost, after the price of rubber had been for some time at a figure high enough to warrant the necessary outlay. In fact there would have been a wanton sacrifice of many years' laborious human effort, and of one of the best achievements of our generation.

Fortunately, action was taken before it was too late, not merely in the interest of producers, but for the benefit of the whole world, which depends on this industry for regular supplies of this essential raw material. The "Stevenson plan", intended to coördinate supplies and prices, was then adopted, and it was entirely in harmony with the economic law of supply and demand, inasmuch as it provided that unless the users of rubber were prepared to pay in the open market a price for the commodity sufficient to keep the plantation industry in a solvent condition, supplies of new rubber would be withheld on a graduated scale. The human factor came into play soon after legislation to this effect had become operative in Malaya and Ceylon in November, 1922. Manufacturers in the United States were very optimistic about the rapid increase in their need of rubber, and as a member of a delegation from the Rubber Growers' Association in London to the Rubber Association of America I spent some time while there endeavoring to convince manufacturers that under the Stevenson plan there would be sufficient rubber to satisfy their requirements, provided they saw to it that the price was kept above the pivotal price of thirty to thirty-six cents on which additional export releases depended.

The agitation in America at that time was the direct cause of encouraging substantial buying of rubber by speculators, who unloaded later in the year at a heavy loss to themselves and to those same manufacturers who, in the early part of 1923, were so concerned about an imminent shortage. When the manufacturers

found, as we had told them, that there was no difficulty in buying all the rubber they needed, they virtually forgot all about the Stevenson scheme and their obligations under it; the fact being that as long as a commodity can be bought easily, the future is left to take care of itself. In the face of a steady diminution in world stocks of crude rubber, the average price in the three months of May, June and July, 1924, was less than twenty-two cents a pound, and the origin of the subsequent high price in 1925 must be attributed directly to insufficient buying during the second half of 1924. Even in January, 1925, manufacturers failed to protect their own interests by keener buying to ensure the maximum release. A contributory reason for this error of judgment is to be found in the policy of hand-to-mouth buying, which has been so strongly encouraged by American bankers, and it is obvious that such a policy, while minimizing risks in one direction, opens up the possibility of trouble in others.

In these days of speculation it is bad business to attempt by public agitation to undo the consequences of a wrong buying policy, as that is a direct inducement to speculators to come into the market on the "bull" side. It is now established beyond question that the extreme agitation about rubber during 1925 had the effect of encouraging tire dealers and automobilists to believe that tires must continue to advance in price, and to buy in excess of immediate requirements, thus further accentuating the demand on the available supplies of rubber. A reaction was bound to come, but I venture to assert that much less harm would have been done if there had been no such publicity.

In the course of 1926 world stocks of crude rubber increased to a figure which is more in keeping with the needs of the industry, but there has recently been a growing tendency to view these stocks as a burden instead of a boon. All those who have the welfare of the rubber and automobile industries at heart must, however, hail as a step in the right direction the establishment of a substantial fund of American capital to be used for the carrying of a "cushion" stock of rubber, which, if handled with discretion, should tend to eliminate some of the fluctuations in prices which are so detrimental to the best interests of the industry and of the consuming public. The Stevenson plan was explicitly designed

to put into the hands of the buyers the power of attaining greater stability in market prices. The opportunities it afforded were not sufficiently appreciated, but it is sincerely to be hoped that the lessons of the last two years have been learned, and that the "cushion" stock will be administered with sound judgment, taking a long view and not a short one.

It is well that the automotive industry is associated with the rubber manufacturers in this important project, because the first-named is really part of the rubber industry in its large sense. Serious mistakes in the handling of the situation from time to time can be averted only if all component parts of the industry are reasonably well informed in regard to the salient factors which govern demand as well as supply. The acute depression which has overtaken the sugar and cotton producing industries as a result of over-production is a reminder that the economic system of the world is still far from perfect. "Stability" in commodity values is at best only a relative term, and whereas in the case of crops, which are the result of annual or biennial planting, over-production can be corrected in the course of one or at most two seasons, there is naturally much greater difficulty in adjusting supply to demand in the case of rubber, where six or seven years elapse after planting before you get any appreciable crop, and ten years before the trees are really at capacity.

It is essential to this industry, therefore, that long views shall be taken, and these necessarily involve large amounts of capital. The record of the rubber manufacturing companies, owing to excessively keen competition, is one of small profit margins, but all the time the users of tires have been amazingly well served, and today tire mileage is one of the cheapest of commodities. Larger stocks of ready rubber should be accumulated and carried to provide for further expansion of the industry, which can be confidently predicted at any rate in the rest of the world, apart from the United States of America.

TURMOIL ON THE YANGTSE: A JAPANESE VIEW

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

CANTON, long a retreat of "pink" idealists and "red" mountebanks, of honest patriots and scheming fire-eaters, has startled the world, much as a thunderclap out of the blue, by a sudden and unexpected sortie into the rich Yangtse Valley five hundred miles away. Its repercussion has been immediate and far reaching, as the Yangtse is the greatest artery of international trade in China, with enormous foreign, especially British, capital invested in the vast territory along its course. So profound has been the impression made upon the Powers by the spectacular military successes of the Cantonese expedition that they have been compelled to readjust their attitude toward a Government which they have for years denounced as Bolshevik or at best ridiculed as a castle in the air.

Canton's hostility toward Peking goes back to the very beginning of the Republic, when Yuan Shi-kai, leader of the northern militarists, snatched the fruits of the revolution from the hands of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, idol of the Cantonese and the logical man to be the first President of China. Toward the end of 1911, when the revolution was still aflame on the Yangtse, the Provisional Assembly at Nanking acclaimed Dr. Sun as President. At the same time Yuan Shi-kai, shrewd, ambitious, heir to the imperial traditions of the Manchu dynasty, was firmly ensconced at Peking and showed no intention of relinquishing his power. It was a far cry from Nanking to Peking, and the revolutionists, militarily unorganized and financially exhausted, could not follow up their initial victory with an expedition to the northern capital. They knew that unless Yuan was won over to their side by some peaceful means the country could not be unified. In the interest of national welfare, Dr. Sun resigned the Presidency and offered the honor to Yuan Shi-kai, who accepted it with alacrity, if with feigned modesty. As a safeguard against Yuan's imperialistic

aspirations the Republicans proposed that Nanking be made the seat of the new Government, and that the President-elect take office there instead of at Peking. The reason was obvious. Nanking was the centre of the revolutionary movement, Peking the haunts of imperialism. Could Yuan Shi-kai only be persuaded to come to Nanking, his dictatorial ambitions, the Republicans believed, would be curbed. But Yuan proved more than their equal in strategy. He declined to budge, and inaugurated himself as President at Peking in March, 1912. Defeated in their first manœuvres, Dr. Sun and his followers devised a second line of defense in the shape of a Constitution conceived to forestall the arbitrary measures which they knew Yuan would adopt. The Constitution conferred upon the Legislature power to elect President and Vice-President, to approve or reject foreign treaties and foreign loans, to pass upon the appointment or dismissal of Cabinet officials made by the President, and to impeach the President. The resourceful Yuan was fully aware of the motives of such provisions, and accepted the Constitution with no intention of observing it.

The upshot of it all was that Dr. Sun, his Nationalist Party, and the Constitution were reduced to nonentity at Yuan's hands. Again Dr. Sun took to the path of revolution, keenly conscious of the blunder he had committed in compromising with Yuan Shi-kai. In 1913 and 1915 his followers made unsuccessful attempts to start uprisings in the South. When President Yuan died in June, 1916, the long-awaited opportunity of the Nationalists seemed at last to have come. Dr. Sun, with a fleet of warships whose commanders were in sympathy with him, left Shanghai that summer and organized at Canton a Government of his own—a Government which for ten years stood its ground against the intermittent assaults of the northern militarists.

From Canton's point of view, therefore, the revolution which started in the winter of 1911 is not yet ended. It regards as a usurper whatever Government is set up at Peking under the protection of this or that militarist. It does not recognize foreign treaties and obligations contracted by such governments. Even the International Tariff Conference, for which the United States was largely responsible, Canton looked upon as a gratuitous un-

dertaking calculated to benefit only the self-seeking war lords and their puppet politicians. To toll the knell of that conference was, indeed, one of the chief purposes of the present Cantonese expedition into the Yangtse regions. The onslaught commenced last July when the phantom cabinet improvized at Peking by Generals Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin was moving heaven and earth to persuade the Powers to reopen the tariff conference which had adjourned without results because the Government which called the parley had ceased to function. The Nationalists at Canton, opposed to the conference from the beginning, immediately assumed the offensive and launched a vigorous assault upon the forces of Wu Pei-fu, five hundred miles from Canton. They hoped that the Powers, taking cognizance of their demonstrated puissance, would recall from Peking their respective delegations to the tariff conference. It was about this time that the Nationalist Government cabled Senator Borah asking him to employ his good offices to bring about American withdrawal from the conference. The United States sponsored the tariff conference with the best of intentions, yet internal conditions in China are such that her endeavor in this respect has been resented by a faction which now controls most of the provinces south of the Yangtse.

In the Yangtse Valley, the British have the greatest commercial interests. The wharves, railway concessions, and other important enterprises along the great watercourse are mostly in British hands. The long-standing enmity of the Cantonese towards England is, therefore, particularly noteworthy at this moment. We may forget the Opium War. We may ignore the Nanking Treaty of 1842, the first of the so-called "unequal" treaties under which China has been chafing. The more immediate cause of Cantonese hostility to England is the support extended by her to the enemies of the Nationalists. It was largely British capital which financed Yuan Shi-kai and his imperial schemes. After the Yuan régime came to an end in 1916, England cast about for another "strong man", and finally fixed upon Wu Pei-fu as the man to unify the distracted country. How far the British committed themselves to the cause of General Wu is a matter of conjecture. But the Cantonese are convinced that

British support was responsible for Wu's spectacular ascendency in the years 1921–1923.

In addition there was a protracted dispute between the British and the Cantonese over the collection of customs duties at Canton. This, of course, was not particularly British business, but a part of the general work of the Maritime Customs. But it so happens that the Maritime Customs is practically administered by the British, and that at Canton in particular the customs officials are mostly British. Dr. Sun Yat-sen contended that the surplus of the receipts of the Canton customs was deliberately turned over to Wu Pei-fu or whatever militarist happened to be in power at Peking, thus materially helping the cause of the northern "usurpers". He was not entirely unreasonable. It was not his intention to dispute the validity of the Powers' claim to the customs revenues so far as these revenues were employed to meet the obligations and loans contracted by China as a whole. "I am willing," he said to me in 1922, "to provide guarantee that our share of the customs receipts will be deposited in the designated foreign banks for the service of such loans, and, if necessary, to go still further and guarantee that if the Canton customs revenues fall short of our quota of the service of the foreign loans, I shall make up the deficit with revenues from other sources." What he objected to was the handing over to the Peking Government of that part of Canton customs revenue remaining after the necessary sums were paid to meet foreign obligations.

In December, 1923, Dr. Sun threatened to seize the Canton customs, as his protests had been ignored. Whereupon foreign Powers, principally Britain and the United States, rushed gunboats up the Pearl River, and threatened to intervene should Sun Yat-sen dare lay his hands upon the customs. The Nationalists, confronted by an imposing flotilla of twenty-one foreign warships, were cowed into submission. For this Sun Yat-sen never forgave America.

From that time the Nationalists redoubled their energy to stir up discontent and unrest among the Chinese laborers in Hongkong and Canton to the detriment of British shipping and commerce. Things were in this state of ferment when on May 30,

1925, the British police in the foreign concession at Shanghai, in an effort to subdue a mob of Chinese strikers from Japanese cotton mills, killed and wounded a number of them. The impact of the incident was at once felt at Canton. On June 23 the students of the various colleges and schools in Canton held a parade to demonstrate their anti-British spirit. As the paraders were passing by the British side of Shameen, the foreign concession, the British and French machine guns opened fire, resulting in the killing and wounding of a few Chinese students. Thereupon the Nationalist Government demanded of the British and French Consuls adequate apology and indemnity, the surrender of Shameen to the Canton Government, and the withdrawal of all foreign warships from the Pearl River. These demands were rejected on the ground that the paraders were the first to fire shots, killing a Frenchman and three Englishmen. In reply the Cantonese declared a general strike and boycott against the British and French, especially the former. Immediately British shipping was paralyzed, and British trade and enterprise suffered a serious setback. Alarmed by this condition, the British Administration at Hongkong sought a "peace conference" with the Nationalist Government. When the parley opened last summer Canton brought forth demands which Hongkong was not prepared even to consider. Inevitably the parley petered out without agreement.

It was about this time that the British press, especially of the Conservative school, sounded a note of warning against what it considered the too lenient policy of Downing Street towards China. The British residents in the Far East had been restive, deploring that their Home Government should watch with folded arms the drift of events in China. Nevertheless, the British policy continued to be moderate. Even when General Yang Sen seized two British steamers at Wanhsien on the Yangtse last September, and fired upon the two British gunboats which attempted to restore them, Britain took no punitive measures. With the alliance with Japan a thing of the past, she found it inexpedient to take such steps single-handed.

So conciliatory indeed was England that last September she seriously considered the proposal of the Nationalist Government to lift the anti-British boycott, provided Britain would acquiesce

in the levying by the said Government of two and a half per cent. and five per cent. surtax on ordinary imports and luxuries, respectively, over and above the usual treaty rates. Recognition of such a prerogative for Canton would be tantamount to recognizing two Governments in China, for the Government at Peking still claims to be "central". Moreover, the imposition of such surtaxes would violate China's treaties with the Powers. Obviously the question was one which could not be settled by England alone. When in November the diplomatic body at Peking decided that the Canton proposal could not be entertained without due process of treaty revision, the Nationalist Government retorted that it did not recognize any diplomatic body accredited to a Government illegally organized and incapable of representing the nation. Meanwhile, Canton, hoping to win British recognition, had announced the termination of the anti-British boycott, which had lasted for more than sixteen months. This announcement, however, has proved a mere gesture, for the anti-British agitation is not only being carried on at Canton, but has been extended into the vast Yangtse Valley where British interests are even greater than at Canton. Only a few days after the above announcement the Canton-Hongkong strikers' union resolved that "in order to consolidate and increase the revolutionary forces the old form of blockade shall be changed to a new boycott movement to be extended throughout the country until a satisfactory settlement is reached of the May 30 (Shanghai) and June 23 (Shameen) shooting cases, and of the cancellation of the unequal treaties." They called upon all classes of people to join "in a general movement to sever economic relations with the British", and urged upon the Government that the revenue raised by surtaxes be used to subsidize the strikers. Apparently confounded by this obstinate opposition, the British *Chargé d'Affaires* at Peking, in the now celebrated memorandum of December 18, expressed sympathy with the Nationalist movement and urged the liberalization of the Powers' policies along certain lines. Evidently the note, though addressed to the diplomatic body at Peking, was aimed at Canton. As such it has proved a complete failure, for Canton has ridiculed it as an insincere *volte face*.

In all this turmoil and upheaval it is a singular phenomenon that Japan has been comparatively immune from harm. It may be that the Chinese strategy is "divide and rule"—to separate Japan from England. But the more important reason, as the Japanese see it, lies in Japan's changed policy towards China. Japan, like Britain, erred much, especially in the years 1915-9. Happily her blunders have not been in vain, for she has learned that "helping" China with reckless loans is as unwise as foisting unreasonable demands upon her. In the last few years her attitude towards China has been such as to commend itself to the respect of the Chinese, especially of the liberal class. This new policy has not been pleasing to such militarists as Tuan Chi-jui or Chang Tso-lin, always soliciting Japanese aid. What, indeed, would Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Manchuria, say if Japan were to accept the inevitable and to extend recognition to the Nationalist Government? Surely the Manchurian will leave no stone unturned to dissuade Japan from such a course. He might even resort, as he has often been inclined to do, to what would amount to blackmail by intimating that, if Japan would not stand by him, and him alone, he would invite a third Power or Powers into Manchuria to the detriment of her interests. Yet Japan cannot ignore the obvious fact that Chang Tso-lin is neither a popular nor a righteous man, and that the Nationalist Government, despite its "red" tendencies, has many commendable qualities. Japan's course, therefore, should, and will, be guided by impartiality, keeping aloof from factional feuds even at the risk of alienating the friendliness of the Manchurian war lord. Is it not significant that in recent years Japanese gunboats in China's inland waters have been less conspicuous than British or American warships? As this is written America has twenty-one warcraft, England nineteen, and Japan ten, at Shanghai and along the Yangtse.

And what of the future of China? Will she forever remain a house divided against itself? Or will the Nationalists ultimately realize their cherished hope of unification? And if so, will they make good their repeated threats to doom all the "unequal" treaties of China? "Such is a policy," says the Nationalist Government's note to the American Minister at Peking, "that

has been brought definitely within range of practical politics and proved both practicable and expedient by the bold statesmanship of Soviet Russia." With Canton speaking in such tones, Peking, for obvious political reasons, cannot afford to lag behind. The result is that each tries to outdo the other in the gentle art of embarrassing the foreign Powers. What wonder that Canton's seizure of the British concession at Hankow has been followed by Peking's suggestion that the Powers surrender the concession at Tientsin? The Powers, caught between two fires, seem at a loss to know what should be done. Baron Shidehara, Japan's Foreign Minister, asked by Peking to negotiate for the revision of the Chino-Japanese treaty on the basis of equality, replied that his Government is "ready to enter into negotiations for the revision of the tariffs and of the commercial articles of the treaty of 1896". "Nor does the Japanese Government," he added, "intend to limit the scope of negotiations to these matters," but it "is willing to consider sympathetically the wishes of the Chinese Government for a more extensive revision of treaty provisions." This undoubtedly will be Japan's attitude whether she deals with Peking or with the Nationalist Government. It is in line with a resolution offered by Representative Porter in the House of Representatives on January 5, and in the main, coincides with the policy outlined in Secretary Kellogg's statement of January 27. Japan, in deference to the Washington Treaty of 1922, would settle the question of surtaxes at a conference of the signatory Powers, but on the more fundamental matters such as tariff autonomy and extraterritoriality she does not feel herself bound to take joint action with other nations. It is reported that Tokyo has already started "conversations" with both Peking and Canton, anticipating that the two will eventually unite. Having recognized Soviet Russia, Japan should have no fear in dealing with Canton, whether its color be "pink" or "red". Is it not possible that the "red" professions of the Nationalists are just a gesture, meant to scare the Powers into making concessions, and that they, when placed in a responsible position, will prove themselves ready to deal reasonably with any Power which is itself reasonable? Who knows?

SOME INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

BY E. H. H. SIMMONS
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THE need of organized security markets dates back to the times when the needs for capital outran the ability of individuals or single institutions to provide it. Not unnaturally, this experience occurred first in respect to Government debts. Prior to the close of the seventeenth century, European nations had been financed out of the purses of their sovereigns, or by the individual borrowing power of these sovereigns with the large capitalists of the day. The frequent recurrence of European wars, however, tended in England and other nations to increase the financial requirements of the State to such an extent that a method had to be devised for obtaining the large needed sums, not from a few individuals however wealthy, but from the entire public. Due to this transition in the method of public finance, national debts were created, security certificates gradually came into being, and organized markets for the purchase and sale of these certificates gradually evolved. In at least the leading nations of the present time, including the United States, the first function of the stock exchange was consequently to provide a market for the obligations of the home government. Until the second quarter of the nineteenth century, this service rendered to their respective States by stock exchanges of both sides of the Atlantic constituted not only their earliest but also by far their principal function.

The use of the stock exchange to market and distribute securities representing private business enterprise was first resorted to when the steam railway attained popularity. Before the coming of steam transportation, business enterprise was as a rule conducted in small units and usually by individuals and partnerships rather than by corporations. It remained for the early steam railway companies, with their huge initial requirements for capi-

tal, to inaugurate a second function of the exchanges—namely the marketing and distribution among investors of the securities of private business corporations. In this respect too, there is a close parallelism in the historical development of the New York security market and the similar markets in London, Paris and other important Continental cities.

But in the field of private business, steam railroading did not long remain the sole form of enterprise which, owing to a continual need for new capital, sought and obtained recognition on the stock exchanges. One effect of the new facilities provided by the early railroad systems here and abroad was to place within easy access to the world's markets large mineral deposits whose exploitation on a large scale had until this time been practically impossible. As a result coal and oil shares made their appearance on the stock exchanges about the middle of the nineteenth century, to be followed by other similar corporate securities representing the exploitation of other raw materials, and their fabrication into finished goods. The exact form which this evolution took in any given country depended necessarily on the country itself. With the enormous natural resources of the United States suddenly opened as a field for business exploitation, obviously it is not surprising that the addition to the list of the New York Stock Exchange of securities representing domestic business enterprises has not yet shown any important signs of diminishing. In fact, a vastly greater amount of securities came into the New York Stock Exchange during 1925 from American industrial enterprises, than from any other important source. With certain of the European stock exchanges, however, no such large scale exploitation of domestic resources was possible, and in consequence the exact character of the service rendered by these markets has taken a somewhat different turn from what has been the case in America.

II

The coming of the industrial revolution led in every modern country to the sudden creation of amounts of investable capital which had never existed to anything like the same extent before,

Through what channels and into what enterprises this capital subsequently flowed has varied in each country according to its particular economic circumstances. Naturally enough, as long as attractive opportunities for capital existed at home, the tendency for capital to cross the national boundary lines was small. In this particular respect, however, there has been the widest divergence of experience between the large capital markets of the modern world, as a glance at the list of securities dealt in on the leading stock exchanges quickly indicates. As long as a century ago, British capital was being attracted to the Continent by government loans and other early forms of investment. While England accumulated vast amounts of capital in the nineteenth century, owing to her having initiated the industrial revolution, there was not found in Great Britain itself a satisfactory outlet for all these new funds. An inevitable result of this situation was that England became an international creditor country on a large scale. Denied not only the opportunity of increase but perhaps even the opportunity of survival in England itself, British capital flowed out to the far corners of the world. The extensive British colonies already existing provided a field for the placement of a good part of it. Railways were constructed in Canada and in India, and as time went on not only the financing of colonial governments but also of the business enterprises of the colonists themselves was undertaken by the great London market. In addition vast sums were invested by the British in American railways, which served to bring the vast actual and potential agricultural production of this country quickly and cheaply to our Atlantic seaboard, for shipment to England and other countries which were no longer able from their own resources to feed their rapidly mounting populations. A similar process led to the development of the Argentine and other South American railway systems by British capital. The British instinct for exploration of new and unknown lands fitted in excellently with the British national surplus of capital seeking investment, with the result that in the nineteenth century British finance literally took the whole world for its province.

A somewhat similar evolution occurred in France, although

on a smaller and more conservative scale and beginning at a somewhat later period. The French investor, however, as a rule proved unwilling to go so far afield for his investments as the British. The favorite French foreign investment undoubtedly consisted of the government obligations of European countries—a field which French diplomacy as well as French surplus funds rapidly developed. In addition to its well known and enormous investments in Russia, the Paris capital market before the War dealt in the obligations of a wide variety of European national and municipal governments, as well as many foreign business enterprises in which the larger London financial centre had already blazed the trail.

To a lesser extent the same tendency toward capital saturation at home and the consequent international flow of funds was observable in the other countries of Europe. Some of these financial centres, as for instance Amsterdam, played a large part in financing the requirements of American business development. It is consequently true that during the nineteenth century capital became an international commodity which, due to the existence of stock exchange organizations practically all over the world, could flow readily and inexpensively into enterprise at great distances. European countries became in this way international creditors on balance. Their requirements for food and other raw materials from the newer countries of the Western hemisphere could be settled for by the constantly accruing coupon and dividend payments on the securities in the new Western nations which they held. Indeed the entire population of Europe came, during the course of a few generations, to be adjusted in accordance with this principle, and the foreign national incomes from outside investments came to be depended upon to feed the home populations of European countries.

III

The experience of the European capital lenders in the last century, outlined above, is of interest to Americans today largely because of the sharp contrast which it affords to contemporary economic conditions in this country. Until the opening of the

nineteenth century, the United States was perhaps the leading debtor nation of the world.

For several generations the flow of foreign capital into our railway and industrial enterprises had gone on, with a consequent shipment abroad of American securities and the inevitable payment abroad of coupons and dividends on them each year. The Spanish War, however, resulted in the expansion of this nation into the sphere of world policies, and a great broadening of American interest in foreign lands and foreign affairs. It was followed almost immediately by the very costly Boer War, during which the resources of financial London were diverted from their ordinary commercial and investment channels to carry on the struggle. With this abnormal brake on the London market, a few international borrowers for practically the first time sought the then prosperous financial market in New York as a source of capital. As a result, a few foreign securities made their appearance on the New York Stock Exchange, and some financial students hailed the event as a sign that this institution was at last entering an international phase of operations as a capital market. But in reality this view of the matter was premature. The annual creation of capital in this country was still quite out of proportion to the tremendous demands for capital which American industries themselves were still making. American prosperity therefore went on to its spectacular climax in 1907, while the London market soon reasserted itself as the great source for international funds and the great market place for international securities.

The basic position of the United States as a debtor nation was clearly revealed at the outbreak of the World War in 1914, when the imminent danger that European countries might attempt to liquidate billions of dollars' worth of American securities in New York compelled the closing of the New York Stock Exchange for the longest period on record.

The coming of the European War, however, was destined to mark the beginning of a new definite international phase in the history of the New York financial centre, and perhaps nowhere was this fact made more clearly manifest than on the New York Stock Exchange itself. During the period of American neu-

trality in the War vast amounts of American securities previously held in the creditor nations of Europe were sold in New York to the rapidly increasing class of American security buyers, and thus absorbed within this country. By this gradual process the claims and participations of foreigners in our leading industries were vastly reduced, and for the first time the obligations of American business to foreign investors fell swiftly to comparatively small amounts. On the other hand, New York suddenly became the only free market for new capital on a large scale, and very naturally a considerable number of government obligations of the warring European nations appeared on the list of the New York Stock Exchange. This occurrence of course represented the flow of American capital or American goods abroad in large amounts, in exchange for our imports of foreign securities. For a time this process was interrupted, owing to our own eventual participation in the War. It was obvious good sense for the United States as a belligerent to concentrate its financial efforts on the flotation of its own huge government loans, to the exclusion of issues of the Allied countries in competition thereto. But after the final United States War Loan, the purchase by Americans of new foreign security issues was soon resumed, and, except for what have after all been only temporary interruptions, this process has continued on a large scale ever since. The growth of New York as an international capital market has likewise come to be governed by economic rather than purely political circumstances, and loans have been floated here for the recent enemy nations as well as for the Allied countries. Countries which were neutral during the recent conflict have likewise had recourse to the New York financial market, and have placed their securities, sometimes in considerable volumes, with the ever broadening investment public of this country.

On December 1, 1926, there were listed on the New York Stock Exchange 134 separate foreign government bond issues with an aggregate market value of $3,234,686,848.00. Of these issues sixty-five represented national or subdivisional governments in Europe, while South America was similarly represented by forty-one, North America and the West Indies by seventeen, Australasia by seven, and Asia by four. In addition there were on our list

forty-eight stock and bond issues of foreign railway companies and fifty-eight issues of foreign non-railway enterprises, making a total of 106 foreign company issues with an aggregate market value of $1,596,408,480.00. Thus the total foreign issues listed on the New York Stock Exchange on December 1 last possessed an aggregate market value of $4,831,095,328.00. While this amount is still less than ten per cent. of the total market value of securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange, it is nevertheless sufficiently large to command the serious attention not only of financial specialists but also of the public at large.

IV

So sudden and so striking a change in the American capital market, and indeed in the whole economic situation of this country internationally, has very naturally produced considerable bewilderment and confusion of thought throughout the country. By some this wholesale investment of American funds in foreign fields has been viewed with alarm, not only on the score that the investments themselves were necessarily dangerous and risky, but also on the ground that American enterprises themselves were, because of this new development, deprived of capital needed for their operations at home. The assumption by this country of the active functions of an international creditor nation has very naturally given rise to large considerations of this sort upon which even yet it is difficult to place any absolutely final opinion. But it should be obvious to all that foreign investment has, for better or worse, become a definite and permanent process in this country. Already our national evolution as a creditor nation has gone too far for us to doubt this fact. We are facing in this respect a condition and not a theory. For, as I have already pointed out, it has not been America that has made capital an international commodity. This was done fully a century ago by the very European creditor nations which were at that time purchasing American securities. It therefore seems inevitable that we must view the new international aspects of American finance simply as the arrival of a more mature phase in the financial evolution of this country.

While arguing from analogy always possesses its peculiar dangers, there seems to be little fundamental difference between the investment policy of an individual and that of a nation. Naturally the individual employs his savings strictly for his own benefit before undertaking to loan them to others. However there is little more reason for criticizing a nation which makes foreign investments, than an individual who has a surplus of funds available for lending to other individuals.

It is a well known fact that the exports of any nation are apt to be closely connected with the country's foreign loans. In this regard the British have long fostered and increased their exports by the judicious investment of British capital in foreign lands. When, for example, British capitalists purchased Argentine railway securities, much railway equipment business came in to British manufacturers as a result. Already American manufacturers have become aware of this aspect of foreign loans, and in some cases have already benefited considerably by them. It is not necessarily true, however, that the proceeds of a foreign loan must be expended in the lending nation to benefit the lender. For, wherever these proceeds are expended, prosperity and buying power will be increased to that extent, and a large scale international lending country invariably benefits indirectly by prosperity in other countries. It could be rather easily demonstrated today that if Americans loaned money to a South American country which desired to buy equipment in Europe with it, our claims as a creditor of Europe would be proportionately improved and benefited.

Holdings of foreign securities are also of great potential value to a creditor country whenever the necessity arises to obtain funds in foreign lands. No better instance of this fact could be given than the recent experience of Great Britain during the War. When it became necessary for the English to make large purchases of war supplies here, they were able to obtain credit by returning to us tremendous amounts of American securities which their investors had previously held. One can think what one wishes about the likelihood that this country may in the future find the establishment of such foreign credits necessary or desirable. At any rate it should be a comforting reflection to

Americans that we possess large holdings of foreign securities which in the future could presumably be realized upon abroad in case of actual need.

The income no less than the principal of foreign investments is also an important item entering into any nation's international balance. It is a well-known fact that for years England was able to import more merchandise than she exported, largely through the fact of her receiving payments each year on her foreign securities. The practical meaning of this particular development in the American trade balance is, so it seems to me, that America will in future years be increasingly able to import luxury products of all sorts from all over the world, and will be able to support financially the tremendous expenses of American tourists abroad each year. Any of these items may of course, by growing out of proportion to the other items in our trade balance, occasion certain misgivings among our economists. Yet unless they are thus suddenly overdone, they simply represent the superior ability of a rich over a poor country to enjoy the good things of the world. There are, it is true, Americans who are as apt to be terrified by national prosperity as by national depression. Despite such apprehension in regard to the changing character of the American trade balance, however, it is not impossible that the United States may in coming years experience a steady development toward the condition of the international trade balances of England and other creditor nations before the War.

A final intangible and yet vitally important aspect of the question of foreign investing lies in its tendency to broaden the knowledge and sympathies of countless Americans with other lands, other peoples and other civilizations. The War undoubtedly taught America much concerning the geography of Europe, yet the time is coming when American foreign investment will prove even more instructive regarding not merely Europe but also the other continents of the earth. The American foreign bondholder, however small his holdings may be, is humanly bound to exhibit a new curiosity regarding the borrowing country. For the first time, it may be, he will investigate the subject by reading not merely foreign financial statistics, but also books upon foreign political and economic conditions. The United States is

already the most cosmopolitan nation in the world in race, and the steady extension of foreign security holdings among our people is likely further to increase the range of American sympathies internationally in just this way. At a time when the desire for international peace is everywhere shown, this is a force which can by no means be overlooked. After all, international creditor nations, both as communities and also as individuals, have the most to lose by international conflict. The true internationalization of capital has already proved itself a powerful deterrent to armed conflicts between the nations, and in this as well as other countries its force will, in the future as in the past, be exerted powerfully in favor of peace and against needless war.

It goes without saying that this new international economic viewpoint, so different from the former outlook of American business and finance, has made itself felt particularly in the New York Stock Exchange, through which so many foreign as well as domestic securities are being distributed to our investing public. It is by no means improbable that the New York Stock Exchange will take its place among the great organized capital markets of the world, and this transition from almost purely domestic functions to an international function may well necessitate changes in its economic interests and its operating methods, even beyond those which have already occurred.

V

Just as the most obvious sign of the New York Stock Exchange's international significance as a capital market lies in the large and growing group of foreign securities on its list, so perhaps the principal new development in this regard within the Exchange has been the formulation of a new code of listing requirements for foreign government loans. As with the older code for domestic company securities, these requirements consist of demands for specific financial information regarding the issuing State. This information is not collected for the Stock Exchange itself, but in behalf of the entire investing public which deals there. The chief aim of the Exchange in formulating these listing requirements is consequently to obtain for the public

relevant information concerning the new securities admitted to its markets. This information is contained in the formal application to list the given security which is presented to the Exchange prior to its passing on the question of whether or not it shall be admitted to dealings and quotation there. The New York Stock Exchange put into effect this code of listing requirements for foreign government securities in 1925. Subsequent experience has shown these requirements to be ample and adequate. But the period during which they have been in force has been too brief to render the system perfect in operation. The foreign investment field is still a new one to us, and American investors are still largely unfamiliar with securities of this type. In addition, the unwonted surplus of American investable capital has encouraged new underwriting firms to enter the foreign security business under conditions of very active competition. This situation has an important bearing on the whole status of American foreign security investing. Some underwriting firms, in bringing out a new foreign issue, make inadequate investigations concerning the borrower. Often, the borrower's statements concerning the various points raised in the Stock Exchange requirements are accepted with little or no investigation by the underwriter, and are accordingly entered in the application to list on the Exchange. Such a process permits of unfortunate errors of commission and omission in regard to the facts set forth; nor are these errors in all cases easy to detect and rectify. Foreign government officials who negotiate loans are frequently under considerable political pressure to tread lightly on various aspects of their national finance, past and present. Relatively few American underwriting firms have the intimate and highly specialized information and knowledge in such matters that is usually possessed by the older and more experienced financial firms of London. Furthermore, the New York Exchange cannot undertake the enormous task of checking and thoroughly investigating the accuracy of all statements made in the listing applications submitted to it. As time goes on and American experience with foreign securities grows, this situation will doubtless improve without special remedial efforts. Nevertheless, at the present time there is a real need for some independent and

thorough fact-finding organization in American finance, to check new loan prospectuses with the acid test of definite facts, knowledge and experience.

With the passage of time, there will also inevitably develop in this country a keener discrimination between different foreign securities. At present, there is a natural yet fallacious tendency to lump them together, whether they be British consols or the worthless obligations of some bankrupt foreign State with an exploded currency. Like all other securities, foreign issues include those which are good, bad and indifferent. It is childish reasoning to assume that foreign securities are either entirely splendid, or else entirely dangerous.

Not merely the gains and losses of our investors are at stake in this vital need of discrimination between foreign security issues. The American financial markets are today the balance wheel of almost the whole economic world. Judicious loans to worthy borrowers should not only prove profitable to American investors, but also be an indirect but powerful stimulus to American business prosperity generally, by assisting to bring about more prosperous conditions abroad. On the other hand, rash and unjustified American loans abroad tend not only to impose losses upon American investors sooner or later, but also to encourage in other countries unsound and uneconomic financial practices which in turn delay financial reconstruction and ultimately hamper general prosperity in international trade.

This is a lesson which every one of the older financial creditor centres has had to learn by hard experience, and sometimes only after bitter financial loss. America, emerging as the greatest creditor nation of the present time, has the very valuable precedent of their experience, if we can and will make use of it. That American capital should today be invested abroad is, as a general economic proposition, necessary and inevitable. But whether the process shall be relatively free from the rash financial adventures and considerable losses to investors which attended the beginnings of foreign investment in England, France and other European countries some generations ago, it remains for the intelligent foresight and analytical ability of the whole American financial community to determine.

PRESENT EDUCATIONAL DISCONTENTS

BY CHARLES A. RICHMOND

President of Union College

EDMUND BURKE introduces his "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents" with this statement: "It is an undertaking of some degree of delicacy to examine into the cause of public disorders. If a man happens not to succeed in such an inquiry, he will be thought weak and visionary; if he touches the true grievance, there is a danger that he may come near to persons of weight and consequence, who will rather be exasperated at the discovery of their errors than thankful for the occasion of correcting them."

For "public disorders" read "educational defects", and for "persons" substitute "institutions", and we shall have a description of the situation facing those of us who venture upon such an examination. The delicacy of the undertaking has in no wise discouraged the critics. Never has there been so much criticism of education, and never has it been so savage. And no wonder; for next to keeping alive education is the most important thing in life, not only because it touches all life but from the very size of it.

Of all the big business in this land of big business, education is the biggest. Not far from one quarter of our one hundred and seventeen millions are either going to school or teaching school. The other three quarters pay for it, and these are the critics; often unintelligent, sometimes unjust, occasionally helpful, but always interested.

One thing must be evident to the most unobservant. The last generation has seen changes in education more marked than any within the memory of the living. In primary education these changes have been altogether to the good. In secondary education the improvement has not been so obvious. Mass production has distracted attention from the higher intellectual aims. There has been much wandering, and a good deal of fruitless experimentation and wasted time.

In higher education, a range in which I am more at home, there have been mixed gains and losses. The gains have been chiefly in improved methods of teaching, in the content and scope of the curriculum and in physical equipment. In general, I should say that more work and better work is done in our colleges than ever before. The standards of scholarship are higher and there is a larger proportion of men who take college life seriously. The standards of health are also higher and more attention is given to the care of the body and to physical training. Best of all is the improvement in the moral tone of the campus. Conditions are far from perfect, but in all the eighteen years of my experience as a college president, I can remember no time when undergraduate life, both in sentiment and practice, has been so wholesome as it is today.

On the other hand, we must count among our losses the fact that there is less interest in knowledge for its own sake. As I recall college life at Princeton in the 'eighties, while there was much aimless talk—"chewing the rag", as we called it in the vernacular—we did talk a good deal about books. I do not remember any talk about how much this or that study might later be worth in dollars and cents. Nowadays, outside of sports and movies and campus gossip, this is one of the most absorbing topics of conversation.

In our day our main purpose was to get an education. We had at heart some vague notion of what the poet meant when he said, "My mind to me a kingdom is." Now it is very practical prose, or if turned into free verse it would read:

> My mind to me an income is
> And it is nothing more.

In the mind of the great majority education is assessed upon a strict money value, and the object of it is set in a fixed determination to "cash in" at the earliest possible moment.

Following this change came another, natural and even inevitable. The number of college men going into gainful occupations increased, while the number of those turning to callings where the compelling motive is human service grew beautifully less. In the two Eastern colleges I know best, a generation ago, something

like twenty per cent. of the graduates became ministers; many of them missionaries. Now it is more nearly two per cent.

It is true that callings are now open to men of the missionary spirit which were hardly known at an earlier time. But after we have included all who are engaged in such callings, the decline in the sense of obligation is only too evident. So far as the ministry goes, the change no doubt is partly due to economic pressure, partly to the fact that the last thirty or forty years have been years of anxious questioning, especially in all matters of religious belief. Any weakening of religious conviction was sure to affect college men in their choice of a life work.

Along with these changes there is also a definite tendency toward a more general acceptance of a utilitarian philosophy of life. The astonishing increase of interest in the physical sciences that has marked the last twenty-five years is not all due to intellectual curiosity. The moving impulse is the transformation these sciences work in industry, in trade and in all the detail of daily life that has to do with physical well-being. The commanding place which these subjects now hold in the college curriculum is largely the result of this interest.

An impelling force was given to this movement by the writings of Herbert Spencer. He closes the first chapter of his treatise on Education by asserting that for all purposes of life, including the intellectual, moral and religious, as well as the practical, science is the only thing that really counts. Complaining that while science, like Cinderella, has been doing all the work, she has been kept in the background that her haughty sisters might flaunt their fripperies in the eyes of the world, he prophesies that the positions will be changed, and while these haughty sisters sink into merited neglect, science, proclaimed as highest alike in worth and beauty, will reign supreme.

By "haughty sisters flaunting their fripperies" he means languages, history, poetry and the fine arts. The prophecy has not altogether come true, but Cinderella has come out of the kitchen and is making herself at home all over the place. The whole house, in fact, is in the way to become a glorified kitchen. To put it another way, the camel has followed the camel's nose and the tent is becoming a little overcrowded.

So far from regretting that science has come to its own in the scheme of education, we are all eager to welcome it. There is no longer any opposition, excepting perhaps in Tennessee. If there is ever any trouble, it comes from the excessive claims of its indiscreet friends.

Comparisons are odious, but we may well ask whether it is any less important to know the thoughts and ways of men than it is to know the structure of the atom, the chemistry of plants or the habits of animals. There have been great scientists who thought that for all essential purposes of life the record and the influence of the life and words of Jesus were worth more than all the discoveries and achievements of science since the beginning of time. The relative value of these things is not a matter of mathematical computation, but sound policy demands that the place of any study in a college curriculum must be determined on the principle that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment".

We should not be surprised that the great emphasis placed upon physical science should be accompanied by certain perversions that are not at all of the nature of science. The Darwinian doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest in the hands of Bismarck and Treitschke and the rest, became Teutonized into a divine command to take up the goose step and subdue the world.

In the same way in the hands of certain apostles of efficiency Spencer's idea of the mission of science has been materialized into an irresistible urge to take up the academic goose step and vocationalize all education. This has been felt in the colleges to a degree damaging to science itself, turning away the mind from pure science to its applications; as if the main purpose of science were to make us comfortable and multiply inconvenient conveniences instead of helping us on our way to the promised land of our intellectual and spiritual inheritance.

It has been said that ours is a vocational educational system in a vocationally-minded civilization. It is not far from the truth. Some time ago a prominent pork packer asked, "How can a college professor earning $3,000 a year teach my son how to earn $10,000?" Here in a nutshell, or in a pig skin, is the whole philosophy of a strictly vocational education. To make more money to buy more corn to feed more hogs; to make more money to buy

more corn to feed more hogs, and so on, world without end.

This is putting it brutally, but it is expressing in plain terms what a great many are trying to camouflage under the name of a practical education. A type of institution has recently sprung up which has been hailed by certain so-called practical men as a true model for higher education. Here at last, they say, is the real thing—a working college, a place where youth is at all points fitted for life: A few weeks of study alternating with a few weeks in a shop or a factory.

The idea is not entirely new. Wackford Squeers had an establishment based upon that idea although of a different sort:

> Clean—verb, active, to make bright. W-i-n-d-e-r—winder. When a boy knows this out of a book he goes and does it.
>
> B-o-t-t-i-n-n-e-y—bottinney, a knowledge of plants. Go out and weed the garden.
>
> Horse, a beast, a quadruped—Go to the stable and rub down my horse.

I am not ridiculing the idea. On the contrary it has much to commend it. I hope these institutions may succeed. They are needed. To accomplish a certain result it does very well, but as a substitute for a college it does not do at all. A few months ago a young man told me that he was going to such an institution because he expected to succeed his father in a small business. He explained that the authorities had promised him that he should have the opportunity at this institution to gain experience in a small business. I advised him to go. If it was his ambition to continue all his life in a small business, that was the place for him. Probably this was precisely what the young man was fitted for.

Another youth who was attending one of our best known universities told me he was taking a special course to prepare him for his father's business. I asked him if he thought this course would furnish the required preparation. He said he thought it would. Upon my inquiring what his father's business was, he answered that he was a manufacturer of nursing bottles. In my mind I could not help congratulating that university on the elasticity of its curriculum and the wealth of its resources.

We should avoid the confusion of ideas which fails to distinguish between an institute and a college. Their traditions are

not the same, their aims are not the same, they do not furnish the same academic environment and they do not produce the same kind of men. The main purpose of a college is to prepare for life. A vocation is a part of life but it is not life, and the larger the conception of life the broader will be our conception of education.

I wonder whether we are not taking too much of the tone of business in our colleges? I have heard certain colleges criticized on the ground that they are not democratic enough. Whether the criticism is deserved in these special cases I do not know, but speaking generally I suspect that we are disposed to be too democratic. By that I mean that more and more we are bringing the colleges down to the level of the man on the street, apparently upon the assumption that the man on the street is the sort of man we are aspiring to develop—shall we say, a Babbitt? In 1826, Macaulay could say and did say: "Our only objection to Oxford and Cambridge may be summed up in two words—wealth and privilege." So far as wealth goes, we of the present shall have to plead guilty to the soft impeachment. But the charge of privilege could never be fairly made. What can be said is that we have too often been satisfied with mediocrity. In our indiscriminate exaltation of what we call Democracy we have shied off from anything bearing the taint of Aristocracy, a thing which in its true meaning ought to be the ambition of any intelligent man and of any wise and progressive nation. The chief impediment to progress toward an intellectual aristocracy is numbers.

Curiously enough we are all beginning to come round to the ways which have been the ways of Oxford and Cambridge for a long time, namely the pass system for mediocrity and the honors system for the man who is in truth the only kind of person who can rightly be called a university man. The hope of this or of any country is in its superior men. Masses do not raise themselves; they are raised, usually against their will and sometimes in spite of violent opposition, by some man who towers above the crowd: A *Duce*, if you please; for whatever we may think of Mussolini's methods he is a brilliant illustration that a superior man can do for them that which millions of inferior men cannot do for themselves. We do not accept Nietzsche's conception of the superman, not because the idea itself is wrong but because his

superman of the big blond beast is as repulsive to us as Bismarck's policy of blood and iron which went with it. It is of the highest significance that France is sending out on its letters by postal cancellation an appeal for *La Cité Universitaire—La France doit sauver ses élites.*

It is the business of the college to produce an *élite*—superior men. Of course we do not mean men who withdraw themselves from the crowd but men capable of leading the crowd. Men whose minds have been trained to sound judgment and whose spirits have been inspired to noble enterprise and who thus have become our most efficient men for all the higher purposes of life. A vocational system of education is deadening to such an ambition.

That the vocational idea is a good one, and that vocational guidance should play a part in our educational system, we freely grant. My point is that we are laying burdens upon their shoulders which they are not able to bear, and are charging them with responsibilities for which they are not equal. Vulcan is also among the gods, but we must not allow him to thrust Minerva from her seat.

And in all we have said about science, I have not for a moment forgotten how much we owe to scientific method and to the scientific spirit for the advances not only in the realm of science but also in government, in education, and in religion; nor have I lost sight of the pure joy of scientific research which has brought so much delight to many of my friends, although, alas! denied to me.

I suspect that we have made too sharp a distinction between the scientific spirit and the classical spirit, as if the one dealt only with the dead past and the other with the living future. Is it not true that the present and the future are influenced more profoundly by the thoughts and discoveries of the past than by the discoveries of the known present, or the conjectures of the unknown future? Different as they are, the scientific spirit and the classical spirit are both part of life, coöperative and not competitive. To separate them in our education is to breed antagonisms which tend to weaken both. Early specialization in either is to work harm through the narrowing of sympathies and the prej-

udicing of judgments, and if ever we needed men of wide horizons and broad sympathies and judgments it is in this confused age. If isolation is an anachronism as a national policy, what shall we say of it in education?

It may not be the sequence of cause and effect. *Post hoc propter hoc* has spoiled many a generalization, but it is significant that a decline in the classical spirit has been accompanied by a decline in certain qualities which are of the very essence of a higher civilization. When we speak of the classical spirit we have in mind such qualities as grace, poise, restraint, proportion, balance. The very mention of these in connection with the present age startles us into a realization of the astonishing want of them. We point to our magnificent achievements, the superb courage and enterprise which have won for us such amazing conquests over the forces of nature, our widespread prosperity, our enormous wealth; and we ask whether there has been anything like it in all the long history of mankind. But will any one claim that there has been a corresponding progress in those conquests of the spirit by which alone the highest well-being of the race is secured?

Along with our intense activity—perhaps because of it—so far from growing in grace we are conscious of a certain crudity, a rudeness, which has colored our very speech, not to say our manners. Restlessness, impatience of restraint, grotesque disproportion in our scale of values, are literally hall marks of the twentieth century in America.

We may apply the test to almost any expression of life. Take modern Art—not all but much of it—the kind that glories in its modernism. Its most savage defenders would hardly claim for it the qualities we have described as classical. Even to suggest such a claim would make them still more savage. What the cool observer sees is neither grace nor poise nor restraint nor proportion, but a kind of bewildering negation of all these which the modernist would have us believe is significant.

A sculptor builds up a twisted structure of angular pieces of railroad iron and calls it a horse; a painter shows us an inverted cone in red and green and labels it "Tillie the Tragic Turnip", and expects us to take it seriously and to treat it tenderly because it is

a female turnip. We commit certain outrages upon the defenceless ether and call it music and we dance to it. These are some of the ways in which the spirit of the age expresses itself.

We get used to these things. The only comfort is that we weary of them and discard them for something better. There are signs in many quarters that such a revulsion is already on its way. The very fever of modern life, the neurotic restlessness, the mad rush for exciting pleasures, the sickening excess and waste of good resources in time and money and nervous energy, the speed mania, all these are symptoms of an inward discontent that is seeking to forget itself in distraction. The fact that these things are in their very nature unquiet and chaotic and wearing to the soul is proof enough that they cannot last and that we shall turn with relief to those more permanent and harmonious forms which are the expressions of the spirit caught by Keats in his lines on the Grecian Urn:

> Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
> Thou foster child of silence and slow time.

How far any of these things can be effected by the colleges is a question too subtle for a plain man. That the education we get at college does influence taste and form mental habit we may be sure. We have spoken of the classical spirit and its respect for proportion and restraint. An education carried on in this spirit ought to have that effect upon the mind.

That there was much grace in the late Victorian age no one would think of claiming, but that life in all its expressions was more restrained and that the scale of values was better proportioned may fairly be asserted. And the type of college had something to do with it. Many of those in college at that time have no doubt lost much of the classical culture to which they were at least exposed. But those of us who came under its influence know that there was something about it, atmospheric, if you please, which disposed us to measure values by intellectual and spiritual standards and inclined us to find our satisfactions not in hectic and unrestrained excitements from without, but in the exercise of those higher faculties which to the really educated man are the sources of the purest pleasure.

When we speak of utility we must not forget that there are higher uses as well as lower. To some of us such an education had not only use but value, and that of the most precious kind. My plea then is for a new emphasis upon the spiritual aspects of life and an education that shall be dominated by such a purpose. Santayana says: "To have another world to live in whether we expect to pass wholly into it or not is what we mean by having a religion." A civilization with no other world in it will inevitably degenerate into some form of carnality; no less carnal because it may be highly sophisticated, rather more so, as happened in the decadent age of Greece.

And an education with no other world in it will tend to produce that kind of civilization; a thing that is bound to have in it the seeds of its own decay. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." There are those who believe that we are moving in that direction; among them Santayana and Professor McDougall, a philosopher who speaks with habitual caution. He has recently said, "As I watch the American nation speeding gaily with invincible optimism down the road to destruction, I seem to be contemplating the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind." We may shrug our shoulders at such a saying and murmur, Gloomy Dean. But that alters nothing. What if there should be something in it? What if we are on the wrong track? Other civilizations have perished, civilizations greater in many respects than ours. Why not ours?

There is only one way to make any civilization secure, and that is by making God the centre of it and by providing an education —from lowest to highest—whose strength and beauty are in His sanctuary. Perhaps the trouble with our education is that we have been trying to get along without Him. You can not make a religion out of psychiatry and business administration.

It is the spirit of education that matters, not its body. The mechanics of education have been overdone. We have built up an educational machine in which we are putting too much trust. It may even turn out a Frankenstein. Along with this we have developed a passion for analysis which is carrying us too far. To take a child's mind to pieces and forget how to put it together again; to show a man how his mind works without showing him

how to work his mind; to teach him all about behaviorism excepting how to behave, and to guide him to a vocation without training him to those qualities of character which alone ensure success, —all this may be done under the name of utility, but it isn't of much use. What we need more than all else in our education is less of the machine and more of the man; less analysis, more synthesis; less attention to speed and more to direction, less to body and more to spirit.

Behind and under every system is a philosophy. In our education most thoughtful men will agree that we have allowed too much influence to the material, not to say the commercial. Our appeal must be set higher. When a man's philosophy changes it affects his whole life, and when the philosophy of an age undergoes a change that change is felt in every range of life; in society, in government, in industry, in religion and of course in education. It is here we must look for our redemption in education as in everything else. When we think of ourselves as spiritual beings, made in God's image, immortal souls with an eternal destiny, whatever may be wrong in our orientation will be by way of correction. Perhaps we may come to a better idea of what a college really is. We shall realize then that a college is neither a monastery nor a factory, neither a cold storage plant for the preservation of perishable academic goods nor a kind of department store organized to sell education by raucous advertising and bargain counters. It will mean to us a place where youth is fitted to be at home in both the worlds to which he by right belongs.

It is good to remember, in an age of haste and hubbub, of motor horns and White Ways, of glare and jazz and jostle, that there are retreats—many of them—where there is room for silence and time for thought. And in an age of premature self-expression, where so much green fruit is brought to market and, strange to say, actually marketed, we remember with relief that there are many who have welcomed the advice of Chrysostom, approved and followed and passed on by Sir William Osler:

"Depart from the highway and transplant thyself in some enclosed ground, for it is hard for a tree that stands by the wayside to keep her fruit till it be ripe."

INSTALLMENT BUYING AND ITS EFFECT

BY THE HON. JAMES COUZENS

United States Senator

In a recent statement, Mr. George R. James, now a member of the Federal Reserve Board, warned against the "morphine of credit". No one will question that opiates have their place in the medical world, but a practitioner of standing is careful in their use, and knows how easily the drug habit is contracted, and the after effect of too large, or too frequent doses.

Sound credit practices need no defense, but there should be a factor of safety for the protection of the user.

As in the case of a builder, who should have his tenants in mind, the installment seller should have the interests of the buyer in mind. State and municipal governments do not altogether trust the builder. They provide certain building codes to protect the owner. In the case of installment buying, unfortunately, no such protection is possible.

It was not long ago that to run in debt was considered socially bad. It injured one's pride to be in debt, especially for the things used in the home. We have now dignified debt by calling it "consumer credit". There always was and still is sound consumer's credit, but the present high-power salesmanship has caused the extension of this consumer's credit to have an entirely different meaning. It results in many of our people impoverishing themselves in this day of greatest prosperity by flinging away every principle of sound thrift to follow this false mirage of consumer's credit. All the euphemisms to the contrary, it is just plain "running in debt", and the more this idea is kept to the front, the healthier for everyone.

Many protagonists of consumer credit write clever articles, perhaps sincerely, but led astray by the urgency of their own welfare and the advancement of the interest entrusted to them. We must consider whether such a person is able to give an unprejudiced opinion, or expresses reactions which events and

conditions create in him. It is equally true that we must know the general qualifications of a critic of this orgy of installment buying: his general knowledge and his experience.

It is admitted by able economists that there are no really authentic statistics relating to this subject. I will not attempt to seize the many estimates bearing upon the volume of installment sales and present them here, but those who are interested in estimates can find plenty, although none can be verified.

There never was an inflation or financial orgy that was not stoutly defended and speciously explained, right up to the very moment of trouble. There are none so blind now that can not see the follies of 1925 which occurred in the Florida situation. Merchants confess they are beginning to repossess more and more goods because of non-payment.

This pledging of wages and salaries long in advance of having been earned is doing great harm, to young men and women in particular. It is breaking down character, and resistance to temptations, to extravagance and to living beyond their means. It is in many cases breeding dishonesty. Many young people get their first experience of being "dead beats" through yielding to temptations that are placed before them. Many a clerk that should be saving his "nest egg" is making payments on a car he cannot afford. Many a family is paying installments on radios and phonographs, who should be saving for old age or for periods of illness and misfortune. Many a working man, clerical or shopman, if laid off at the end of the month would not be able to meet the next month's installments on his purchases.

Governor Fuller, of Massachusetts, in writing a Thanksgiving Day proclamation, protested against the self-indulgence of the present generation. He feared that the hand of fate may strike from us our legacy of extravagant leisure and force us to think more of things we have forgotten, like truth, duty, and sacrifice.

There are two incidents in my boyhood which present themselves forcibly. I recall that about forty years ago our whole family saved for some time to enable my father to purchase an oil hanging lamp for the living room. We anticipated possessing this lamp and had great joy in purchasing it after we had saved enough. Again, my father owned horses, not riding horses but

truck horses, and I wanted a riding saddle for one of them. To secure this I was required to sell enough of my father's product on a commission basis to earn the price of the saddle. I shall never forget the joy of accomplishment when that end had been gained.

All of this pleasure, this appreciation of something gained, this opportunity to develop the traits of self-control and perseverance, this opportunity to build character, are now being lost to the young people, because what they want they can nearly always get at once, without sacrifice, for a small down payment.

Admission is made of unsound practices in 1925, but it is asserted by finance companies that such mistakes are being corrected. Mr. J. H. Tregoe, executive manager of the National Association of Credit Men, made the statement that "Frequently innocent and perfectly laudable devices for the increase of distribution grow unconsciously until they become a dangerous menace . . . The whip handle in credit is held by him who has commodities to sell or funds to loan, and not by him who will exchange his credit for the commodity or the funds."

Unwise selling means that in uncertain times, followed by unemployment, not only will our large volume of sales diminish, but the slow moving inventory would be increased by heavy repossessions, which in their turn would have to compete with the new merchandise in hand.

I have had some opportunity to observe the buyer's experience. In one middle Western city of about one hundred thousand population, a banker reports that there are two thousand homes bought on installment for which the buyers are in arrears. Yet this is the most justifiable form of consumer credit. One small company in Detroit built sixty houses and sold them on the installment plan. Fifty-one buyers are behind in their payments.

Every dollar the consumer pays for interest reduces his ability to buy merchandise. Every dollar sent out of the community to some finance corporation lessens the purchasing power of that community.

One large organization made the following statement: "Investigation has disclosed the fact that on the average in any community, ten per cent. of the people buy for cash, thirty per cent.

on charge account, and sixty per cent. must buy on easy convenient terms." They contend that this is an argument for installment selling. If earnings must be mortgaged at excessive interest rates, it seems clear that some action should be taken.

Mr. Henry Ford was recently quoted in a Detroit paper:

> There is too much debt for one thing; too much installment buying. We must learn to call credit by its real name—debt. . . . When financiers flourish on credit, you may depend on it that plenty of other people are withering under debt. . . . The American home needs better business management. It should keep solvent and liberate itself from the pressure of high-powered salesmanship reinforced by the installment lure. . . . Let the American home manage its affairs wisely and the country will be all right.

A well-informed sales manager of eleven years' experience told me: "One outstanding fact lately noted is the increasing number of people who buy carelessly, satisfying every present whim of the appetite, without regard to the relationship of the obligation to their income and needs. These people, whatever their original intent, come to regard their debts more lightly as they become more burdened."

I manufacture, for example, a sideboard. I create a desire for it, and then inform my prospect that it took eight days to manufacture it. I then offer him the opportunity to labor eight days and promise to deliver the sideboard to him after that time. Then, he is not illusioned. On the other hand, if I told him he could have it now, in advance, provided he would work twelve days for it, explaining that the four extra days are to compensate me for interest and carrying charges, then it is an unfair barter, and I am simply trading on his cupidity and impatience of the moment.

Let us take the relationship between installment buying and pawnbroking. The one is the converse of the other. When the moneyless man pawns an article for a fraction of its worth in cash, he sacrifices the value of the article and assumes a usurious obligation to recover it, with the penalty of losing it upon default. This he knows, and he is better off because there is no glossing over the transaction. Yet, the same man will sacrifice the value of his cash (which yet must be earned) because of his impulsive desire to possess an article not of commensurate worth. When a man puts his income "in hock" at a usurious rate in order to

gain an article he might do without, it is ridiculous to pretend that he is following sound economics.

It is not intended to decry what perhaps ought to be called installment investing, such as the buying of homes, sound securities, and articles on which the buyer can earn a return. The slavery to which these over-extended buyers have subjected themselves does not receive much consideration. Many men have opportunity to change their position and thereby advance themselves, but are afraid to do so because they have so many installment obligations. Many men have an opportunity to make a small investment, but they can not do so because they have installment obligations. Between twenty-three and twenty-four years ago there was a group in Detroit, of which I was one, who had an opportunity to invest some money in the Ford Motor Company. Had we been tied up with obligations to pay for bicycles or pianos on the installment plan, we could not have availed ourselves of this opportunity with its well known results.

Many investigations and studies are being made which may produce a mass of statistics, but I submit that none of these investigations will cover the viewpoint or the experience of the buyer; they will all be the experience and results of the seller. There is no way of going into the conditions of hardship, trial and suffering of people who have over-bought on the installment plan. No statistics on this will be available, but from a study of a cross-section of the people which I have had an opportunity to observe, the situation is very much worse than it should be.

The cost of this installment selling to the buyer is not understood, because there are so many methods of covering up the difference between a cash purchase and an installment purchase. And yet, many concerns charge the same price by either method. A Senator told me the other day that he wished to buy a set of books, and not caring to be bothered by the publisher, he had his secretary write to ask the cost. The price was given, with all of the installment veneer. The secretary wrote back and inquired the price for cash: the reply came that the price was the same for cash. In other words, the publisher could not afford to disclose, when he was selling mostly on the installment plan, what the real

difference was between a cash and an installment sales transaction.

Who maintains the overhead and expense, and creates the profit for the large number of finance companies? The buyers, of course. Mr. Clarence Y. Palitz, president of the Credit Alliance Corporation, stated in New York recently: "There are more than fifteen hundred organized finance companies and more than twenty-five hundred individuals dabbling in the finance business."

On the last day of the old year the press told the story of the organization of a $31,000,000 company to be national in scope, for financing installment houses. This large finance corporation will make money. Who will supply the profits? The installment buyer. In the announcement of the organization of this company it was said, among other things: "We have also found evidence of abuse in the methods of deferred payment sales which, if allowed to continue, will result in losses to the public, banks, and the credit finance companies." Nearly all of these proposals are intended for the protection of the seller. Thousands and thousands of people are employed by and making a living out of these finance companies. They return substantial profits on the enormous amount of money invested. Who pays it? The installment buyer.

There was published recently by *The Portland Oregonian*, a survey of the United States on installment buying which contained astonishing results. The share of workingmen's future wages mortgaged for purchases on the deferred payment plan was thirty-nine per cent. Who has obtained the viewpoint and experience of this thirty-nine per cent. of the workingmen? No one. The sellers could tell of their heart-rending experiences with many of these buyers: But that would injure their business. Another striking outcome of this survey was that of the total, twenty-eight per cent. went for homes, thirty-five per cent. for automobiles, nine per cent. for clothing, and eighteen per cent. for furniture, washing machines, and household necessities. Thus it will be observed that nearly twice as many people buy automobiles on the installment basis as buy household equipment.

From the standpoint of character, sound economics, honesty and integrity, the weight of argument is overwhelmingly in favor of restricted selling on the installment basis.

REBUILDING THE INDUSTRIAL CRIPPLE

BY VICTOR G. HEISER, M.D.

Director for the East, International Health Board

WHAT means has civilization employed to rebuild the industrial cripple? Suppose a stenographer were injured in a motor accident at Times Square, crushing a hand or fracturing a leg, what chance has such a person to have the same use of the member as before the accident? What assurance have the injured of the vast armies employed by the railways and manufacturing plants that they will have the greatest degree of restoration that the best treatment can give? What protection is the citizen of the future to have against the increasing pollution of the atmosphere by motor car fumes? Scores have already died from this cause and thousands have had their health impaired. The Health Committee of the New York Academy of Medicine has shown that in sections of New York City where motor car traffic is heavy, the air is already sufficiently vitiated to endanger health and even life. It is almost a daily occurrence for people to be killed in their own inadequately ventilated garages by the poisonous gases generated and confined in the process of warming up the engine. Or to speak of minor accidents, suppose a passenger in a street car or train receives a gash in the face from broken glass, what are the chances of restoration without a disfiguring scar? What are the chances of securing the complete use of fingers that have been crushed in a door? These and a thousand other accidents are occurring daily.

In the United States alone some 20,000 persons are killed annually by motor cars and another 16,000 in railroad accidents, to say nothing of the many thousands who lose their lives in industrial plants. As the number of injured is many times greater than the number of deaths, it is obvious that there are millions constantly being disabled. Since the accidents are likely to continue, everything should be done to restore the injured to normal or as nearly normal as modern methods can achieve. Many of

these injuries are so serious in their ultimate results that literally thousands are being made dependents instead of resuming their rightful places as producers in the community. That in itself is very serious. The main emphasis of course should be placed on prevention, but even after everything that is humanly possible has been done, there will still remain a vast number to be cared for, an appreciable loss in producers.

In the past some of these losses have in part been replaced by the heavy flow of immigration. As restricted immigration is likely to continue, this form of replacement will be operative to a lesser degree. But even granting that it were operative, what about the individual himself? Is not an injured person entitled to the fullest possible degree of restoration that modern knowledge can provide? Shall we continue to allow persons to go through life needlessly crippled, sentenced to dependency and loss of self-respect?

The medical profession has already, in part, met the need for relief in the development of industrial surgery as well as through the progress of modern medicine. During the four years of the World War tremendous strides were made in the restoration of the injured, thus enabling them rapidly to resume their places in the line. Literally hundreds of thousands were restored to duty, who under the surgical technique employed in other wars would have remained permanently disabled or would have been incapacitated for service for a long time.

Much of this knowledge came quickly to the relief of the injured in civil life, but through lack of organized effort many millions are yet deprived of the best that can be done for them. Furthermore, since the overwhelming urge of war is no longer present, progress has slowed up. Much specialized relief is available, but vastly more is needed. For example, during the War there was established in New York a hospital intended primarily to give the American soldier, quickly, the very latest improved methods of relief, and after that was no longer necessary the facilities were extended to meet the needs of the civil population. But there should be a chain of such hospitals throughout the United States where the best available knowledge could be applied to the care of the large number of disabled. Such hospitals would also

serve the purpose of disseminating knowledge of the best methods of treatment to the medical profession of the areas in which they are located.

Although the great industrial expansion in the United States brings with it a steadily increasing number of accidents, these are being proportionately reduced through the safeguards that are continuously developed. For instance, among persons engaged in the match industry in the United States, there occurred, in years past, a revolting rotting of the jaws and bones which has now entirely disappeared through the employment of phosphorous in a harmless form. In China where these precautions are not taken, such cruel mutilations are still occurring. Painters and others engaged in industries in which lead is used suffered from poisoning which caused serious physical impairment and often produced what is technically called wrist-drop; thus many were prevented from following their normal occupations. Now, through proper precautions, such untoward results have largely disappeared. In factories where formerly employees were frequently scalped by being caught in unprotected belts or were crushed in unprotected gears, safeguards against such accidents are now provided in the form of simple devices. But, notwithstanding these different lines of progress in the field of prevention, for the thousands who are still in need of relief it is necessary to disseminate the knowledge available and provide research so that restoration of function may constantly be improved. The sad fact is that millions are still being injured and are in need of more adequate relief.

How is that relief to come? It is fairly obvious that the busy surgeons and physicians in the general hospital or in private practice, who are called upon to deal with a thousand and one other conditions not due to accidents, have little time to devote to meeting the special requirements of those so injured. Experience has shown that if constructive progress in restoration is to be made, the resources of chemistry, physics, electricity, bacteriology, and other sciences must be invoked. Much of the great progress attained in dealing with the injuries incident to the World War was made through the combined efforts of the doctor, the physicist, the physical director, the mechanic, the

electrician, the engineer, the psychologist, the factory foreman, the nurse, the social worker, and many others. With the passing of the stimulus of the common purpose of the war, satisfactory progress is no longer being made. It is true, a few hospitals have struggled desperately to carry on this vitally important work. The immediate need is for more adequate resources in order that at least one hospital may develop continually improving methods and perhaps establish the leadership which is so urgently required.

An attempt of course has been made to meet the situation. Many of the large industrial plants, railroads, and other agencies, have established special dispensaries and even hospitals for the benefit of their employees. But all too frequently the needed specialization is absent. And so much more could be done if there could be a few central places where personnel could receive training and have access to the combined experiences of the nation's resources. In other words, there is lack of coordination of all that could be made available. Much greater progress could be expected if all branches of human knowledge could be focused upon the best procedure for relief.

An institution in which that could be done would not only offer the most promising hope for discovery of the best methods, but it would serve as a fountainhead from which all those engaged in treating the injured could draw their knowledge. For example, today the methods of treating sprained ankle are almost as numerous as the doctors who treat it. There is likely one way to treat the great majority of sprained ankles in the most effective manner in the shortest possible time. Or again, in the case of a simple fracture of the leg, cannot modern science reduce the eight weeks' stay in bed to one of four weeks? If a hospital could, for a given period, devote its entire resources to the study of a certain injury, admitting only such cases, and thereby gain a huge experience in a short time, the chances of discovering the best way to treat that injury could be greatly enhanced. Such experience could be quickly disseminated and could immediately become part of the equipment of those who are engaged in dealing with injuries. If that could be made possible, it would be but a short time until similar hospitals would be established at indus-

trially strategic centres throughout the nation, and improved methods of treatment would be adopted quickly by the medical profession. But the stern fact is, there is as yet no institution which has such resources.

Let us see the extent of the problem that is to be faced. It is impossible to obtain accurate figures for the total number of accidents, but some idea of the size of the problem may be gained from the workmen's compensation cases reported by the State of New York:

	Total cases	*Deaths*	*Permanent total disability*	*Permanent partial disability*	*Temporary disability*
1924	24,394	362	9	7,491	16,532
1925	49,482	484	3	7,592	41,403

During 1925 the compensation for the above listed disability amounted to $27,854,726. This is only a part of the cost for these cases; it does not include medical cost, non-compensated wage cost, loss in labor turnover, insurance, etc. But the other accidents not included in the tabulation are tremendous in the aggregate. For instance, in New York City alone a thousand or more persons are killed yearly by motor cars; the injured are many times that number. The total loss in New York State, where every minute two industrial workers are injured, is easily well over a hundred million dollars. But New York has only a part of the injured of the United States. The following quotation from a recent number of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* brings additional information:

Official Announcement of Automobile Fatalities.—The U. S. Department of Commerce announces that during 1925 there were 17,571 accidental deaths charged to automobiles and other motor vehicles, excluding motorcycles, in the registration area of the United States. These do not include accidents due to collisions of automobiles with street cars and railroad trains, which caused 498 and 1,266 deaths, respectively. When added to the above number, this makes a grand total of 19,335 deaths from accidents in which automobiles were involved. The death rate from this cause was 18.8 per hundred thousand of population. The registration area included only 89.4 per cent. of the total population of the United States in 1925; assuming that the same rate would apply to the entire population of the country, the total number of fatalities would be 21,627. In thirty-four States for which data is available for the five

year period, 1921 to 1925, the death rates from automobile accidents increased from 11.4 to 17.4 per hundred thousand, and in sixty-six cities for which similar data is available, the rate increased from 15.8 to 21.2. Some deaths are charged to cities, although the accidents occurred outside the cities' limits, the victims having been rushed to hospitals within the corporate limits.

Other figures for the nation are also startling. Some 2,000 persons are killed annually at grade crossings and over 7,000 are seriously injured. In the American Expeditionary Force during the World War, for instance, there were 74,407 casualties. In the United States in one year alone, (1925) 675,000 persons were injured in automobile accidents and more than 2,520,000 industrial workers were hurt. This means that a total of over 3,195,000 persons had broken bones, torn muscles, and lacerated tissues. The foregoing represents a total yearly cost to the American people of probably well over a billion dollars. However, the real loss can only in part be measured in dollars, for the vastly greater consideration is the suffering and unhappiness of the handicapped. It is idle to question whether the mad rush for material gain and for pleasure is worth leaving a trail of dead and crippled of such astounding proportions, or whether innocent victims should continue to be injured and killed. It can safely be assumed that these conditions will continue. Under the most favorable circumstances years would be required to bring about a change. In the meantime the victims of accidents must be adequately cared for.

In order to have a clearer understanding of the requirements of a hospital to restore the injured to health and service, it may not be amiss to describe some of the features of the Reconstruction Hospital in New York. This new type of institution combines the facilities of a modern hospital, the hyper-gymnasium and workshop, opportunities for play, and above everything else a staff of doctors who have special training and experience in the injuries with which they are to deal.

Now what are some of its special features? Foremost comes physical therapy, which includes mechano-therapy or the use of various machines and mechanical devices, the use of water, light, heat, electricity, massage, and combinations of the various forces of nature. Occupational therapy is an important adjunct

to healing. In the purely mechanical field most ingenious adaptations have been made. The principle of the band brake, commonly used in the automobile, has been invoked. Employment of this has been a vast step in advance. Up to the time of the World War manipulations to restore the injured were usually made with weights over pulleys. This, however, gave exercise in only one direction. The band brake has the advantage of having the same resistance going and coming. For instance, in the limbs there is one set of muscles to move them in one direction and an opposing set to move them back again—flexion and extension. Today the function of stiffened fingers and joints is more effectively restored by the use of machines employing the band brake, which gives needed resistance for both flexion and extension.

The question naturally arises, How can improvement be made in restoring the vast number of injured persons to the greatest possible degree of usefulness? Experience has clearly shown that, whether in industry or in medicine, the greatest hope for improvement lies in research. This means that not only must extensive hospital space be provided so that the greatest possible number of a particular kind of accident case may be studied at one time, but also that the resources of a modern research laboratory must be available.

Such laboratories could be established in connection with a special hospital for the injured, or many of the facilities already existing in universities might be utilized. For instance, if a problem in nutrition were to be solved it might be assigned to the university nutrition laboratory, or other aid could be obtained from the departments of pathology, bacteriology, electricity, mechanics, and chemistry. Collateral aid might be had from practical minded nurses, internes, and fertile-minded geniuses. But all these facilities cannot be had without money. A country that has sprung into industrial leadership surely ought to be willing to meet the obligations that are attendant upon it. Can it possibly be so blind as not to provide the resources to meet the obligation? Science has already done much and is ready to do more, but it must be furnished with the sinews with which to carry on the work.

THE PASSING OF GREAT ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSES

BY THE EARL OF DENBIGH, K.C.V.O.

WHAT feature in rural England most strikes the travelling American, landing for the first time at an English port—say Southampton, or Liverpool—and thence proceeding to London by train, or perhaps starting off in a car on a leisurely tour? I think I shall be right in saying that, from mid-April to October, and more especially in May and June, he or she will revel in the fresh green on every side, in the country houses, farms and picturesque villages which are so constantly seen, but more particularly in the hedges and hedgerow timber. Where else can one get such a wonderful landscape view as, for instance, from Edge Hill in Warwickshire looking over the Kineton country, from the Cotswolds adjoining the vale of Stratford-on-Avon, again from the Cotswolds ridge above Broadway in Worcestershire (both the latter places so well known to Americans); from Belvoir Castle, the home of the Duke of Rutland; or from scores of other points of vantage in nearly every county? I am certain that American visitors will agree that it is the hedges and their trees which, in summer, constitute a feature in the English landscape which is not found in any other country. They are the result of our climate, and our system of farming and land tenure, the land having in the past been mostly rented and not owned by the occupiers, who are precluded from felling timber without the consent of the owner.

I am referring, of course, to rural England and not of the industrial portions such as large tracts of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, the "Black Country" of the Midlands, some of our principal coal fields, and the neighborhood of our great cities which, more and more, extend the area covered by their houses, trams and smoke. I think myself that our British landscape will gradually suffer as the result of the sales of the last

twelve years. Moving about the country, I see much felling of the hedgerow timber which the new owners too often turn into cash in order to reduce charges on the land. In too many instances the speculating purchasers of an old estate and mansion have sold the park and woods to a timber merchant who has cut them down ruthlessly. If this sort of thing goes too far, there will be a timber famine in the land in twenty years' time, and many of our rural beauty spots and views will be things of the past. England is undoubtedly altering very rapidly, mainly through changes of ownership caused by heavy death duties and current taxation, coupled with increased cost of living and of repairs as results of the Great War. During the last twenty years the habits and pursuits of people have become very different from what they were, mainly through the spread of education, improved communications, mechanical traction and other modern inventions which all develop new requirements. The changes seem to be progressing much more rapidly in this overcrowded island than in other European countries, which have mostly been wise enough not to sacrifice their agriculture for urban votes, and have remembered the undoubted fact that no nation can be lastingly strong and prosperous without a numerous and healthy rural population.

With the exception of the great straight military roads made by the Romans about eighteen hundred years ago, there were few roads that ran straight for half a mile, or even a few hundred yards, till we were forced by increased motor developments to adopt our present policy of new arterial roads, combined with the straightening out of old ones. Our picturesque twisting roads and lanes are, without doubt, evolved from the old tracks, originally foot and cattle paths, meandering through forests and marshes, turning here and there in old days to avoid a tree, a rock, a boggy hole or some other obstruction. These gradually became the regular tracks followed by pack horses and travellers, whose only mode of locomotion was the horse or humbler quadruped. Little by little, as wheeled vehicles developed, the roads responded, but mostly retained their sinuous character. As the necessity for improved roads increased, so their care and maintenance devolved on the adjacent localities, and gradually became a charge fastened

on the agriculturist. These charges became so onerous that at last, and not so many years ago, considerable grants from national taxation had to be given to relieve local rates; but, even now, the local people have to bear a most unfair share of this serious item. I am reminded forcibly of the marvellous improvements in communications whenever I motor the ninety miles from my old Warwickshire home to London. It is situated in the centre of England, near "High Cross"—one of our estate farms—which is the point of intersection of the two great Roman roads—Watling Street from Dover to London and Chester, and the Fosse Way from Bath across the Midlands to Lincolnshire. Forty-five miles from London on the Watling Street road, where it is spanned by the bridge carrying the main line of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway to the North, is a solitary little inn bearing the name of Denbigh Hall. How different are modern conditions from those prevailing when my old great-great-grandfather, the sixth Earl of Denbigh, who died in 1800, used to rumble slowly and uncomfortably along this road to London in his ponderous coach! One day a wheel came off in the mud near this inn, then known as the "Marquis of Granby", and, putting up there for the night, he was made so comfortable that he forthwith appointed it his half-way house to London, and the name was changed to its present one. On one occasion when he was there the landlord presented his nephew, a boy of thirteen, and asked if he might do Lady Denbigh's portrait. The lad produced an excellent little picture, about sixteen inches high, in crayons, and it now hangs in our hall at Newnham Paddox. He grew up to be the great painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, in whose life it is recorded how, at that age, he used often to do the portraits of travellers at the old posting houses, one of which, on the Bath road, was his home.

I wonder whether American visitors appreciate the changes also proceeding in English country life, and the extent to which the old landowning families, from the small country squire to the possessor of great estates, were formerly all bound up in the life of the country? The County business used to be carried on almost entirely under their supervision as Magistrates, and this included the police, the roads and bridges, the care of lunatics, reformatories and prisons, sanitation and drainage schemes, and

—along with the Poor Law Guardians—the relief of the poor and care of workhouses. All this has been greatly altered during the past forty years since the constitution of elected County and District Councils and Guardians, in accordance with the spirit of the times and the spread of education and popular responsibility. No doubt the work is now done more efficiently in many respects, but whether more value is got for the enormous expenditure is another matter. The old people did not do it badly. There was rarely a whisper of corrupt practices, and, like the present County and District Councillors, they received no pay. Then again, it is the landowners who can claim to have created the real value of English agricultural land by fencing, draining, road-making and the erection and maintenance of farm houses, buildings and cottages. I think it is generally accepted that the present value of agricultural land hardly ever represents even the bare cost of what are known as "landlord's improvements", the actual soil being regarded as *nil.*

It is mainly to certain of the great landowners of the past and some of the richer farmers that we are indebted for the development and establishment of our magnificent pedigreed cattle strains from which have been built up the great herds on the prairies of North and South America and the British Dominions that now supply the world with meat. The same can justly be said with regard to thoroughbred horses, sheep, pigs, etc. Go to a cattle show in the Middle West, and what are the leading types found there? Herefords, Polled Angus, Shorthorns and other British strains—all the product at one time or another of British exported sires, bred mainly from the stock of the landowning class as the result of steady and continued expenditure of care and money. The modern Socialist ranter, who is probably as appreciative of good meat at moderate prices as anybody else, forgets all this when he mounts his soap box and denounces the landowner as the selfish grabber who has robbed the poor and done nothing for the country. What State Department would ever have developed the breeds of farm stock in a way comparable to that effected by private enterprise?

When I walk through the streets of London and see the "evening" papers being sold at ten A.M., solely as the result of the latest

racing tips sent in by their various "infallible prophets" who, as is well known, are frequently such a source of income to the book-making fraternity, and when I see the scramble for the afternoon editions and note the smiles or long faces of the readers as they scan the list of winners—I think things . . . Who are they who seem mostly interested? The ones who can least afford to incur losses—the working men, the small clerks, the shop girls and the thousands whose stake has perhaps not exceeded a shilling or two, or perhaps half-a-crown. Go to a Socialist meeting and note the cheers that greet denunciations of the rich who, according to the speakers, invariably squander the whole of their wealth in "ostentatious luxury" while the poor starve. (I am quoting from a speech now in front of me.) These same individuals, or most of them, were probably chasing news boys not long before to learn the result of "the 2.30" or some other race. They are examples of the way in which racing and gambling have taken hold of all classes in these days. How many of them in their howls of denunciation against "the rich" ever consider that if it was not for the presence among us of men rich enough to carry on the most expensive and often highly disappointing and unprofitable sports of horse breeding and racing, there would be no racing unless it were carried on by a State Department? What doors for political roguery that would open—as if there were not enough already in other directions! Political Ministers of Racing, political trainers, political jockeys, political pressure to obtain the latest tips, political "scratching" and political "pulling"—one's brain reels at the thought! Where would our racing be today, where would the racing in any other country be, if it were not for the strains of British and Irish thoroughbreds that have more or less permeated every civilized nation that indulges in this great sport? Whom have we got to thank for the British and Irish thoroughbreds if it is not the old landowning families, who in those days were the chief people who maintained the breeding studs carrying many a famous name?

Take agriculture generally; our most important industry. What state of backwardness should we now be in if, in the past, we had been simply dependent on the small farmer, and if the old landowners, like the famous "Coke of Norfolk", had not set the

example and found the money for costly experiments and developments? The old landowning class of these islands has played a greater part in bringing them to the position they occupy in the world than many nowadays give them credit for; and my reason for indulging in all these reflections is that the gradual but steady disappearance of that class is bound to have an effect which is worthy of more than just a passing consideration.

Much land in Britain has been sold in recent years and the process may be said to have developed more intensely after the great Liberal victory at the General Election of 1905. This resulted in a heavy increase of death duties and in the intense campaign initiated, solely for political purposes, against landowners, which culminated in the futile attempt at the taxation of land values in the budget of 1909–10. This precious legislation started the house famine which was soon afterward intensified by the War. It frightened the speculative building trade, and the average number of houses built annually promptly dropped about fifty per cent. After doing much harm and no visible good, beyond providing jobs for taxation officials, this attempt at the taxation of land values was dropped in 1920 as costing more than it was worth. During the War, farmers made so much money that a land boom set in, which reached its climax in the summer of 1920 and then began to wane. The breaking up of many estates resulted, the farms being purchased mostly by the occupiers. After 1919 the heavy taxation and the great rise in wages and the cost of living became a serious burden to all. But the effects were most acutely felt by the land owning class, with the result that country houses and estates all over the country have come into the market to an astonishing extent. Many great country homes have been sold and purchased at low figures, for the purpose of schools, orphanages, convalescent homes, institutions, religious houses, hotels, country clubs, golf courses, and for many other purposes. Quite a few have been dismantled and pulled down simply for the lead on the roofs and what could be utilized as building materials. Others have been bought by men who made money in the War and were attracted by what they thought was the social position and *éclat* which attached to such possessions, or by the shooting, fishing or hunting amenities provided by the

property and the neighborhood. Some of these people, after spending much money installing electric light and all modern requirements, have found that "the game was not worth the candle" and have cleared out again, very likely not realizing even the cost of the improvements effected. Their predecessors were probably a family that had owned the property for generations, and were regarded with respect and affection by the neighborhood where they were the social leaders, always to the front in any local effort for the enjoyment or betterment of their less fortunate friends and dependents. Rents were often unduly low, cottages were provided for the people to live in, with the result that, as taxation and costs of living and repairs increased, the net income became seriously reduced and in too many cases resulted in a dead loss. There was the five thousand acre estate of Tulliallan in Scotland that had been purchased by the late Sir James Sievewright, a well known South African, prior to the War. On his death it had to be sold, but no offer was received. At length a purchaser was found, but only on condition that the large and well appointed house was thrown in for nothing, the money paid representing merely the agricultural value of the land and woods. One well known Scottish Peer has just told me how, in order to balance the income with the outgoings on his estate of three thousand acres, he had last year to find six hundred pounds from other sources to make up the deficit.

The new owners, in many cases hard headed men who had had to fight their way up, rather naturally proceeded to regard the possession of agricultural land and cottages as being economic propositions. Rents were raised and people generally came to realize that life under the new owner was not what it had been before, and friction and unpleasantness resulted. On the other hand there are many cases where a rich man has bought a property that had been starved and neglected, and has proceeded to lay out his money in a way that brought many local benefits. It is difficult to generalize where the results are in the main dependent on individual temperament. The one fact remains, that the old country estates that so largely constituted rural England as we have known it, continue to be sold and very frequently broken up, and what the result of all this will be, time alone will tell.

Very inadequate consideration is often given to one class of people greatly affected by these property sales. I refer to the laborers and cottagers on an old estate that is broken up. In many cases these people, if they have a little money saved, have been able to buy their homes; that is all to the good in these days, when property owners in the humbler ranks of life constitute a great element of stability. Too often however, these cottages are bought, three or four together, by local tradesmen, artizans and small investors who have saved some money, and with whom cottage property is a favorite form of investment. They, of course, regard it as a purely economic proposition, exacting the utmost rent, which is very promptly collected, while spending as little as possible on repairs. Some of the worst landlords I know are men of this type, and the laborers often find that life is very different from what it was under the old dispossessed family.

It can hardly be to the advantage of the country districts to wipe out steadily all the people with old associations as is now being done, mainly by the burdensome death duties. This has been recognized to some extent by Parliament, and the duties levied on the death of an owner are on a lower scale if not more than five years have elapsed since the previous death. Notwithstanding this, however, two or certainly three deaths entailing a change of ownership will sever a family from an estate unless the former is possessed of other means, or saved by large life policies. These again, unless taken out early in life, generally mean heavy premiums which greatly reduce the landowner's income. Apart from all this, country-house life in itself, as we have known it in the past, has greatly changed and will change still more. Estates are more and more passing into the hands of successful commercial men who perhaps use them for residences from which they can reach their business centres by motor, or else maintain them for week-end shooting parties and little else.

Country houses and estates, of course, have been continually changing hands to a certain extent, though not for "breaking up". There is an estate adjoining mine in Warwickshire which used to belong to the Skipwiths—an old county family. The last to own it was Sir Grey Skipwith, who had a family of twenty-two —by one wife. There is a story of somebody meeting him out

walking one day and greeting him with "Well, Skipwith, how's the family?" "Oh, fifteen of them have colds—the rest are pretty well, thanks!" I remember one of my uncles telling me how he once stayed there when a young man and, finding a house party of forty-four, he gradually discovered that he was the only member of the party that was neither a son, son-in-law, daughter or daughter-in-law. That family broke the Skipwiths, and the property has had several different owners since. On my adjoining estate our family has been nearly six hundred years, descending the whole time from father to son except in the case of the second Earl of Denbigh, who joined the Parliament side in the Civil Wars, fought at the Battle of Edge Hill against his father (who was mortally wounded the following week when trying to raid Birmingham under Prince Rupert) and, having married four times without issue, was succeeded by a nephew. In our neighborhood is Ashby St. Legers, now the seat of Lord Wimborne, and well known as closely connected with Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot. At Broughton Castle near Banbury is the isolated tower room at the end of the Battlements where Cromwell and his Generals met in preparing their plan of campaign, with no possibility of being overheard or interrupted.

At the wonderful old Tudor house, Bramshill, in Hampshire, as in other homes of like nature, one sees many relics of the Cromwellian soldiers who were billeted there. What with Civil War associations, priests' hiding-places, spots where some historical murder was committed, like the well at Berkeley Castle down which King Edward II was thrown, being then hauled up and stabbed when it was found he was not dead, and other reminiscences, one appreciates how the country houses were connected with the history of England. In many counties one finds houses in which are beds where either Queen Elizabeth, James I or Cromwell slept. One of these is beautiful old Wroxton Abbey, near Banbury, the home of the venerable Lord North, who is locally beloved as the upholder of all sports and the best traditions of a country gentleman. The well-being of every person on his estate is to him a matter of personal interest and I can hardly picture a new commercial millionaire following adequately in his footsteps. At Wroxton is a magnificent example of the work of

ladies of the Elizabethan period and the exquisite coverlet and curtains worked by her Ladies-in-Waiting are still on the bed where the Great Queen slept. The Dukes of Buccleuch were large landowners of the best type and owned some six or seven large estates in England and Scotland, most of which have, I think, been sold in recent years. One of them, of several thousand acres of good agricultural land, was at Dunchurch, near Rugby, in my neighborhood. The land was well farmed and everything was well looked after and kept in good repair and the people on the estate were glad to have the Duke as a landlord. During the War he received an offer for the estate and agreed to sell on receiving an assurance that the purchaser desired it for residential purposes and was not one of the speculating syndicates that were doing much harm buying properties and then promptly raising the rents of the existing tenants of farms and cottages preparatory to a sale. When too late, and to the Duke's great annoyance, it was discovered that there was such a syndicate at the back of the purchaser and rents were forthwith raised all round to the indignation of the neighborhood. On the estate being broken up in lots and offered at auction in a local hall, there was such a disturbance that the sale had to be abandoned. Later on, most of the tenants came to an agreement to buy their holdings, which in some cases had been held by several generations of the same family, but they had to pay high prices or lose their homes.

It is difficult to say how much land has been sold of recent years, as there is no official record. One of the largest firms of real estate agents informs me that they have sold well over 1,000,000 acres of agricultural land since 1919. They are only one of many.

I do not believe that the great mass of our population in the least realizes the effects of what I have called attention to. It was perhaps inevitable that great changes of circumstances should make themselves felt among the land owning classes of England, but we must not repine or indulge in useless recriminations. There is only one duty before us and that is for all to unite and work for the general good of our country and for improvements in the happiness, prosperity and comfort of all.

LABOR BANKS

BY GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

Chairman, Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago

A LITTLE more than six years ago the Mount Vernon Savings Bank, Washington, D. C., and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Coöperative National Bank, Cleveland, were organized. They were pioneers of the labor bank movement. The banking business is very old but organized labor is a new recruit in its ranks.

A good many writers and others who discussed the subject tried to see in this new departure an effort to establish innumerable labor banks that would make heavy inroads on the business of other financial institutions. This view was unfortunate and unfounded.

The fact is sometimes overlooked that banks cannot be established and operated merely in imitation of what somebody else has done, or for the purpose of changing the normal flow of deposits, loans and investments. Banking is too serious an undertaking for that. And bankers doubted that labor leaders entertained any such thoughts. Bankers generally were confident that the investigations made by labor officials, with their intelligence and experience, must have convinced them that it would be unwise to locate additional banks where there might already be banks enough to meet the needs of the community.

It is safe to assume, also, that the principal sponsors of labor banks were aware of the fact that banks are institutions of slow and laborious growth. The organizers should be credited with the knowledge that people hesitate to transfer accounts from a bank that has served them well and where they feel acquainted. There are lasting friendships in every business. And banks strive to serve their customers so acceptably as to hold their patronage and good will against all competitors.

Of course the temptation to enter banking is great. It grows partly out of the well-known fact that some of the larger and older

financial institutions show large earnings and pay handsome dividends. Success is always a lure. But men with sufficient intelligence to direct banking operations soon learn several important facts about profits if they try to manage a bank. They discover that big earnings and dividends are the result of cumulative efforts that have been put forth for many years, possibly by several generations of careful bankers—by men who have painstakingly and gradually amassed large surplus funds which augment the earning power of their banks. Through honest dealings and hard work and through the exercise of vigilance over the financial affairs of their customers and friends, the officers of the older banks have attracted a clientele that can be acquired in no other way. It must be gained over a long series of years. Time and service bring a profitable class of business, a class that cannot be weaned away. Naturally such banks, favorably located, make a big percentage on their capital, or rather that part of their invested funds designated as "capital stock"—which, incidentally, is not all the owners have risked in the business.

Instead of fearing a nation-wide movement for the creation of labor banks and ruinous rivalry, the older bankers welcomed the new members of the fraternity. For the most part they were friendly. They could see that much good probably would come from the broadening influence which the labor banks would have.

There was hopeful promise in labor's entrance into the field of banking. It would bring those who are most powerful in moulding the opinions of this large body of Americans into direct contact with the practical, serious side of financial affairs. It would teach the necessity of careful scrutiny, caution and a sense of responsibility in the management of other people's money. It would be imparting this knowledge in a practical way. Early they would learn that handling money which belongs to their depositors requires that loans and investments be made only to legitimate, sound and prosperous enterprises—not to schemes which, when dressed in the fanciful language of the promoter, look brighter than new silver dollars, but which too often, in fact almost always, fade into thin air when tested by actual experience. They would learn, also, that there are legitimate pro-

motions and that these should be financed by agencies existing for that purpose, but not by the banks. Another important fact which experience would disclose is that, despite the best judgment bankers can use, they suffer losses through the failure of borrowing customers and excess earnings must be set aside to meet these contingencies.

The influence of the labor banks cannot be other than beneficial. Anything that will bring capital and labor closer together will help to take fear and suspicion out of the industrial life of the nation. The more thoroughly workers understand the risks investors must assume in business, and the more fully business men become aware of the struggles and ambitions of employes, the more easily can differences be composed. Ownership and management of banks by labor will assist in arriving at a more genuinely sympathetic understanding of the problems of management.

Labor banks do not enjoy any greater latitude than other banks that are subject to the same jurisdiction. Those in the national system must conform to the same laws and regulations and submit to the same examinations as do other national banks. Such as hold State charters are under legal restrictions identical with those which apply to all other State banks doing business in the same State. All will be officially criticized for non-compliance with the law.

The effect produced by labor banks has been what might have been expected. A great deal of excitement and enthusiasm can be worked up over some marvellous invention, some great reform, or a political question of intense public interest. It is never that way about business undertakings. After the passing of the first flush of public interest created by a new business venture, it is accepted as a matter of course and the public goes merrily on leaving the owners free to work out its destiny.

This is true of banking as it is of any other business. And so far as results can be traced, the effect has been virtually the same as if a like number of banks with equal capital had been organized and operated in the same cities by capitalists. The progress of the latter would have been governed by the conservatism of the management and its ability to attract business. As a matter of

fact, these influences did apply to the labor banks. But they were also able to make an appeal for loyalty to institutions fathered by labor leaders and were favored by concentration of union funds in labor banks. The profit sharing plan, under certain conditions, providing for a division of net earnings with depositors, probably attracted some customers to the labor banks who would not have done business with those otherwise designated. However, the labor bank movement has not revolutionized banking or even appreciably changed banking conditions in this country. Certainly it has not introduced hurtful competition. And I do not believe that intelligent labor leaders or bankers had any thought that it ever would do these things.

RELATIONS OF CHURCH AND STATE IN EUROPE

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

THE tendency of politicians to be intimate with financiers has long been the occasion of sarcastic remark. But in days when private enterprise has opened up the possibilities of living to the masses, it is the capitalist who risks, who thinks, who directs not only for himself but for masses of poorer men. In the history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in Europe, there are indeed recurring and far too frequent evidences that the impresario whom Disraeli loved to identify with the Whig tradition was constantly exploiting both his countrymen and others. And first the merchant, then the money-lender, then the manufacturer, appear to have been almost as impossible, or rather as unscrupulous, as the rich men who in France provoked the Reign of Terror. But the faults of the individual, or even of the system, will not obscure from the just observer the nature of the fact. For the capitalist, or rather the active capitalist of whom we speak more often as the business man, and the banker who adjusts the relations between the different activities of capital, represent the interests not only of rich men but of the people as a whole; and whether in politics a man inclines towards Socialism and Democracy or whether he dislikes those words as suggesting the supremacy of governors other than the best men, he should carefully adjust his programme with the experience of the practical financier.

But if neither of these have a strong enough sense of the solidarity of human society, or even of the good of their country, so that the interests of a group of men or of a party should take precedence in their schemes over larger interests than their own, there exists in the philosophies of morals and religion that moderating principle which certain ill-informed politicians think to replace by the dictation of trades unions. Religion, and especially Christianity, when it solidifies from vagueness, self-righteousness

or sentimentality into a fabric of dynamic thought, supplies human nature with a view of life as a whole directed towards perfection as an end, which enables it to coördinate the administration of social unities not only with their organized industry and trade but also with those laws by which life is lived. And from this point of view, the moral law is a categorical statement of the laws by which life functions. While the merchant discovers by experience that honesty pays him best, he might have anticipated that experience in accepting the commandment: Thou shalt not steal. The sanction is simply the last counsel of prudence. It insures the freedom of society to work on the amplest possible scale. Nothing would more quickly ruin a business than negligence, dishonesty, or contempt for other people's point of view. And indeed nothing is more necessary to the welfare not only of a business but of the whole business of a country than a grounding and an understanding of moral principles.

It has been the experience of mankind that moral principles, though in certain cases they maintain themselves, do not thrive among communities from generation to generation unless connected with religion. Only religion, which is a personal bond with the highest object of aspiration and affection, can interest the mind to explore the laws by which that supreme principle functions, and only religion, which identifies this supreme principle with a living Spirit who daily offers to heart and mind an exalting and satisfying intercourse, can inflame the will to forego the false and transient advantage for a permanent good which is that alike both of the individual and of all men.

It becomes therefore of interest to a State to maintain religion, and to teach it. And it is therefore reasonable to expect the laws of the State to establish a Church: but a difficulty arises when there is more than one religion in a country, and especially if each religion tends to be identified with a particular interest, or a particular class of society. When that happens, religion no longer properly performs its function in the State. And it is therefore in the nature of things that there should be at present in England and America a movement towards Christian unity. It is the inevitable answer to the instinctive demand of society, whether organized for commerce or organized for administration. Religion

is from the business point of view the short cut to solid prosperity and its indispensable support. And if there cannot be religious unity, can there not at least be a moral unity? Cannot one denomination support another denomination in at least those things which they share in common? The answer is not an easy one: but neither religion nor the State can be expected to prosper till it is found. And simply from the economic point of view, a movement toward Christian unity is of the greatest interest to all just observers. And if from both inside and outside the Church of England there is at the present moment an inclination towards disestablishment, a sound thinker would require that the State should replace the disestablished Church by some means of encouraging a reasonable and charitable zeal among all denominations in their mutual study of one another's attitude, so that they can arrive at some basis for providing the State with that moral and religious enthusiasm without which its life as a whole will suffer disadvantage and great danger.

In England, there are at present extremely suggestive and interesting developments in this direction. The Archbishop of Canterbury has not only in the stress of great controversies, affecting the most cherished forms of belief and worship, maintained unity in the Church of England, but he has made tangible advances towards every considerable body in Christendom. With a patience, a courtesy, a tact and a dignity which are a model to all, he has used his great political gifts to lead directly, but with no undue haste, towards the visible solidarity of Christian society. While compromising nothing which his co-religionists hold dear, he has not only made distinct advances towards the leading Protestant denominations, but has taken cognizance of members of the Catholicizing party in his communion conferring with Roman Catholics on points at issue between them; and what is more, for all its modes are far more alien to England, he has established with certain members of the Orthodox Church so complete an understanding that they have even given one another the Holy Communion. And, indeed, if under the Archbishop the Church of England can maintain the formal unity over elements so comprehensive, so divergent as she does, does she not provide a means for outward union even with those outside her margin?

While the Archbishop, with that fine large-mindedness and shrewdness for which he is noted, has moved in this direction, the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. William Temple, the son of a predecessor in the Archbishop's See, has taken the lead in joining with Protestants outside the Establishment to apply the principles of Christianity to politics, economics and citizenship. In the great conference at Birmingham at which they met in 1923, he and his friends obviously performed a singular service to the State. They arrived at practical conclusions dealing with education, the home, the relation of the sexes, leisure, the treatment of crime, international relations, war, industry and property, politics and citizenship, the social function of the Church, and the social effect of Christianity in history. Over this wide field, a diverse company of admitted authorities collaborated. Members of Parliament, Jesuits, Anglican Bishops, Nonconformist ministers and philosophers, Oxford and Cambridge dons, Socialists, sons of Dukes, economic specialists, Dominican friars, Privy Councillors, editors, justices of the peace both men and women, distinguished writers, mothers, and headmasters, were all represented among the members of the commissions. Curiously enough there were no soldiers or sailors. The members asked themselves searching practical questions, such as "If you loved your neighbor as yourself would you want him to have and enjoy everything you have to enjoy?" "What do you mean by national honor?" and "Can the spiritual element in marriage render the physical expression unnecessary?" They dealt delicately with complex problems, and though their reports are at times carelessly phrased, they arrived at scholarly, honest and nice conclusions on some of the most interesting and difficult subjects now occupying Europe. In the three volumes entitled respectively *International Relations, Christianity and War, Politics and Citizenship,* they come to important conclusions about the Press and local government, about applying the same standards of common sense in excitement about war, and point to religion as the influence towards good will between nations which would give real validity to the Covenant of the League of Nations. In this way they prepared for the great work at Stockholm when in August, 1925, under Archbishop Soderblom of Upsala, all denominations

but the Pope's being represented, a great Christian Congress applied religion to politics in grounds acceptable to all, even to those not represented.

These discussions take us back into a century of great geniuses who left their thoughts as beacons to succeeding ages. Of all great religious thinkers of the past, none took a more comprehensive view or subjected it to more thorough logic than that canonized professor of the University of Naples, Thomas of Aquinas. Convinced justly of the supremacy of God as revealed in the Bible and expressed in the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas found in Aristotle, lately rediscovered from the Arabians and expounded by an earlier Dominican, Albertus Magnus, a body of reasoned thought that appeared to him admirably suited to be built up into the fabric of Christianity. The *Politics* of Aristotle is made with the *Nicomachean Ethics* the basis of an economic system, which is applied to the principles of administration in a treatise known as *De Regimine Principum* which was elaborated in another by Egidio Colonna, *De Ecclesiastica Potestate*. These two thinkers saw in the Church's authority a delegation of the paternity of God, and in fact the continuation of the life and power of God on earth. To them, historical events were like Nature, the work of God guiding them to their salvation. To them, therefore, the earth mattered only so much as it was a preparation for heaven: and they took interest in politics and economics not so much for themselves as because they were one phase of the Divine activity. St. Thomas sought to look at the world through the mind of God: and revelation therefore, and the whole supernatural order which he accepted as accompanying revelation, were the final and most authoritative guides to the right economy of States. Such a view is of course strictly logical, and is the development we should expect from a believer in the world as part of an eternal order to which it is attached by a guaranteed dispensation of divine life. To the logical Catholic, the Pope as Vicar of Christ would naturally be the head even of the political world. And this is in fact a more moderate and practical form of the doctrine of Wyclif that men can exercise political power only by divine grace.

Dante, who was a loyal follower of Aquinas, differs from him in

his political philosophy. There are two references in the *Divina Commedia* to the doctrine the poet elaborated in *De Monarchia*, that political authority is divine in itself independently of the sacerdotal power. He saw in the Holy Roman Empire, and especially in Barbarossa's successor, a guarantee of those principles of universal justice and law which he saw to be necessary to the unity of human society. A few years after his death this idea was developed to something not unlike a view general today, that the lay authority, founded on universal suffrage, provided the only means to govern not only civil society but even the Church itself, leaving to the future life the punishment of errors as such, and reserving to itself the power to punish those who professed doctrines dangerous to society. This was the theory of an Italian priest, Marsilio di Padova, as expressed in his book *Defensor Pacis:* but he deliberately avoids the question whether there should be a universal monarchy or separate States, and therefore we do not really know where the lay authority resides.

That question is the one most pressing at the present day. If indeed when the State had once adjusted its relation to the spiritual and moral principle the question was settled, we need go little further than to seek to apply to a divided Christianity the great ideal and the noble principle which the judicious Hooker worked out for Elizabethan England in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*. That magnificent work is one of the last triumphs of mediæval thought, for it is founded on Aristotle and the Scholastic Philosophy: but it is known as the earliest masterpiece, and still perhaps in every sense the first, which an Anglican has given to his country and to the world. And indeed, after working out the ideas of duty to the State as an essential function of a spiritual society, and duty to God as the comprehensive and final aim of organized humanity, he gives us a complete and logical theory of an ideal relationship of Church and State. But his ideal has never been a fact, and at the present day the proportion of the members of the Established Church to the population of the nation as a whole reminds us how it has tended even to be further from the actual fact in the life of England and of Britain. It is the object of England at the present day, and it is an achievement we might well demand from a member of the Church of England, to apply

to the present state of the country—with its divided denominations, its absence of religious zeal, its lack of profound doctrines of political philosophy, and its economic hardships—to apply to contemporary England the theory and the ideals of the profound thinker who first provided for the Church of England a foundation of philosophic thought. Such a work could never at the present day be occupied with any single country. It would have to state universal laws and principles, and these we imagine will occupy the attention of the great ecclesiastical congress at Lausanne, in which a leading American Episcopalian Bishop is especially interested and which is to meet this year.

But, as the deliberations of the conference at Birmingham showed, the theory of Hooker developed in respect to an ideal State suffers from the same defect as the *Defensor Pacis* of Marsilio di Padova. It did not take into consideration the conflicts that arise, and the interests it is necessary to adjust, between one State and another. That sort of difficulty pressed upon the minds of the conference, as we have seen. The aftermath of war is a bitter reminder of the weakness of such political philosophers as the Florentine Machiavelli or the English Hobbes. Both of those writers were among the most able men of their different ages, and each did good service both to his age and to his countrymen. But they belonged to an age when the unity of human society was forgotten in either the rivalry of competing States, or in the lack of a moral order to provide even an individual State with political security. The high patriotism, the shrewd and experienced judgment, and the courageous frankness in the exposition of political expedients by which Machiavelli sought to secure a free and efficient government for his own or any other State, are so weakened by his compromise with that spiritual wickedness in high places which accompanied the eager enterprise of merchants, artisans and artists, as they strove forward to supreme greatness, that *Il Principe* has become a scandal, and to the common mind the name of Machiavelli almost suggests Mephistopheles. As the great Villari justly states, "he did not ask if, as there is a private morality, there is also a social and political morality, which likewise imposes bounds which should in no case be transgressed, and this morality gives to the statesman's conduct a rule, that though it may be

altered to suit times and social conditions is regulated not the less by principles which are inviolable."

Two centuries had passed from the time of Machiavelli before Thomas Hobbes gave England his *Leviathan*. Hobbes did not, like Machiavelli, go to the extreme of ignoring the existence of moral principles; but looking at the world around him not as part of an august order devised by an infinite wisdom to proceed from chaos to perfection, but rather as a wild activity of conglomerate life, he looked upon the supreme power of the State as the best means to insure the supremacy of the laws which men in society devise to maintain themselves and one another in peace from the ferocity of the depredatory individual. Hobbes was a monarchist, and he believed in the monarch being supported by a Church. But as he put the Church in subserviency to the monarch, he made himself obnoxious to the Royalists among whom he wrote his book, and the great protagonist of monarchy was obliged to return from France to England to seek the protection of the Commonwealth.

And indeed that part of his theory which puts the State above the Church is obviously absurd. To put force above law, violence above moral principle, is as repugnant to reason as to put the temporary convenience of society above the eternal welfare of all men, just as to put human devices above a revelation from on high, would be hostile to all the claims of religion. If there is a religion, it must both as a revelation and as a direct dispensation of the life above nature be supplied with a power and an authority to which all things must conform. Religion must by its very nature claim supremacy over the State: once they admit the existence of religion, the minds of most men inevitably assume that they know of a power greater and higher than their own, a power which ought to dominate every activity both of their social and of their single lives.

"Shew Thou me the way that I should walk in, for I lift up my soul unto Thee," Canon Liddon said was the language of feeling of intelligence and obedience asking for more than human life can give: "It is these," he said, "because it is the voice of the great cry of that unquenchable passion, of that irrepressible aspiration, whereby the soul of man shews forth its truest dignity

and highest virtue in seeking the better to know and love and serve its Highest and Invisible Object;" and "Religion," he adds, "indeed must always command the attention of practical men because it is at least one of the most powerful forces, because it shapes the strongest passions that can govern the conduct of large masses of mankind."

This being so, one is not surprised if governments and great rulers have sought illogically to give the political power dominion over the Church. Forced by instinct or experience to support the institutions of the State with the prestige of a religious or moral loyalty, they find that in doing so they subject themselves to an authority with whose claims theirs cannot compete. Human nature struggles to regain the absoluteness it has abrogated, but it fails. Force always cedes in the end to moral principle, and when the tyrant has done his work, the Church arises once more to the mild enjoyment of her recurrent triumph. Where the Cæsars have long since vanished, the Successor of Peter still assumes his sway and ever again is crowned as the ruler of kings and princes. The servant of the servants of God is always seen at the last to be the king of kings of the earth.

In the remarkable book in which Monsieur Jean Carrère has given extraordinarily vivid and suggestive pictures of the struggle of the Papacy, not for temporal power but against it, he runs through all Christian history to illustrate his thesis that the moral principle must finally establish supremacy over moral force. The Roman Emperors, the Northern invaders, Charlemagne, Barbarossa, Napoleon and Napoleon III, while all professing toleration, or more generally loyalty, to the Church, had each endeavoured to make the Papacy subservient to their imperial ambitions. Each had failed. Their empires passed away, the Papacy survives. Each in his turn with the impetuousness, the courage, the patience of Peter, the Popes had succeeded in holding intact the organization by which Christianity assumed influence over kings and governments. That book has been first translated into English, though in an unscholarly way which makes the very worst of the style of a man trained as a journalist; it has had a very great sale in France, and not a negligible one in Italy: the two great Latin nations listen to so much of protest

against their national ambitions. The Papacy is respected in both of them.

What of England? In different circumstances, the same phenomenon presents itself. Henry VIII arbitrarily assumed in England the functions of the Pope: he proclaimed himself supreme Head on Earth of the Church of England, and so by the laws both of England and of Anglicanism the King remains. But Kings have long since abandoned their attempt to dominate the Church, and now Parliament has done so too. The civil power attempts to dictate neither morals nor religion to the country. But the Archbishop of Canterbury still crowns the King and the State admits the dignity of religion and of the Church, which once more longs to become international.

In much, it is true, the Church not only swayed but administered civil society. In China, in Judæa, in the Papal States, the man of God was absolute as the civil power. There is nothing illogical in such a theory. But human nature inevitably resents the encroachments of the spiritual power over what it has much justification for believing to be the domain of natural reason: and because in the sacerdotal organization the human element is always present, even to those that believe in the priest's supernatural authority, therefore the human weakness of the priestly agent might leave him so open to criticism that the criticism of a superior administrator outside his order might involve his spiritual authority. *Abusus non tollit usum*, however: and Europe lately saw in Monsignor Seipel a remarkable example of a priest succeeding as the temporal ruler of a State. There has always been much to say in favor of theocracies.

But, though the spiritual authority of religion is not incompatible with political government, and though no believer in religion can for a moment tolerate interference with that religion, or any other covert claim of the State to be superior to it, the State can criticize the Church in her relation to itself. From that point of view, the Romans had an excuse for attempting to annihilate the early Christians: for the converts threatened to undermine the religious organization which the State supported to assist it. And any State, or party, which sees in a religious body a tendency hostile to its own, has a right to remonstrate

with it. Furthermore, as we have seen, if the State is prepared to support religion, as in prudence it ought to be, then it has politically a right to a *quid pro quo*. Such a right would naturally be adjusted by some organized relation between the State and the religion. Only in one case would it be lost: if the Church could show that the State was defeating its own ends as a State by putting expediency above the moral principle. The Church would then perform her duty to the State by refusing the return demanded. A zealous conflict would in fact prove that the *quid pro quo* which appeared to be refused was in reality being given. A more likely difficulty, however, would be the lack of Church interest in the moral problems of the State.

In the materialism which reigned in European politics from the time of Machiavelli to Hobbes, and long after, these obvious points were hidden, and in some minds they are obscured still. And with them was another point of which, as far as we can tell, sight will not be lost again. It was that question which Marsilio di Padova deliberately avoided, the relation of the single State to the dominant power of the world so as to ensure the reign of peace and justice. There was never more need than now for careful thought on such a subject: in the last hundred years the world has indeed changed. Nations never lived to themselves, but now more than ever their own necessities make them their brother's keeper. It is the goods sold in Germany which enable England to make purchases in China: it is the export to India which buys wheat from North America and wheat and mutton from the Argentine. The word commerce never had such a rich and complex meaning as it has today. And while invention has in this sense given a new reality to the solidarity of mankind, the power for destruction which modern science has also developed threatens things infinitely more sinister than any yet known to the charitable and economic intercourse which should unite them to one another, and the culture which offers them intimacy with great minds in other ages.

Both from the moral and from the political view, therefore, the problem of Dante is now far more pressing than it was to him, or ever has been since. The Birmingham Conference was alive to it; so was the Stockholm Conference; and so too is a

body infinitely more powerful and experienced than the admirable organization of the Bishop of Manchester. An international Church with adherents of three hundred and twenty millions scattered over the more active nations of the world has indeed performed a great service to society in this sense, and by that service it makes a claim on nations that far outweighs any repugnance which its customs, its system, or its doctrine might make on individuals who are determined never to accept them. The Papacy has since the war been particularly busy with attempts to reconcile those conflicting interests which have threatened the destruction of society. They are foremost in the intentions of the present Pope. He announced them in his first Encyclical as the central object of his reign. He arranged for 1925 a great pilgrimage which had this for its central object. And he has long had in mind to call together all his Bishops in Œcumenical Council to lay down principles in relation to the welfare of society, menaced by the war, as one of his predecessors laid them down in connection with industrial and political life within the State. Furthermore he has in the thirty-two Powers represented at the Vatican an organization which enables him to give an official expression of the principles of truth and justice to the principal Powers of Europe and of the world. The Vatican is in fact the moral counterpart of the League of Nations, an organization which in fact the last Pope was one of the first men to suggest.

Apart from the Vatican, the League of Nations is the only great international institution which exists to deal with the economics and the politics of the world as a whole. And it is right, as it is inevitable, that all those who do not look upon the Vatican as the appointed centre of the world should regard with hope and interest the chance of realizing at Geneva a means of seeking and ensuing universal peace and justice.

That the mere institution of a League of Nations should finally settle this question, and calm all the passions raised by the war, and its inevitable economic effects—or the Peace of Versailles and its equally inevitable economic effects—is more than any practical man could ask of such an institution. The League of Nations begins its career of usefulness with other things. It was able to settle the dispute between Finland and Sweden over the Aland

Islands; it settled the open rupture between Yugoslavia and Albania; it reconstituted the financial organization of Austria and afterwards of Hungary. In the Turkish war it worked effectually for the repatriation of prisoners. Through collecting statistics from different nations, it was able to use an influence against child labor in Japan and to some extent in Persia. It arranged a Health Conference, and at a critical time drew a *cordon sanitaire* round Soviet Russia.

We see from these examples the sort of expedient that the League of Nations is. The organization started at Geneva is not an alliance but a society. And it cannot, as indeed it should not, coerce. Even economic pressure it is wrong to expect from it, for such is quite impracticable with the great and dangerous nations. It is a means of arbitration, and a central organism whose power depends on moral principles. Its very origin is a response to an ideal. And it is significant that in England it makes a great appeal to conservative Churchmen like Lord Cecil: it has in fact, for the same reasons, changed a great conservative Churchman like Lord Parmoor into a member of the Labour Party, but it is still in need of a statement of the laws and principles by which a World Court could function. For up to now there is nothing in the machinery of the League to adjust its action with those principles of religion and morality which more than anything else called it into being. It is imperative to provide it with something of that sort, both to guide it and to strengthen it. And when we consider the number of Powers which have diplomatic relations with the Holy See, it is surely absurd that the League should by its very constitution be debarred from any official relation with the great international center of religion and morality which so often assists and complements its works. It was an Italian Jew who insisted on inserting that article among those of its constitution, but he did not represent the feeling of his countrymen. They are at present far from pleased with his action. And there is every reason why it should be changed so that the League might be in direct intercourse not only with the Vatican, but with the chief authority of every considerable Christian denomination, to further the causes which they all have at heart with it.

For we have moved far from the time when such an expression as "A free Church in a free State" has any real significance. Freedom is an amplitude of action. A Church cannot be free till it is able to exert an influence upon a State: a State is not free till by a due attention to moral and religious principles it has founded its course of action upon permanent and inviolable principles. And in this modern world where since the time of Machiavelli the theories of nationalism have tended to obscure the unity of the world as a whole, neither the Church nor the State is free which does not look outside the confines of the State to human society as a whole. That unity, as we have seen, is never more real than now: on the other hand, it never faced such ghastly dangers as the scientific inventions of 1918 proposed for it, and which leave us still with the peril suggested by the English politician, Mr. Winston Churchill: "Means of destruction incalculable in their effects, wholesale and frightful in their character and unrelated to any form of human merit; the march of science unfolding even more appalling possibilities, and the fires of hatred burning deep in the hearts of some of the greatest people in the world, fed by the deepest sense of national wrong or national danger!"

Such is the problem with which the religion of today must cope if it fulfils its duty to the State. It is no easy matter. It demands from all men of good will, whether ecclesiastics or laymen, the most eager study, and the most resolute and tactful apostleship in awaking nations both to the problem itself and to the efficacy of any solutions reached. And it would be a suicidal mania for the State not to assist them in such a task. That great work is not only for the thinker, it can be properly performed only if a religious and moral zeal is aroused even in private life. There was never a time when the State had more need of the functions of the Church than it has now. The cares of each for the other never needed to be more comprehensive, the relation never needed to be more close.

BASEBALL: "BUSINESS AS USUAL"

BY W. O. McGEEHAN

JUST how strong is the hold of the national game, as it is called, over the American people is shown by the mixture of hysteria and indignation felt over baseball's most recent scandal. It turns out that it was in no sense a real scandal, for Tyrus Raymond Cobb and Tristram Speaker, the two players accused, have been declared not guilty by Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who is to baseball what Mr. Will Hays is to the Motion Picture; excepting that Commissioner Landis has the greater power in his sphere.

Certainly there was more popular agitation over this baseball episode than there was over any of the recent scandals at Washington. It would seem that while Americans are a trifle cynical as to the sincerity of their business and political life, they expect their national game to be considerably further beyond suspicion than Cæsar's wife; and, when it is even hinted that the professional athletes in it are not all Bayards, there is much more consternation than there would be over the revelation that a seat in the Senate had been bought or that a Cabinet member had gone wrong.

But when the first shock subsides, the patrons of professional baseball find their faith renewed. After every baseball scandal (there have been only three real ones in the life of the game) the pastime with its infinite variety lures them back, though they swear that they have been disillusioned. Thus it was "Babe" Ruth who made them forget the "Black Sox" Scandal.

If Abner Doubleday, athlete and soldier, had not invented the game of baseball at Cooperstown, New York, a few years before the start of the Civil War, George Herman Ruth, known as the Babe, would at this time probably be a cigar maker in Baltimore, and Kenesaw Mountain Landis might still be on the Federal bench. The United States might have adopted the English game of cricket, and somebody like Jack Hobbs, the greatest cricketer

of England, would be occupying the place in the popular imagination now held by Babe Ruth. Abner Doubleday and his friends invented the new game for their own amusement, not dreaming that it would develop into an entertainment business that would enrich many promoters of professional sport and develop personalities that would claim and receive more newspaper space than statesmen, artists and scientists.

The English are inclined to sniff at the great American game, and to call it glorified "rounders," but it is a game distinct in itself and essentially American. It has in it many of the elements of American life. There is the disposition to flout the decision of the constituted authority, the umpire. There is the passion to create an idol, and after placing it on a high pedestal, to knock it off and rejoice in its fall. No other people can understand the hold that baseball has on America. To all other nations, with the exception of Japan, baseball is an incomprehensible and artificial sport. It is as mysterious as cricket would be to an American, and cricket will remain an eternal mystery to the followers of the American game.

Baseball has produced a variety of heroes and from a strange assortment of environments. There was Mathewson, who came to the game fresh from the campus of Bucknell College. There was Hans Wagner, whose first notion of a career was to drive a locomotive on the Pennsylvania Railroad. John Joseph McGraw, the once fiery third baseman of the old Orioles, started life as a "peanut butcher." Wilbert Robinson, president-manager of the Brooklyn baseball club and catcher of the old Orioles, another of baseball's heroes whose fame endures, was a butcher boy in a Massachusetts small town before he discovered that he had gifts to make him one of the great. The big league game gathers some strange mixtures of "sand lot" players and college men. Of two outfielders rushing to retrieve a fly ball, one may shout, "I got it!" while the other, remembering his English, will say, "I have it!"

The present colossus of baseball came up from obscurity. When he was a gangling, mischievous boy George Herman Ruth was turned over to an institution maintained by the Christian Brothers at Baltimore. They tried to teach him some useful trade, but he showed no particular interest in anything that might

be classed as such. He cared for nothing but baseball. It was decided that he should be taught the trade of cigar making, but it is recorded that he was an indifferent workman. He could not concentrate on the business of making cigars, but he had made some progress in his study of the national game. He could pitch, and he could hit. It is a tradition in baseball that left handers are eccentric. This does not always hold true, but it is generally admitted that Ruth always did possess a certain amount of eccentricity, which in time became an asset rather than a liability.

The Babe's big chance came when one of the Christian Brothers, interested in baseball, got him an opportunity for a try-out with the Baltimore team in the minors. It was a good investment for the owner of that team, for it was not long before he sold him to the Boston Red Sox, and the Babe became a major leaguer instead of a cigar maker. While he was with the Red Sox the Babe was merely a left handed pitcher, but a good one. It was discovered that he not only could pitch but that he could hit harder than anybody else in the Red Sox batting order. This became so evident that the owners of other teams began to cast covetous eyes upon him.

In Boston he became a hero of only slightly less degree than John L. Sullivan. At the time the interest in baseball seemed to be flagging in that city, and the owner of the Boston Red Sox was looking for an opportunity to dispose of some of his players; for baseball is a business and no club owner will maintain an expensive team unless he gets what he considers fair returns. The owners of the New York Yankees, seeing the possibilities of the Babe as a drawing card, began to bid for him. Finally they offered the owner of the Red Sox the unheard-of sum of $150,000 for this player. Conservative promoters of baseball laughed over the madness of the Yankee owners. That sum would pay all of the players on a big league baseball club for a year. Thus far the owners of the Yankees had spent that amount for a dozen or more players without adding particularly to the strength of their team, or to the volume of their gate receipts. Looking back it is clear that Ruth was the cheapest investment ever made in the baseball business, for the New York American League club today is the most valuable property in organized baseball.

Now, it was about the time that the "Black Sox" scandal was brewing that Babe Ruth joined the Yankees and was transferred to the outfield. He was a great pitcher, but his new owners realized that his chief value to them was at the bat. He demonstrated that. When a nation of bewildered baseball fans learned that a World Series had been corrupted, there was a howl of indignation from Maine to California. It always had been maintained that baseball was the one professional sport that could not be corrupted. But it was only too clear that it had happened. Indignant fans declared that they never would see another baseball game. I happened to be in a position where I received hundreds of these letters from men who were abandoning baseball forever. There was a reorganization of the administrative department of baseball. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis was coaxed from the Federal bench and appointed Baseball Commissioner with extraordinary powers. But even that gesture was not convincing to the disillusioned fans.

Babe Ruth chose this emergency to "do his stuff," as they say. He started hitting home runs. There was something really convincing in this gesture, for he was hitting them harder, farther and more frequently than they ever had been hit before. His bat was compared to the club of Hercules and the hammer of Thor. The eccentric left handed pitcher, who might have become an indifferent cigar maker, became the national hero and the biggest news of the day.

So there was no falling off in the attendance at games due to the "Black Sox" scandal. On the contrary, attendance at all baseball parks began to increase. In some of the cities where the New York Americans played, business men complained that they might as well close down while the Babe was driving the official league baseball against the far horizon. It was noticed that these business men themselves were at the baseball parks when they registered this complaint. Instead therefore of losing followers because of the scandal, the game gained followers because of Babe Ruth; and interest in it, just as it seemed to be waning, revived with astonishing vigor.

Naturally, Babe Ruth became aware of his importance, and began to show evidence of what is called "temperament." At the

close of the season in which he broke all home run records of all time, he decided that he would pick up a team of his own and give exhibitions of home run hitting after the regular season. This was against the rules, and he was notified to that effect by Commissioner Landis. To the admonition he replied in very insubordinate language, and started to make his tour; but soon gave it up and agreed to come back and be an obedient baseball player. But the Czar of professional baseball, in order to make an example of the biggest figure in the game and to convince the fans that he was really in authority, suspended him for a considerable period, despite the anguish of the baseball fans and of the Babe's owners, who found a diminishing of the gate receipts to the amount of $100,000 while Ruth was in exile. When his exile was over, the Babe said good-naturedly: "The Judge was right. It was coming to me."

But after the record-breaking year the star of Babe Ruth began to wane. His waist line increased, and his batting average decreased. He became more and more temperamental. Now the baseball fan is the most fickle of all hero worshippers. As the Babe started to strike out more frequently, there were murmurs of criticism from the stands. These in time became so distinct that they came to his ears. He could not understand it. He was playing for all that was in him, and yet he was criticized. He was hurt and he became morose.

There was a final explosion at the Polo Grounds. The Babe was at bat, and as he took his stance an insistent voice called through megaphoned hands, "You big bum, you!" He was furious. He made three vigorous swings and hit nothing. As he started to go back to the dugout that derisive voice shrilled, "You big bum, you!" Then Mr. Ruth went mad. He leaped to the roof of the dugout—a feat that no stout athlete could have performed under normal circumstances—and started for his persecutor, who took flight in the general direction of Albany. The Babe dropped back to the roof of the dugout, where he executed a dance of rage and made a gesture as though he would tear down the stands on those fans who had turned against him. Then he subsided and rushed to the dressing room to brood over the fickleness of the public.

I happened to be on the train with him when he departed for Hot Springs, to take his ceremonial baths. It was his custom to initiate spring baseball training by repairing to this place and reducing his waist line. He was once more in a magnanimous mood. He forgave everybody, including the man who had designated him as a "bum." He was bent on getting himself in condition for another shattering of home runs records, including his own. But that record was not destined to be broken. He became stouter and more temperamental. Before the start of last season he went through a rigorous régime of training, with the result that while he did not break his own home run record, he played great baseball and performed great feats with his bat in the World Series.

The strangest ingredient in the strange mixture that makes up the average baseball player thus caused the public to forget the worst scandal in the national game. But while I do not wish to appear cynical, there may develop other scandals, despite the vigilance of Commissioner Landis and the sincerity of some of the athletes. The national game can not be expected to develop any higher ideals than the business or political life of the nation. Its patrons have been expecting too much of it. It might be just as well therefore to take the attitude of one fan who wrote when Cobb and Speaker were accused: "Oh, well, the game is less than half of one per cent. dishonest!" Now that these two have been cleared, even that percentage is wiped out; and with Babe Ruth and other stars still shining, the outlook for professional baseball this year is, "Business as usual."

TWO POEMS

BY EDWARD DAVISON

THE GRAVE

NEITHER at dawn nor evening
Though legions camp hereby
Shall braying trumpets arouse him
To hear their battle cry.

All through a thousand years of sleep
No louder an alarm
Than the soft bells of downland sheep
Has rung to do him harm.

And even that noise the kindly grass
Has muffled and shut away
Forever, because the soldier fell
Dreaming he'd rise some day.

SNOW IN APRIL

CAN April die today
And still deny the Spring
A welcome for her May?

What smiles her lips will quell
When birds neglect to sing
Her wonted greeting well.

How sadly she will sigh
When through the naked trees
The moaning wind goes by.

And how her rapid hands
Will quiver when she sees
Fields where no playmate stands

To tell her she is sweet,
And kiss her on the mouth,
And on her shining feet—

But sullen lambs in crowds,
And, back toward the South,
God, brooding in His clouds.

LONELINESS

BY NORA B. CUNNINGHAM

I thought, Beloved, when you went away
On that red morning in the summer drouth,
When the hot wind came softly from the south
Throughout succeeding hours of that sad day—
I thought I drank so deep of loneliness
I needs had drained the cup and put it by—
But still I drink—the cup is never dry.
And in new draughts I taste the old distress,
For now the season shifts; the autumn corn,
Buff-colored, crackles in the fresh north wind
That seems to bring some word of joy behind
And sweeps my sadness all away in scorn. . . .
But only for a space—it flows anew
In bitterness of gladness lacking you.

MORNING VANITIES

BY DAVID MORTON

Morning . . . and wind . . . and all the shivered leaves
Are startled with this light upon themselves,
This sudden stir that wakens them and weaves
A blurred, green dance—that might be twirling elves.
They put a strain upon the sober bough
To stand this infinite tugging at each stem,
So eager are they, and so lovely, now,
With this first light of morning over them.

And it is well for me and for my heart
To have such happy things thus near at hand,
Where every lightest, errant wind will start
A green and silver rustle in this band
Of twirling shapes that might as well be elves,
So much they love their dancing—and themselves.

THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF LITTLE THEATRES

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

MUCH news is published regarding the activities of the Little Theatres in all parts of the United States. The announcements are often startling, because they show how widespread is the activity, how isolated are many of the communities from which the best results are secured. Were these items to be classified, their significance would be seen to arise from definite social causes which have a great bearing on the general theatrical condition of the country. They seem to me to be predominately indicative of an ever growing interest in the theatre; of a community intention to satisfy a theatre taste which has been left to starve by the regular theatrical manager; of a gradual assumption of theatre directing by university faculties. Once the Little Theatre was merely a group endeavor to "express itself" vaingloriously. But theatre arts, like all the other arts, are not to be played with amateurishly without absurd results. And that is one of the reasons why we have never been able to make a census of Little Theatres: they have died overnight, either through their excesses or because of their vague reason for being.

It is through the earnest endeavor of a few of these institutions, and through the pioneer preachment of a few of their directors, that we may be said to have entered at the present time into another phase of the Little Theatre development: the phase which is to be most potent to the professional theatre, since it will for a new planting plough the theatrical territory which has lain fallow for so many years, due to the wild speculative character of the "show" business as organized on Broadway. One hears the cry of neglect—north, south, east, and west: the complaint that when professional companies do come to unaccustomed points, the plays are so badly given, the actors are so second rate as to be an insult to common intelligence. Again, only the plays of box-

office surety venture forth at all, and in a season one is asked to look upon two pictures; through professional channels—*Polly Preferred, Cobra, The Bat, Seventh Heaven, Outward Bound, Sonny,* etc., as against the University offering of *Fanny's First Play, The Beggar on Horseback, Liliom, The Enchanted Cottage, Pierrot the Prodigal, The Duenna, Twelfth Night,* etc.

At random, take any theatrical journals and make a notation of what is going on in the supposedly amateur field. A series of Indiana plays just published; the North Dakota and North Carolina Playmakers active in conducting classes of playwriters busy with local themes; a hotel advertising the advantages of its Little Theatre for its guests; St. Louis and Chicago showing pride in their Civic Theatres; the Mount Holyoke College Dramatic Club giving Masefield's *The Tragedy of Nan* and the Harvard Dramatic Club Andreyeff's *The Life of Man.* Way out in the Wisconsin town of Ripon, they discover that they can have a theatre, so contrived as to cost them sixty dollars; and they emulate Professor Baker at Yale by establishing English C 39 Dramaturgy, which they hope will gain the national reputation of Workshop 47. Columbia, Mo., experiments with a Children's Theatre; California Teachers meet in convention and insist on a play as part of their programme; the Pasadena Community Playhouse gains the confidence of its following, as does the Cleveland Play House, and they both have large financial programmes for substantial buildings and equipment. The Pennsylvania State Players begin a campaign to improve the artistic standards of the colleges; the Missouri State Teachers' College enlarges its plan for a State tour, taking pattern no doubt by the Carolina Playmakers who, in ten State tours (1925), have visited eighty-three different towns of North Carolina. Furthermore I note that a National Drama Week has covered a small town with bunting to inveigle its citizens to give money toward the purchase of a stable for a Little Theatre, while the Mayors of Mobile, Alabama, New Orleans, Louisiana, and Dallas, Texas, pay homage to their Little Theatres by official proclamations of a Little Theatre Week. In one city, booths are built in the financial district for a Community Theatre Drive; in another city, the subscription lists are closed with a full pledged membership of 3,000 and others clamoring at the door; in

Chicago, a memorial theatre is dedicated; in New Haven visitors are taken to see the new Gothic Theatre given, with the Harkness endowment, to Yale University; in Pittsburgh the School of Technology calls a conference of University Drama Teachers and Little Theatre Directors to discuss some form of coöperative work, and delegates arrive from nearly every State in the Union. In the summer, an automobile theatre takes the road with the gypsies.

What does it all mean, this flowering by the wayside? The theatrical managers tell you that the Road is dead; this news tells you that it is alive in a way these near-sighted business men have not dreamt of. If there is any solution ever to be reached as to the amusement problems of the United States, it is going to come because of this widespread activity of the amateur, the semi-professional and the university professor—the latter a liaison officer between the man he has trained in the theatre arts and the professional theatre which will depend upon this new blood for its growth and expansion.

It is an interesting condition to analyze that our theatre managers have deserted this Road because railroad rates are so exorbitant, and distances between cities of importance west of the Mississippi so vast. This territorial isolation is one of the handicaps to any coöperation of a concerted character between towns possessing Little Theatres or Art Theatres of an almost professional standard. Writes the director from Seattle, Washington:

> We are a long way from the world's theatrical centre out here; indeed we couldn't get farther away without getting our feet wet. . . . It is really cheaper and more attractive in almost every way to go to Japan or China to see things in the theatre, and I find the offerings in the theatres of Tokio, Osaka and Kioto much more to be desired than most of the New York stuff. . . . Seattle waits for from two to four years for Broadway successes, played by third-rate companies and "directed" *especially* for the yokels in the sticks.

From St. Louis I hear this plaint:

> We are neither North, South, East, or West; . . . we are partly each of the four, so that our situation might be described as "territorial comprehensiveness" as well as "territorial aloofness.". . . St. Louis is really, as some of her admirers put it, "entirely surrounded by the United States"; in part, she partakes of the nature of her surroundings and in part she is separate from them—an interesting town suffering from the defects of her qualities.

In Kansas, the problem of space isolation has given theatre-lovers a feeling that there can never be any hope of coöperation with the professional theatre, and so, writes one of the directors from Lawrence, "the best chance of development theatrically is through the school and college where enthusiasm is shown for the work". He adds:

> There is great activity in amateur drama. Much bad and some terrible work is still being done, but the quality of acting and staging is improving. There is no community art theatre in Kansas. Several colleges take plays on tour around the state, while Chautauqua plays, which are quite bad, overrun the State during the summer. So far, the work of the Kansas Players has been experimental and preliminary. We have given a few thousand people a glimpse of drama which they otherwise would not have seen; we have a number of people throughout the State trying to write plays, with moderate success; we are interesting a large number of people each season.

Here is a commonwealth, therefore, on its own theatrically, trying to solve its amusement interests, as so many other States are doing, with inadequate resources, but with superabundant courage and conviction as to the rightness of the crusade. If there is any State contact, if there is even the contact of a few neighboring towns, it is reached through personal initiative. There are not many States like North Carolina, where the Legislature sets aside appropriations with the conviction that the theatre is a necessity in the education of its citizenship. From Oklahoma, they write: "Probably not more than two members in the personelle of our last Legislature ever heard of a Little Theatre, and would be horrified to think of spending good money to aid it. Also a very strong movement to reduce taxes is on foot in this State, and it will be a long time before 'luxuries' will even be considered." Columbia, South Carolina, makes the confession that even though their Town Theatre is almost next door to the State capitol, it is to be doubted if the Legislature knows "we exist".

The twelve centres with which I have corresponded virtually cover most of the United States. The directors have been asked questions which implied a knowledge of State conditions, and so in many ways these organizations represent all phases of activity which mark the new stage of work in the Little Theatre. While we still have with us groups that are out for no other reason than

to satisfy a very common plaint in any pretty girl and any active boy that they can act; while we still have the teacher who adheres to the old method of elocution which once upon a time burdened our schools, such activity is of minor importance to the greater aim of the Little Theatre, imbued with the new art ideals, willing to go to infinite pains to know what the new art is and what it requires of training and experience, anxious to serve the community through whose good-will it seeks to live and prosper.

Into this new, thoughtful activity, the university and the school both enter as potent factors. For the theatre arts can be taught and encouraged, and the university can become the laboratory for experiment—training the student in the best methods and encouraging in him a taste for the finer things which—when he returns to his community—he will seek, by the wisest means, to impose upon it. Under the vital enthusiasm of their director, Professor Frederick Koch, the Carolina Playmakers are writing plays dealing with the mountain folklore, they are creating American dramatists of such formidable artistry as Paul Green, they are bringing to a focus at the University all the play activity of the State by means of high school contests that involve the rivalry of nearly every county in the commonweal. Their students go forth into the West, just as Professor Baker's students scatter through the Union, and, given time, this phalanx of graduate students will become legion, and there will be a trained body of men and women whose services the professional theatre would be foolish to ignore.

Now, there is something to be said for the manager, who is in the theatre business as a speculative venture: his experience shows that the taste of the Road is not always for the best; that financial returns watched from a full experience of road companies show that only light comedy and musical comedy net him the returns which warrant his courting a road venture. One sometimes queries whether, with all the activity, as shown by the establishment of Little Theatres, there is any appreciable improvement in popular taste. There is every reason to believe that innovators in the theatre are having a hard race with the various demands of the democracy. The answer to our doubt is that the theatre which *must* be established as a successor to the amateur move-

ment, which we are hoping will bring isolated communities in full contact with the professional theatre again, is to evolve out of the art and community playhouses now raising their heads so modestly and in such a correct spirit throughout the land. Personally I should not like to feel that the playhouses, at Pasadena, at Cleveland, at Chicago, at Columbia, South Carolina—any one of them was hoping to supplant the professional theatre, the professional actor. As a matter of fact, I find most of them willing and anxious to be so placed financially that they might invite special actors to come to them for special "guest" performances, thus drawing into their work the trained excellence of the professional player—a method which raised the Theatre Guild in New York from semi-professionalism to formidable prominence in a city sated with over seventy first class places of amusement.

Most of these Little Theatres are fast becoming affiliated with nearby universities, oftentimes their director holding some position in the university (which most likely has added to its curriculum courses to satisfy the growing demand for theatre arts). The Cleveland Play House coöperates informally with the School of Applied Social Science of Western Reserve University. The North Shore Theatre Guild coöperates with the Northwestern University, though for its actors it draws upon local talent of the community, wherever it is available. In this respect the Little Theatres of the country emulate the enthusiasm of Yeats in Ireland, of Antoine in Paris: they pick where they can, they beg where they know they will get response. From Columbia, South Carolina, comes the refreshing picture of the Director on one of his tours for material. They were preparing a production of Sheldon's *Romance:*

> An appeal in the local newspapers brought from old cowhide trunks and attic closets the loveliest old garments of the '60's; there were two wedding dresses which had been worn by Columbia "girls of the '60's", one, an exquisite brocade which was exactly right for the leading lady in the first act. It must be stated that the stage settings and furnishings were recruited from homes of the city. I think Mr. Reed never enters a drawing-room that he does not make a mental inventory of its contents, for he always knows exactly where to find just what he wants at the moment. Columbia gives to its Town Theatre its treasure furniture, draperies, bric-a-brac and priceless portraits.

This personal aspect of the Little Theatre movement is the ele-

ment which is hopeful as far as the community is concerned, for the pride expended on productions that are the result of individual support leaves a residue of education behind it. Cleveland confesses that it reaches a public of forty-five thousand persons during the course of a season's work; New Orleans declares that its paid subscription list has mounted to 3,500; Columbia has 700 supporters in the city and nearby environs. Writes the North Shore Theatre Guild:

> We receive tremendous support in the towns we play. The membership is closed in three of the towns and it is ten days before we open. The capacity of the halls in these three towns is four hundred. It is more than likely that two of the other three towns will also be closed. In five years our membership has grown from 500 to 3100. We will reach the 3500 mark this year and in addition to this about 2000 people see our plays who pay at the box-office during the season.

These statistics will not thrill the ordinary theatre manager, accustomed as he is to houses that yield him ten, fifteen and sometimes twenty thousand dollars weekly. But considering the infinite number of amateur centres producing weekly, one can see that there is suggested an eventual centralizing of this potential audience for the good of the professional theatre. In fact there is no reason why there should not, at some future time, be a healthy compromise between the art theatre, either subsidized by community aid or by private subscription list, and the professional theatre which is over-speculative at the present and is playing for large stakes, the failure to gain which means the obliteration of the play of limited run for the play of enormous earning capacity.

I do not find in correspondence any antagonism of the present Little Theatre toward the professional theatre: the latter is left to its own endeavor while the amateur groups go out to accomplish their own aims. The University in Seattle has its ideal. "My hope for the future University Theatre," so they write, "is for an experimental laboratory playhouse playing a new piece *monthly* for runs of several days (week-end dates) each." And even they can look condescendingly upon New York endeavor and claim that their one idea is never to go out ostensibly for financial gain. Asked if they were so organized that—should an "angel" come forward with backing—they might become a Theatre Guild, they

exclaim fervently: "We hope to God that our University Theatre will never be made 'what the Theatre Guild in New York has grown to be', but rather what the Theatre Guild in New York *might have been.*" A piece of long distance criticism which I give for what it is worth, but also for the special purpose of showing that far-off centres are watching the broad country, even though they may prefer "first nights" in Tokio!

The dominant note I find in the correspondence I have received is that a great hope in the future lies in coöperation with the university; the dominant handicap is the lack of a sufficiently substantial budget to enlarge upon their ambitions, and put into workable form some system of exchange of ideas, where feasible exchange of repertories and companies may be consummated, and where a development of the local circuit system may be given a trial. For it is my conviction that the only solution for the professional theatre again being felt on the Road is the creation of numberless territorial circuits which will have their own companies, their own Rialto, their own coöperative system; all this will allow managers to do business with a group rather than to mulct a single community with high prices and inferior companies.

The university activity is at present in its infancy. One is surprised to find how many colleges, high schools and social groups are paying attention to this thing we call theatre arts: how many of them, by becoming managers in their way, are studying their special localities—whereas, in the first days of the Little Theatre, they all seemed to rush to such available material as *Anatol*, even though Arizona might have wanted something different. Writes the theatre out at Tulsa, Oklahoma:

> We have had splendid coöperation from the press straight through all our work. We have an unusual number of men who are interested, and who are available to use in any way, although they are mostly very busy people. We are fortunate in that we have no particular "star", either man or woman, who must be featured all of the time; and we do have a large group of somewhat experienced and capable people. . . . But we have not been able to interest the "flapper" age very much, and have found them very undependable to work with when we have had to have them. I do not know why this is so. The public as a whole in this part of the country needs a great deal of educating; the "expression teacher" is very evident in the land, and she has not been with us —she is too often out for personal glory rather than for community betterment.

I am glad to say I think our work, together with the work in the schools, is running out the old-time amateur performance, and our audiences are very discriminating,—sometimes embarrassingly so.

This consciousness of improvement is one of the encouraging things about the Little Theatres. They are financed on no speculative basis; if they have a deficit, they cut down on their next year's plan; if they have a profit, they store it in a sinking fund against the day when they might desire to expand their production scope, or pay higher salaries to better directors. These centres are ripe at the present moment for some system of coöperation to be suggested which would help them to overcome an isolation territorially imposed upon them. When Seattle confesses that distances between colleges in Washington are so great as to handicap any form of coöperation, one faces a staggering situation, which points more and more to the necessity for independent centres, founded strictly for local needs.

Nevertheless, the time is coming for closer coöperation among all these forces working for the good of the theatre. A reader of the early history of the American theatre will soon recognize that the actor of the 'thirties saw more of the country than the actor of these advanced years; he ambled on horseback, he floated down the Ohio and the Mississippi under local management—N. M. Ludlow in the Middle West, Sol Smith in the South. Never shall such small towns look upon such theatrical light again as they saw when America was crude, some of our large cities today being mere primitive settlements then. When I read of the Carolina Playmakers touring the State in special motor cars and trucks, I see part of an economic solution for enabling entertainment of such character as the Little Theatres supply reaching the most remote quarters. But one must go a step further: one must till the ground for a saner, a wider spread of the professional theatre: if Tyrone Power and Edwin Forrest could tour the South when the Choctaw Indian was still roaming the main street, the best of our actors should be able to tour the same territory under conditions more favorable and before audiences more concentrated. For recall that when Power was at Natchez, Mississippi, in the 'thirties, he met his audience on horseback coming hither and thither from neighboring plantations. At the present time there

is no thought among the amateurs that some concession must be made to the professional theatre. For there should be no competition between the two. It is very largely the manager's fault that he cannot so easily win over to sporadic road companies a public which otherwise has been deserted by him for what he considers to be the more productive field—the territory between Thirty-eighth Street and Fifty-second Street in New York, not many feet away on both sides of Broadway. For the past two years Mrs. Fiske has literally scoured the available country in a star production of *The Rivals*. In advance of her went Clayton Hamilton, a glorified press agent and lecturer, to prepare audiences. The same thing was tried to a more limited degree with *The School for Scandal*, with Walter Eaton at its head, the courier to bring the good tidings to Tucson and Tulsa (if they did go there). That is an expensive method of giving the people an occasional glimpse at an excellent "star".

But one finds, if one reads the theatre journals and pays attention to the new movement in the theatre, that all we consider vital in a New York season—plays that deal with the new order of things, plays that are successes from the standpoint, not of the box-office, but of the content, would never be seen outside of New York—except perhaps the conventional circuit of large cities—unless the Little Art Theatres filled the gaps with performances as adequately given as their private means would allow.

This is healthy, but from one angle it is a menace to the larger theatre and a menace to our establishment of a standard of acting. Conditions narrow an actor's territory, whereas, in days gone by, our players went from coast to coast and played with stock companies ready to receive the "star" and his repertory. To the questions I asked in letters sent to the Little Theatres, I got many healthy expressions of hope that at no distant date they would have the means of establishing a system by which travelling "stars" could come to them for special engagements. How far the professional "star" would be willing to accede to such an arrangement depends on the standing of the individual centre asking. I do not believe the solution of our theatre situation is to be had in this way. I feel that, were it possible for us to have a true accounting of all the money spent on Little Theatre en-

deavor, it would be found sufficient to finance many professional theatres at strategic points throughout the country. And I repeat here that only when such a chain is founded, run on a basis not so very different from our chain grocery stores, with products as interchangeable and as guaranteed, will we begin to find a way of mapping out circuits of travel, not disastrous for the professional manager, should he show willingness to coöperate.

The Conference of University Teachers[1] and Little Theatre Directors, held last November at Pittsburgh, seemed to be quite as much at sea as to the best methods of coöperation as my correspondents. Yet not until such a coöperation is studied and put into effect, will the full force of the amateur movement be felt throughout the land. The fear of university interest is that it will tend to encourage conservatism to a degree as binding as the blindness of the commercial manager. It will, nevertheless, aid in bringing back into the theatre a certain amount of valuable tradition which for many years past has been discarded with the thoughtlessness of most revolutionists eager for freedom. There may come a day when there will be a revolution against the universities: but not so long as they have attached to them men with such live appreciation of the theatre outside the university as Professor Baker has. For after all, no matter how many universities adopt theatre arts in their plans of study, no matter how many endowments give the universities theatres for experimentation, there is the theatre outside, not appealing to university audiences but to the public. If the university is going to train the new men of the theatre, whether dramatist, actor, scene designer or director, it must calculate in its scheme some education of the public by extension courses. For there is a public to be trained.

There is, at the present time, a conflict between the professional and nonprofessional theatre workers: a conflict caused by their separate endeavors. Miss Anglin once told me that she suffered on tour because people were so busy rehearsing and going to their own productions that they had no time to come and see hers. Mr. Eaton confessed that while groups of people were always eager to give tea to a "star" of note, they were rarely seen among the audience at night. If a Little Theatre has a programme

[1] This year, in February, at Yale University.

for a season, its performances are necessary for its very existence. In the long run the number of people appealed to in a season would make no appreciable effect upon the greater number of people who were not subscribers to the Little Theatre. The North Shore Little Theatre confesses it stays away from the theatrical territory on its tours. But the presence of a Little Theatre in a community the size of New Orleans, Cleveland, Pasadena, Dallas, indicates that the time may come when the results of their pioneer work would encourage the building of another theatre in the same town, devoted to the higher grade play done professionally. There might be room for both.

These thoughts cannot be offered with any finality about them. The experiment is still in a disorganized state. Let us organize the movement outside the professional theatre and see where we stand. A theatre survey of the country would be invaluable at the present time. I do not believe in standardizing the Little Theatre, for the individual local problem is the vital life of the entire movement. Take from these groups the necessity of fulfilling a social need and we take a step backward to those days of amateur dramatics which we have so recently escaped.

A map of the United States drawn on the basis of such activity as I have here suggested would show that the professional theatre territory has shrunk nearly fifty per cent. in the last quarter of a century; that every State has its group of Little Theatres doing commendable producing and giving plays that are worth while; that nearly every State has schools and colleges in full accord with the new philosophy of stage craft; that certain centres are creating their own circuits through which they make seasonal tours. It is a healthy view of the country for it shows the real Road not dead, but very much alive. How alive will be seen as soon as some unifying factor brings these activities to one head, so as to indicate to the professional theatre exactly where they may be of greatest service to that new theatrical circuit which is needed and which must come.

For with all my interest in university and community and civic and otherwise Little Theatres, I look on their endeavor solely as a feeder to that larger theatre outside academic and Little Theatre walls.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

BY PERCY H. BOYNTON

In his *Story Teller's Story* and in *Tar*, Sherwood Anderson tells very satisfyingly about the things one really wants to know of a story teller—about how his feeling for life grew into something articulate, and about how the story telling inclination was born in him and persisted in him now as a dreamer and now as a liar, an ornate and disinterested liar, and now as a discontent who did not know that he ought to be doing something particularly different from the thing that did not satisfy him; now as an "ad" writer whose trade value was greater when he was rumored to have sold some fiction but not enough to keep him alive; and finally as a manufacturer who one day discovered that, instead of selling his goods not very fast, he was actually selling his soul.

This story, like all other good stories, is a record of interesting moments. And the moments almost always mark a release of the imagination into fields that like as not are unrelated to the circumstances surrounding them. There is a suspicion of oil in the neighborhood, and a well is to be shot. The well shooter becomes a figure of romance and mystery. His nitro-glycerine brings up nothing but a shower of mud and he is translated into a villain about whose duplicity the imagination can linger happily. He is rather more satisfying than a successful well. . . . The story teller hates the man working next him in a nail factory and remembers a negro boxer—Harry Walters with the quick shift and the powerful left. Days of dreaming of the invincible combination lead to the moment of picking a quarrel and the paralyzing defeat that follows. . . . He sits before the managers of a concern for which he is to write some advertising. One of them has a scar almost concealed by his beard. Into the dim past fades the speaker with all his sales talk, and the "ad" writer dreams the thrilling story that accounts for the scar.

So his imagination gains sway and begins casting around for

stories to tell. They are to be stories in which no man's actions are devoid of beauty, and where the teller himself is consciously a new product in a new land. This new land turns out to be an infinitely complicated and puzzling place. It is a country that, first of all, is not England, though the notion that it is persists incorrigibly. The blood is a mixture of the thin blue of the Puritans and the redder hues of the dreaming nations of the earth. Here are the Celts and the Latins and the nations of the Far East pouring into the veins of America a love of beauty and song and mirth and of the rightness of things rightly done with capable hands. They are the natural breeders of the artist who is foresworn to his devotion for form and color and for the controlled ecstacy through which he can fulfil himself. They have made the things of lasting beauty and built the great cathedrals at Chartres and Venice, and Mont St. Michel, and they have worshipped the Virgin. Their peoples have encouraged the artist and enjoyed his work and put up with his vagaries, not taking them too seriously.

And on the other hand, here are the Puritanic English, godly and self-denying and others-denying and fatefully practical, bound always to be doing things for which the artist has no zest; so eagerly efficient that after clearing the forests and building their towns, they set themselves to building up a country to the glory of man, and as earnest about it as the French were when they builded the Cathedral at Chartres to the glory of God. This was their plan, "and the affair only blew up in the process, or got perverted, because Man, even the brave and free Man, is somewhat a less worthy object of glorification than God." For in the meanwhile the machine age had killed the best in man.

Unconsciously, in talking of either strain in the blood of the new America, the story teller comes back to God; and it is in this thought that his puzzlement becomes the greatest. The heritage of the Puritans, was an ungodly materialism, and the heritage of the Celts and the Latins was an ungodly paganism. As for himself, he has no God, the gods having been taken away from him by the life about him. And yet in a dramatic moment he says: "I had an odd and to my own seeming a ridiculous desire to abase myself before something not human, and so stepping into the moonlit road I knelt in the dust." Never was more devout an atheist.

Such an atheistical weaver of tales brings his story to a conclusion exactly where he should—not to be logical, for I cannot think of his bothering about that, but to be reasonable, which he doubtless would care to be. For he has become an artist now and would like to round out the story of his life with that reasonableness which is the essence of any work of art. So at the end he is sitting with a friend before the Cathedral of Chartres where together they have been worshipping for days. In its presence he feels what the old craftsmen felt who built themselves into the fabric of it. His dream is not theirs but the work of their hands helps him to do what they did—to give shape to his own dream. He cannot be content to sit before the cathedral endlessly dreaming of old days. He must do as they did and live in the moment, in his own country, taking part in its growth. These two worshippers from alien soil must return and he, the story teller, must reduce his rough material to beauty of form as the stone carvers had done at Chartres. To the observer who sees him sitting before the cathedral that made him so deeply happy he seems very like those old workmen who took no thought of theology and vented their religion in work. The thoughtful man who calls himself an atheist is often a man who has not found his own name for God.

The man of such experiences, whatever his religious label may be, is certain to be a mobile character. He will be a man of shifting moods, susceptible to changing conditions and opinions. In the earlier days when the world of circumstance crowded in too insistently on the story teller, the thought of the machine seemed almost overwhelming. It was standardizing more than the product, for it was ironing the workmen out all to one size and thickness; and as they lost their feeling for materials and their zest in the use of tools, grossness and lewdness and profanity became the pitiable outlets of their thwarted selves. It is an abused word these days—standardization—but the story teller may be credited with using it to mean the process which when completed is the outward evidence of inward dulness. And yet, on second thought, such an interpretation may be more kind than just, for this story teller is a poet and a lyric poet at that, using the same word to mean different things at different times, because from

time to time his definitions change with his changing opinion of the world.

Here he is then, thinking about democracy and the machine and the deadening standardization it is bringing in its train. It may be that he has just seen a swarm of men shuffling out of a factory at the end of a day of meaningless repetitions. What is such routine going to do to the men and the society they belong to—those other men in the directors' room with their meaningless lust for money? "Democracy shall spread itself out thinner and thinner, it shall come to nothing but empty mouthings in the end. . . . The shrewd little money-getters with the cry 'democracy' on their lips shall rule for a time and then the real commoners shall come—and that shall be the worst time of all." There was another poet who shared this mood not long ago:

> Shall all the happy shipmates then
> Stand singing brotherly?
> Or shall a haggard ruthless few
> Warp her over and bring her to
> While the many broken souls of men
> Fester down in the slaver's pen,
> And nothing to say or do?

That is one mood; but in another the story teller regains his confidence: "Standardization is a phase. It will pass. The tools and materials of the workman cannot always remain cheap and foul. If the machine is to survive it will come again under the dominance of the hands of the workman, as it already, no doubt, is doing, in a hundred, perhaps a thousand unknown places. The day of rediscovery of man by man may not be as far off as we fancy." And this, too, that other poet has said:

> For the Brute must bring the good time on; he has no other choice;
> He may struggle, sweat and yell, but he knows exceeding well
> He must work them out salvation ere they send him back to hell.
>
> . . . . .

However, optimism is all very well only so long as it is hardy enough to confront the world of facts. The story teller can escape into the world of fancy, but even his fancy is built on fact. And perhaps the most salient fact about American life in his opinion is the kind of fancy with which the average American enveils

himself. He makes himself a part of an heroic enterprise, a gigantic social experiment in which he assumes that the most unpromising man is a potential hero. The sober fact that this is not true affords him all the more reason for clinging to the fancy, emboldened to do so by fabulists from Bret Harte to Bill Hart.

This average American has adopted a hero who is interestingly bad but reassuringly good; he is guilty of every sort of offence in the sight of man and of God, but he is capable of becoming high and fine at the utterance of the word "mother" or the appearance of a defenceless and immaculate maid. He is an agreeable fiction, but he is a dishonest fiction because he is both so much worse and so much better than the men and women, the novel readers and showgoers and moving picture addicts, who admire him and sniffle at his nobler manifestations. He is undermining the honesty of a whole people, and laying snares for the story tellers who might be honest if left to themselves. "As I sat in the movie house it was evident that Bill Hart was being loved by all the men, women and children sitting about, and I also want to be loved—to be a little dreaded and feared too, perhaps. 'Ah! there goes Sherwood Anderson! Treat him with respect. He is a bad man when he is aroused. But treat him kindly and he will be as gentle with you as any cooing dove!'"

The Sherwood Anderson who had momentary flashes of desire to be the bold, bad movie hero was making more of an admission than he knew when he confessed to this vain hope. We have all had this sort of furtive wish, but we have been amused at the feeling as it passed us, and have smiled at it and gone back to selling bonds or making carpet tacks or teaching school. We have made our decision for better or for worse and we have stuck to it. There has been no compounding with fate for us because the thing we yearned for—remotely—was so remote from the thing we were doing.

But for Sherwood Anderson there was a way out. He could do both. What he deliberately chose to do, and what he is doing with almost all his energy, was to become the fine craftsman, working honestly with the rough material of Middle-Western village life and chiseling it into form with the words which are his tools. He wanted to carve out the figures inherent in the stones

that lay on every side. He wanted to work in full respect for the fine craftsmanship of the carvers who had wrought before him; not to adopt the mere tricks of a trade but to do the essential thing that they had done. It was life that he was after and not plot. It was the appropriate language that he wanted to use and not literary English. He must never lose his real interest in the people about him; and when he became aware of a story pleading to be told, he must lend himself to the simple people who lived it, or might have lived it, and believe in those people until he and they were one. But there was still a way out for him when the desire to be bold and bad possessed him. In the very reality of his people there was an element that the story tellers just before him had avoided recognizing. The Victorians had been reluctant to acknowledge the persistence of sex feeling. He could maintain his artistic integrity by dwelling on this with ruthless persistence, and he could be a little shocking in the name of art. "There goes Sherwood Anderson. He can be a lustful male when he is aroused!"

Mr. Anderson is in fact a sensitive artist and sensitive to most hostile comment. The criticism that any of his characters are not worth putting into fiction hurts him; but the criticism that he is a wicked man with a wicked mind carries no such sting. It may be that he is not fully aware of this himself; just as other men and women are not conscious of the subliminal sex feeling on which he harps; but to the friendly and unshocked observer he does seem to be somewhat Whitmanic in his keeping his hat on indoors or out and sounding his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world, or raising the roof if he happens to be in the bedroom beneath the eaves. It is too conscious, like the removable front of O'Neill's house under the elms.

The truth about Mr. Anderson's preoccupation with sex lies somewhere between the prevailing implications in many of his pages and the loudest outcries of his most hostile assailants—that the problem does not loom so large as he suggests and that he is not so morbid as they insist. It is a case of over-emphasis on both sides. The sex impulse is only one of several dominant desires. Any one of them becomes the more interesting as it pushes its way out of proportion. Perfect balance may serve as subject

matter for statuary, but literature yearns for ruling passions. For a century and more, fiction in English has turned to all the other abnormals but sex abnormals. Now it is paying the penalty for repression which erred as far on one side as current expression does on the other. Among the contemporaries Mr. Anderson is doing his share to restore the balance of the age by indulging in some degree of unbalance in his own work. And he is doing it in a manner that is seldom circumstantial and never sickly. *Winesburg* and *Many Marriages* are quite as healthy as *The Bent Twig* or *The Brimming Cup.* There's "a deal of circumambient hocus-pocus" among the less outspoken writers; and when the balance is restored, as far as Mr. Anderson is concerned,

> . . . we'll think of what he never said
> Of women—which, if taken all in all
> With what he did say, would buy many horses.

Behind and beyond his interest in the relations of men and women, and in the passion which is only a part of love, Anderson is dealing with the whole experience of men and of women, of which love is only a part. In his earlier books, and particularly in *Marching Men*, he seemed to be absorbed in the problems of the industrial order and in a sense of responsibility for setting it right. Society was chaos, the workmen were a wronged body, but a restoration of the rhythm of life was due to set all things right in a sentimental millenium. The book seemed almost to be the fruit of varying and unrelated moods—at one time Rousseau and at another Zola, and on the whole Rousseau did him no great service by his intervention.

One reads a passage like this and is not stirred: "Chicago is one vast gulf of disorder. Here is the passion for gain, the very spirit of the bourgeoisie gone drunk with desire. The result is something terrible. Chicago is leaderless, purposeless, slovenly, down at the heels. And back of Chicago lie the long cornfields that are not disorderly. There is hope in the corn. Spring comes and the corn is green." Evidently the writer is stirred, but he does not communicate his feeling, because he is putting it into worn-out talk. It is soap box invective against the social order capped with a eulogy on a benignant nature which teaches

lessons to a perverse mankind by means of auto-cultured corn crops.

It is a far cry from this sort of writing to the kind that the hero of *Marching Men* was aspiring to:

> He wanted his true note as an individual to ring out above the hubbub of voices and then he wanted to use the strength and virility in himself to carry his word far. What he did not want was that his mouth become foul and his brain become numb with the saying and thinking of the thoughts of other men and that he in his turn become a mere toiling, food-consuming, chattering puppet to the gods.

Mr. Anderson did not hit on this true note of his own until he reached the point where he became more interested in what was happening in the minds of his individuals than in what was going on outside their bodies. They were the same people surrounded by the same conditions, but they were no longer mainly significant because they were creatures of circumstance. They might even be such victors over circumstance as Sponge Martin.

Sponge is of all people an unremarkable man to look at or listen to; he is just one more man in a factory, inactive, unprotesting, contented. He lives in a little, old, converted barn on the edge of town with his little, ageing, companionable wife. They eat and sleep together, and together they have their occasional sprees that they call "going fishing". Sponge is a competent workman whose hands have become so skilled that he does not need to pay attention to them as his mind runs along in vague memories and his tongue in interminable talk. To the restless man at the next bench Sponge is a problem. Is he never discontented? Do his job, his wife, his home, satisfy him? Is he satisfied with life?

> Bruce decided that the old man was not necessarily self-satisfied. With him being satisfied or not satisfied did not count . . . he liked the skill of his own hands. That gave him something to rest on in life. . . . As to his old woman—there was a thing her man could do better than most men. He rested in that fact and his wife rested in him. The man and the woman had stayed within the limits of their powers, had moved freely within a small but clear circle of life.

Sponge and his wife are not merely described and dismissed in *Dark Laughter;* they appear and reappear throughout the story.

They are an undercurrent in the book just as they and their kind are an undercurrent in the stream of American life. Many of Anderson's contemporaries are pouring out their scorn on characters who do not know enough to be unhappy. This portrait of the old Martin couple, painted without prejudice, is one of the best in recent literature—a notable picture.

The difference between *Marching Men* and *Dark Laughter* is parallel to the difference between Anderson the manufacturer and Anderson the author. When he had passed from thinking of men as slaves to the industrialism from which he had escaped, and had come to thinking of men and women as living in a world of primary experiences so vital that their inciting causes faded into unimportance, the factory lost interest as a factory and the slum as a slum. The one matter that counted was to catch the rare moments when people were really living and to find the words that could record these moments.

And these rare moments were the moments when individuals were able to surmount or penetrate or break down the walls by which they were cut off from their fellows. The metaphor, once noted, recurs insistently throughout the stories. The wall, the wall, the wall. Only now and again do humans come into each others' spiritual presences. Partners, plotters, husbands and wives, are all held apart by impalpable barriers.

> Men had themselves built the walls and now stood behind them, knowing dimly that beyond the walls there was warmth, light, air, beauty—life in fact—while at the same time and because of a kind of madness in themselves, the walls were constantly being built higher and stronger.

Elsewhere he alludes and realludes to the wall as a constant in all his observations on men and women.

Let him change the metaphor. Enough has been said, perhaps too much, about materials. As to his processes, he has become "a word fellow"; words are his brothers; they have delivered him from thralldom; now he will serve them all the rest of his life. Nothing attracts him so much as a pile of white paper on which he can scribble the words that want to be inscribed.

> The result of the scribbling, the tale of perfect balance, all the elements of the tale understood, an infinite number of adjustments perfectly made, the

power of self-criticism fully at work, the shifting surface of word values and color in full play, form and the rhythmic flow of thought and mood marching forward with the sentences—these are the things of a dream, of a far dim day toward which one goes knowing one can never arrive but infinitely glad to be on the way.

It is a marked fact about Sherwood Anderson's prose style that you close a book feeling that on the whole you have been reading poetry—that you have been through a variety of experiences with him and that some of them have been homely and some ugly and some very beautiful. You remember perhaps in a definite way certain passages that jarred, and you remember that probably or certainly he wanted to jar you with them. And you recall others that you deplore on grounds of taste—taste either in style or in subject—because you can see no special reason for the thing that he undertook to do. You realize all the while that in his later books he does one thing—he pursues the minds of his characters, finds out what thoughts, relevant or irrelevant, the stream of events arouses in them, and then expresses these thoughts in the idiom of the people whom they are invading; for after all, while we may feel in thrills or glows or raspings, we think in words and phrases. Always he has the dramatist's approach to his men and women, expressing them in their own ways. So you condone or accept or admire his method and you call it "sympathetic interpretation" or something of the sort, when he deals with the rough or vulgar character. Yet at the same time there persists the feeling that you have been reading poetry interspersed with passages of sheer beauty, passages that can be located and labeled like the passages that you have deplored.

In his recording, then, of "pure, crude fact, Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard, And brains high-blooded, tick," crudity is sometimes consciously in the ascendant. Here is a young vagrant in a New Orleans rooming house in the half dream of first awakening:

You get a cup of such coffee for five cents and a big roll of bread. No swill. In Chicago, morning coffee at cheap places is like swill. Niggers like good things. Good big sweet words, flesh, corn, cane. Niggers like a free throat for song. You're a nigger down South and you get some white blood

in you. A little more, and a little more. Northern travelers help, they say. Oh, Lord! Oh, my banjo dog!

That is a lyric of a sort, but here is one of another sort on the same subject:

Word-lovers, sound-lovers—the blacks seemed to hold a tone in some warm place, under their red tongues, perhaps. Their thick black lips were walls under which the tones hid . . . the words coming from the throats of the black workers could not be understood by the boy but were strong and lovely. Afterwards when he thought of that moment Bruce always remembered the singing voices of the negro deck-hands as colors. Streaming reds, browns, golden yellows coming out of black throats. . . . There were strange words about a 'banjo dog'. What was a 'banjo dog'? "Ah, my 'banjo dog'! Oh, oh! Oh, oh! Ah, my 'banjo dog!'"

And here is one of the second sort on a different subject:

In old gardens in Europe and in some American places, where there are trees and thick bushes, a certain effect is achieved by setting small white figures on columns among the deep foliage, and Aline in fancy metamorphosed herself into such a white, dainty figure. She was a stone woman leaning over to raise to her arms a small child who stood with upraised hands, or she was a nun in the garden of a convent pressing a cross against her breast. As such a tiny stone figure she had no thoughts, no feelings. What she achieved was a kind of occasional loveliness among the dark night foliage of the garden.

Yet one has only to hunt for such passages as the latter two, or to quote them, to prove that the essential quality of Mr. Anderson's prose cannot be isolated in this way. It could only be illustrated in excerpts long enough to give evidence of its pervasive energy and its mobile flexibility. It is a medium for that sort of American life to which he was born and to which he is devoting himself. This is far from all of America, and it is part of America whose fineness is crudely articulated and largely devoid of nice nuances of manner. There are other writers for those who are not interested in this raw material. But in his treatment of it Sherwood Anderson in each succeeding book is better fulfilling his hope to make "his true note as an individual ring out above the hubbub of voices and then . . . to use the strength and virility within himself to carry his word far."

BRACCO AND THE DRAMA OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS

BY RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI

JUDGING both from his work and from his photographs, one would be inclined to suspect that there are two Roberto Braccos! In fact, as one looks at the picture taken of this Neapolitan gentleman twenty-five years ago, when he was about forty, one sees in his open, jovial face with its generous features, benevolent eyes, heavily flamboyant moustache and rather portly outline, the very incarnation of the Neapolitan spirit, full of sunshine, thirsty for the physicality of life, super-expansive, merrily alive, yet hiding behind the superficial boisterousness of the typical Southerner and the sensuous lines of the unrestrained *viveur* a suggestion of deep meditation. Then as one looks at Bracco, as was my privilege last summer, one finds that, at sixty-six the more sensuous suggestions of his still jovial face have given way to the spiritual; his hair has wisely retreated, leaving a broadly dominating brow; his eyes, smaller as if sharpened by constant observation, are infinitely penetrating; even his moustache has forsaken its rococo aspirations and is reduced to modest, business-like proportions. His face, still remarkably youthful, has gained in its pensive gauntness a new aspect, one less local, more refined and more, shall I say, universal. Bracco at forty was still the embodiment of Naples, the gaudy, superarticulate, quasi-Oriental city of color and sound; at sixty-five he is rather the embodiment of the new Italy, tempered by the ordeal of war, laborious and pensive. And in this versatile writer we shall always find these antipodal aspects: the fervor of the flesh and the abstraction of the spirit, the quest of laughter and the clutch of grief, glimmering surfaces and unsounded depths.

His output has been abundant. Besides a few books of stories, poems and essays, his plays alone, counting long dramas, comedies, farces and dramatic sketches, fill ten substantial volumes. From

the careful reading of these volumes I have derived such delight and such a suggestively human edification that I am very eager to share, at least in part, this experience.

Bracco drifted into the dramatic profession quite by accident—that peculiar element of accidentality—or is it fate?—which seems to play such an occult and important part in the professions of us all. Let me tell how it happened.

One day—Bracco was then a young man, the free lance of local journalism, the budding Narcissus of Neapolitan society and the all-devastating Don Juan of feminine pulchritude—happened most inopportunely to burn off, probably while lighting a mere cigarette, the more flamboyant end of one side of his moustache. Overwhelmed by this catastrophe he found himself forced to stay at home until natural growth should restore to normal symmetry the black ornaments of his upper lip. It was during this forced retirement that he was asked by Novelli, the leading Italian actor, to write a little curtain raiser. To pass the time he wrote *Do not do unto others* . . . a ridiculous farce which, given its superficial scope, was very successful. Thus casually was Bracco launched into his profession. How pregnant with literary potentiality were that fortuitous cigarette and that highly inflammable moustache!

In his early plays Bracco indulged much in the farcical, manifesting a vein of humor which has never forsaken him. But his technique was artificial, his characters were more sketched caricatures than real people, his plots seemed to dwell with perpetual insistence on that triangle situation which invaded all fiction most perniciously in the 'eighties and 'nineties,—that is, at the height—or shall I say the depth?—of the naturalistic movement,—and which seems to have been for Bracco almost an obsession.

But fortunately Bracco soon found more varied social and individual problems around which to erect his dramatic structures, filling them with vibrantly real characters. To one type of motive in particular he was gradually attracted, a motive which we find treated with increasing richness in four of his best plays, ranging chronologically from 1895 to 1922. "These form," as he said himself in a letter to me, "the more personal cycle of my dramas,

in which I have shown, not through premeditation but impulse, that one may, with scenic synthesis, penetrate the human soul down to its most recondite secrets." In this sentence is revealed the goal of his art, a goal difficult of attainment within the limitations and conventions of a stage, difficult to make convincing to the mixed public of a theatre, but a goal magnificently audacious, worthy of challenging only a man of tested technique, of resourceful imagination and trained meditation. Others had to some extent visualized this goal, particularly in France, but it remained for Bracco, I believe, more nearly to approach its artistic consummation.

Let us examine briefly the first of these plays. In *Il Trionfo* (*Triumph*) (1895) the protagonist, Lucio, is convalescent. He has been saved mostly by the constant nursing of a young woman for whom he consequently has deep respect and gratitude. While his flesh is still weak, the illusion of so-called Platonic love holds complete sway over his spirit, while the girl, who is quite normal, and indeed endowed with a warm Southern temperament, loves with the appetite of the senses—a love which can hardly be satisfied with mere spiritual admiration. She admits coquettishly, in a confidential talk with him, that once or twice before in her career she has succumbed to what is often termed a temporary aberration of the flesh. To him this makes no difference at all, since his only concern is the friendship of her spirit. But to his friend, a man of ebullient nature, who is on the spot and feels for her not Platonic but intense physical attraction, she is now an irresistible invitation, of which, one balmy spring evening, he takes sudden advantage. Her confession of this new deviation fills Lucio with pain, a pain that he cannot logically reconcile with his Platonic theories, but one that, in spite of them, becomes rage and jealousy. Then only does he realize that, after all, he was wrong, and that these two young animals had but functioned in accordance with the unavoidable law of nature; a law which, particularly in Naples, finds very little, if any, opposition through those restraints that are our New England inheritance.

The plot is, as you see, rather simple. The one motive that interests us here is that, in a very elementary form, we have in this man a divergence between conscious thought and subconscious

instinct. For he is genuinely convinced that his thought, henceforth, is above and beyond the vulgarity of the flesh; he sincerely believes he is about to attain that ideal spirituality of affection that will place his relationship with his charming benefactress above all material vicissitudes; but when the crisis comes he is forced to discover that life, with its brutal reality, pursues its laws quite regardless of the theories of idealists.

Now two or three critics have found a parallel to, and therefore a source for, this play in Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives*. Aside from the fact that Bracco denied, at the time, all knowledge of the German play, let us note at least one difference in treatment. Hauptmann's hero is a married man in perfect health, though temperamental, while Bracco's Lucio is convalescent after a very severe illness. The Italian has the illusion of Platonic love only while his physical weakness has seriously subdued his virility. We might even say that Bracco's man, subconsciously, was normally in love, though his peculiar condition made him unaware of it. And this is as it should be, for while we might perhaps attribute to a Northerner such theoretical visions, we can hardly imagine them seriously adopted by a Southerner, much less by a fiery Neapolitan. In fact, we may here indulge in a generalization which is a truism, and say that there always is in the people, and therefore in the art of the North, a greater trend toward the austere and the imaginative, as the logical result of climate and other influences, while in the people, and therefore in the art, of the South, there is an antipodal trend toward the sensuous and the realistic, also a logical result of climate, which in the South makes life easier and more colloquial.

The second play that we shall examine is *La Piccola Fonte* (*The Hidden Spring*) (1905), a play that appeals to my taste first because it so delightfully shows the touch of the poet, and secondly because, indirectly, it is a vehement satire against that Nietzschean influence which so captured many Italian writers, and against its most pernicious form represented by Nietzsche's decadent apostle, D'Annunzio. In fact the protagonist of this drama is burdened with the illusion that he is not merely a society writer, but a Superman endowed with infinite potentialities. With the cruelty of conceit that goes with such characters, he neglects and

despises his frail, virtuous little wife, who has been the real hidden spring of his inspiration, and he runs madly after an adventuress, dazzling with meretricious paint and jewelry, and flattering with her empty phrases. Gradually the frail little wife, stricken in that love which was all in her life, succumbs heartbroken, and after several racking episodes loses her mind. A third personage, however, reveals himself, a sort of Rigoletto, half secretary, half jester, the humble, deformed pet dog of the family, who secretly worships the little lady. When the poetaster, still determined to follow the gilded adventuress, prepares to leave his wife in an asylum under the supervision of the hunchback, then we have an intensely pathetic scene in which the poor devil at last pours out to his lady the devotion of a stifled soul. And him alone the poor demented woman understands. "I sit near you, I look at you," he blurts out at last; "I speak to you freely, and I live the sweetest hour of my life. Were you not the victim of a great calamity, this hour would not be granted me." Unconsciously, at the touch of devotion which had been the one motive of her life, the woman has a moment of clarity. "Yes, you convince me," she says, naïvely, "and I think we two shall understand each other perfectly. Let us speak, . . . let us speak of everything." Innocently she draws him close to her: "Let us speak as if we were good friends." This is her only moment of clarity and his only moment of happiness, for the husband, in a tardy impulse of remorse, returns, and the spirit of the frail wife, driven back to its mad darkness, seeks solace in death in that very sea which had been, after her love, her one refuge.

In thus giving the bare skeleton of a richly human story, I have had to omit the pictorial frame, the subsidiary episodes which so subtly echo the pathos of the main plot; I have been unable to render the poetry of word and action that delicately pervades every scene; the skilful sequence of motives that bring about the catastrophe. Let me call attention, however, to the wretched hunchback lover. In the heavily sophisticated atmosphere that surrounds the poetaster and his gaudy adventuress, the lowly lover stands out as a primitive soul, whose emotional reactions are natural and direct. Our sympathy goes out to him, not only because he is unfortunate, but because, primitive though he is,—

or perhaps because of this,—he is genuine, unwittingly mirroring an essential human emotion, indeed the greatest of human emotions. This undercurrent of simple, hopeless devotion, flowing almost silently through the more pictorial and exterior episodes of the drama, gives it an elegiac tone full of poetic beauty. It is this poetic quality, particularly manifest in this play, but never lacking in Bracco, which gives to his writing additional artistic dignity and enchantment, even when the subject matter is somewhat unpalatable and most realistic.

Il Piccolo Santo (*The Little Saint*) was first given in 1912. The five acts all occur in the same place, the austere apartment of a middle-aged country priest, whose exemplary life and magnetic kindness have won him the name of Saint. He lives alone, except for a peculiar, half-witted boy, whose life he had saved some years ago when the lad had slipped down a steep embankment. Ever since the boy has had only wits enough to follow and serve his savior with the abject obedience of an animal.

There soon arrive, separately, at the ascetic retreat of the priest, two persons: one is his brother, whom he had not seen for twenty-four years. He had lived in South America from childhood and had developed into a happy, sophisticated, successful business man and Don Juan; the other person is a timid young girl, who had been urged by her dying mother to seek the protection of the holy man. Don Fiorenzo, the priest, it now appears, had, in his early youth, passionately loved a lady married to an unworthy man, and had, out of his disappointment, forever withdrawn from the world. Here comes this young creature, the very image of the once beloved mother, to stir up in the poor Saint painful reminiscences of a love which he thinks buried twenty years ago. And the girl, now alone in the world, and even without real faith, finds immediately in the excellent priest a strong counsellor, one who soon reawakens in her the fervor of Christian faith, thus giving her a fresh outlook upon life. But the young brother also sees the girl, and soon falls in love with her. Don Fiorenzo, noticing the trend of events, thinks it behooves him to protect his ward against any possible seduction on the part of his brother. The latter soon reveals, however, that his intentions are earnestly directed toward marriage. But the

girl, now deeply absorbed by the mystic fervor instilled in her by the priest, feels no response at all for the brother. The priest, conscience-stricken for having so thrust the obstacle of his asceticism into her naïve soul, thinks it now behooves him to persuade her to let her heart go out to her wooer in normal, virtuous manner. In great agitation he does this, his nobler sense of duty prodding him to open to love her still closed heart, and his own spirit in torment at this mysteriously distressing duty. Always, during these developments, Barbarello, the half-witted boy, skulks around silently, full of gratitude and obedience, and clinging to every mood of his kind master. Gradually the girl yields to the great devotion of the younger man, and the day of the marriage is settled, much to the delight of the fiancé. In Don Fiorenzo's soul instead there has come a great and terrible desolation; his very faith seems to waver, his whole life seems to have reached an anguished crisis that he is unable to comprehend, except that in spite of his ever excellent motives some form of happiness seems again to be forsaking him. He is becoming petulant, his nights are sleepless, he is even impatient with the mumbling half-wit who seems unaccountably to share his master's suffering. Don Fiorenzo is even physically overwhelmed, so that he is unable to witness the marriage ceremony. When the curtain rises on the fifth act the young married people have been living in an apartment immediately above that of the priest, whom they have not seen for two months. In fact the young husband finds that the mystic influence of his brother priest is even at that distance such a restraint, almost an incubus, on the young wife, that he suddenly decides to take her far away to South America. This news strikes the priest like a death blow. Almost without words or strength he bids farewell to the beloved couple, while the demented boy stands by, taking upon himself the unjust rebuke of the priest, who has just seen, for the last time, his own brother, and the image of his youthful dream. The bitterness of the priest mysteriously communicates itself to the half-witted boy, who has been for years the living barometer of his protector's moods, and, upon seeing the priest sink desperately in his chair in his now utterly desolate home, silently the boy rushes out and soon comes back with a cry of savage exultation. He

took advantage of the dark and thrust the young husband over the cliff. When the poor priest in an orgasm of horror cries to him: "What have you done, what have you done?" the demented boy naïvely shouts: "It was for you, for you!" and the curtain falls on the prostrate form of the wretched *Little Saint.*

Surely the subtle drama of the priest is clear. A holy man, endowed with a magnetic personality so benevolent as to give him the reputation of sanctity, even of supernatural power, he is, however, unaware that subconsciously the young girl has awakened in him the old passion which had slumbered for twenty years, but had not died. With the kindest, most scrupulously noble intentions in the world, he thrust upon his protégée the fervor of his religion, of his mysticism, almost in unconscious self defense, and with a potency by which she felt herself inexplicably overwhelmed. For subconsciously it stirred her heart as much as her soul, so much so in fact as to make her well nigh invulnerable to the passionate exhortations of her young wooer. Then there occurred, subconsciously, a mighty struggle between the two brothers, the younger one openly seeking to capture the girl's heart, but without the power of conquering it absolutely; the older one trying with all the might of his personality and all the fervor of his dutiful conscience to make her yield to his brother, but involuntarily, subconsciously drawing her frailer spirit to himself. And during this supreme struggle all the time lurking in the background is the subnormal boy; he too perhaps endowed with some exceptional power, the sort of half power and half instinct that savages, insane men and even animals are known to have. He is unable, as much as the others, to comprehend the subtle conflict going on around him, and yet senses the anguish of his master's heart until, interpreting it, he bestially takes action in his own hands and slays the one person who, in physical terms, stood between his master and happiness.

Perhaps I ought here to quote the words of Bracco in his Preface to this play, a Preface which may well some day assume great significance in the history of the drama. He says:

> With this drama I am attempting, again, an art which seems too vague to those not inclined to grant me an acutely active perception, and to those who, even disposed to grant it, have not the faculty of sharpening their thought in

the exercise of migration toward the thought of others. The essential elements which make up in brief pictures my new play, almost never have a direct and consonant expression, because they dwell in the depth of the existence of creatures whose words and acts do not correspond with their psyche, except very obscurely and ambiguously, or actually diverge from it like branches from a trunk. The continuous dissension which is determined, now more or less deeply, now more or less unconsciously, between the psyche of the creatures imagined by me and their manifestations, constitutes the invisible thread of dramatic development and implies the absolute impossibility of setting forth the painful content of the drama in the exteriority of action. It is exactly this impossibility . . . which attracted me, challenging me. . . .

Then, after refuting his detractors, who insisted that the theatre cannot admit the purpose of making people understand that which is not expressed by the words or the actions of the personages, and admitting their prudent wisdom, he adds:

However, I insist on believing, imprudently, that *a synthetic aggregate of significant signs* may well impart to the scene that transparency necessary to make comprehensible even that which is not *actually* expressed.

These words of Bracco set forth succinctly his dramatic goal, the problem, its challenge, and the method adopted. Must we not admire this dramatist who, having already mastered the ordinary technique of the drama and harboring a richly imaginative mind, yet scorned easy applause with the usual type of play in order to venture forth into complexities wherein he heard the call of new artistic opportunity?

One might well say that the poet has more and more in these plays shown a leaning toward peculiar aspects of human nature, though always mingling such peculiarities with normal human attributes, and thus establishing a substantial kinship with us. And one might also add that, given a technique so delicately subtle, such plays might not always be convincingly acted, or find audiences so keenly discerning as fully to comprehend their rich significance. These justifiable remarks would be especially congruous if applied to the last of Bracco's plays, which I shall now briefly describe.

I Pazzi (*The Insane*) was published in 1922, and by express desire of the author was never produced on the stage. Is this an admission of weakness on the part of the author, or does it reflect

on the perspicacity of an average audience? Perhaps it does neither. Here Bracco, challenged by what we might possibly call an academic question, attempted to translate it into art, and preferred the dramatic form. The privilege of choice was certainly his.

The substance of the problem can be set forth in very few words: Who is utterly sane, who is utterly normal? Where can we truly draw a distinct line of demarcation? Are not all of us subject to passions which thrust ourselves and our actions, even though temporarily, beyond the bounds of strict rationality? Are not most of us subject to obsessions, idiosyncracies, which, even though ever so slight, are none the less actual deviations from the strictly normal and rational? This is the question that tempted Bracco and around which he conjured another throbbing drama.

The protagonist of the story is a rich alienist, who has founded a sanitarium for the mentally abnormal, whom he cures by giving them serenity of surroundings and spiritual idealism. His own serenity, however, is marred by continuous, though unfounded, suspicions about his wife's fidelity. This is, therefore, an obsession, a form of monomania, though the alienist himself is unconscious of his own abnormality. He so harps on this torment that finally his wife, though still loving him, decides that she must leave him. A friend of his has, as his philosophy of life, the complete dedication of himself to the joys of the senses—a D'Annunzian hedonism which is really not a rational conclusion, but a result of his physical condition—in short also a monomania. His willing auxiliary in this easy philosophy is a young and careless courtesan of Slavic extraction. In her accidental interview with the famous alienist, who finds her to be of primitive mentality, a young animal without a developed soul, she decides to enter his sanitarium, where, under his constant guidance she gradually acquires a conscience, and is even able, in mental discipline, to forget the lure of her former life. Naturally she feels for the doctor a grateful veneration, which, subconsciously, is nothing but love, in a form sublimated and therefore new to her; yet such is the goodness instilled into her by the doctor that, when she sees his wife returning to him, she crushes her own impelling

impulse and brings together the estranged couple. But her self-sacrifice is so desperate that she is well-nigh ready to return to her ever pleading, sensuous lover. The latter, however, realizing that now that she has acquired a soul conscious of good and evil, all he could obtain of her would be her body, refuses this opportunity, leaving her, to seek at least the consolations of prayer.

Again, in telling the story, I have omitted several contributory elements which give it significance and cumulative pathos. Yet, even in its complete form this play has not the power of the *Little Saint*. First of all, it lacks the tremendous import of the other; its climax is weak, in technique it is too discussional, and manipulates some material which had been used before, and better, even by Bracco himself. The motive of excessive jealousy, for example, he had treated splendidly in *Phantoms*, a play I have not had space to mention. Moreover, the old romantic motive of the courtesan reformed by love surely is no longer convincing, or even interesting. Some might also object to bringing upon the state a clinic, a device resorted to before by the naturalistic school, to which, in a way, Bracco belongs.

But let us note, coming now to a more general appraisal of the poet, that he has never gone to excesses, held back by a moderation that is his very sense of art, and that, even when portraying the low life of Naples, he has been able to put into his pictures an idealism, which is perhaps his most salient quality. For though he has all of the Neapolitan exuberance of expression, the pictorial effusiveness of a Southerner, and even a naturalistic eagerness for the unusual, he has been able to combine with these a lofty spirituality. Not an obtrusive moralism, though, for even his *pièces a thèse* are never primarily didactic.

And this leads to two or three statements in conclusion. I feel that modern Italians have no craving for the manifestly didactic in literature. They are too sophisticated, too much of an old race, to desire a naïve moral. What they want is a picture of life, essentially true, above all emotionally true, from which the moral, if we should insist on calling it so, would merely be: Such is life, with its mysterious retaliations, its inevitable distribution of a little gladness and much grief, both consequences of our instinctive quest of joy. Italians do not want a sermon, but a

picture. And the picture to be profoundly true must not stop at the froth of laughter which is on the surface of life, but delve into the unsounded tragedy beneath. Fatally we are bound to obey our human instincts, and, in thus obeying them, bound to deviate, carrying with us even the guiltless. Sometimes, indeed, from the very best of us will come influences that inexplicably make for evil. For life, in its mysterious decrees, offers no immunities. This, then, is the everlasting tragedy, inasmuch as human nature does not change with our changing exteriorities.

This may seem pessimistic, but is it not essentially real? We should be grateful to Bracco, who visualized and then with the magic touch of art manifested to us the real; who scrutinized the ever mysterious forces of the human spirit, seeking in new problems, or new aspects of old problems, the universal truth.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE BRITISH UMPIRE

PALMERSTON. By Philip Guedalla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THERE is something surpassingly contemporary about Lord Palmerston. Although Mr. Guedalla's painstaking, full-length portrait suffers somewhat from an over-elaboration of irrelevant detail, and is deficient in the chiaroscuro which might reveal the essential features of a remarkably astute, vigorous and candid statesman, his fidelity and scholarship cannot fail to supply the total truth about the man who, more than any other, kept England English during the international visionary-liberal and reactionary waves of the first half of Victoria's reign.

Mr. Guedalla has prefaced his volume with the revealing and apt quotation,

> In spite of all temptations
> To belong to other nations,
> He remains an Englishman.

This is not so nonsensical as it sounds. Palmerston's was an age in which all statesmen were tempted to belong to other nations. On one occasion he was compelled to remonstrate to Victoria that his Queen desired him to act as a Minister, not of England, but of the German States. First it was the internationalism of Metternich and the Holy Alliance. Later it was the Austrophobia engineered by Russian diplomacy. Then came Albert and the Saxe-Coburg-Gothas, the Orleanists, the Bonapartists, the radicals, the oppressed Italians, Poles, Hungarians and Eastern Christians. While mass propaganda still waited on the spread of literacy, the English statesmen were constantly assailed by foreign counsels. The British Royal family intrigued with their Continental relatives, and exerted a power over British foreign policy comparable to the later efforts of "international bankers." It was difficult to remain an Englishman, and it is Palmerston's glory that he succeeded.

His was a long political career, one of the longest on record—

fifty-five years in high office. Born in 1784, by the candlelight of "the age of common sense and couplets", at Broadlands between the sea and the New Forest, he imbibed a lusty Squire Western touch in his blood. At one, "he was a fine, eager, lively, good-humored" baby; at four, "quite stout, with a fine high color." He went to Harrow in 1795, fought frequently with the other boys ("Palmerston never lost a faint air of the milling ground"), studied for three years at Edinburgh University (in default of the Grand Tour which Napoleonic antics had made uncomfortable), went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1803, and three years later matriculated and received an M.A. on the same day. His parents were dead, and England had need of the young Viscount who had been plain Henry John Temple in 1802. He was a gentleman, landed, titled, healthy, so handsome that he was dubbed "Cupid"—so, with the charming informality of the age, he was offered the Exchequer. He refused, saying he thought the War Office "better suited to a beginner"—and in the War Office he remained from 1809 till 1828, doing nothing in particular and doing it very well indeed.

He was an ardent Canningite, and entered heart and soul into the latter's fight to free England from subservience to Metternich's European system. He had learned, moreover, from Napoleon the value of preparedness. Always accused of truculence, he never provoked a serious conflict and could show a better record than the muddlers who later let England drift unprepared into the Crimean struggle. In this more recent age of pacifism and internationalism, different only in name from that which Palmerston deprecated, it is useful to reflect on some of his views:

> He was fully persuaded that among nations weakness would never be a foundation for security.
>
> * * *
>
> No doubt it would be most agreeable to a nation if its defence could be provided for by an army of angels, without any effort of its own.

Mr. Guedalla relates with accuracy and humor his course at the Foreign Office from 1830 until 1851, with the background of European troubles—Mehemet Ali in Syria, the dynastic squabbles in Spain, Portugal and Belgium, the revolutions of 1830 and 1848

—neatly interlarded with the Parliamentary politics of the time. His brief interval as Home Secretary under Aberdeen and his apotheosis as Prime Minister from 1855 until 1865 are fully illuminated by documentation and insight.

Mr. Guedalla thus outlines a career which began with Napoleon, survived Talleyrand and Metternich, and closed with Lincoln and Bismarck. In this career "Pam" realized his two great ambitions: "one the suppression of the slave trade (which probably accounts for his violent dislike of the American Government), the other to put England in a state of defence". He helped to restore what a later age was to dub self-determination in Belgium, Italy, Germany—though he was unable to do aught practical for Poland or Hungary and wisely refrained from raising hopes which he would be unable to satisfy. He even dallied with the idea of a Jewish National Home in Palestine.

His goal throughout his career was not isolation, not intervention, not Jingoism. It was the simple aim of Canning: to make England "a model, and ultimately, perhaps, an umpire." He believed in an English England and wished that other nations would be themselves. For instance, in the Peninsula "the object [of his policy] was that there should be neither an Austrian Spain nor a French Spain, but a Spain which should be Spanish."

He succeeded in maintaining this policy in spite of Victoria's incredibly stupid meddling when she wrote her Foreign Minister and informed him that he was "*not* to oppose French influence in Spain and *not* to attempt to get up an English party there." When the Spanish marriages of 1846 exposed Louis Philippe's duplicity, Victoria owned Palmerston was right, but five years later she engineered his resignation to feed the grudge of her exiled Orleanist friends, after he had encouraged Louis Napoleon.

It was difficult enough to be English under those circumstances, let alone to be an English umpire. However, the Empire prospered mightily. Palmerston wound up the Crimea, polished off the Mutiny, strengthened his hand in Canada and in the Far East. He regarded a battalion and a man of war as the normal instruments of British policy, but saw to it that British policy should be away from "entangling alliances", and toward the position of "arbiter." In consequence, he was as unpopular on

the Continent in his day as is "Uncle Shylock" in ours. The British court nicknamed him Pilgerstein. Austrian officials grew apoplectic at the sight of his signature. The Germans dismally chanted

Hat der Teufel einen Sohn,
So ist er sicher Palmerston!

Yet all his unpopularity abroad only endeared him to the British public, who liked his rough, rollicking humor, his short way with foreigners, his spirited defence of British interests whenever and wherever threatened. He "was a friendly presence, who hunted, danced at Almack's, and ran horses at country race-meetings". He could exclaim when Miguel, the Portuguese pretender, burned large quantities of port, "There never was so atrocious an outrage!" His long love for Lady Cowper and his belated marriage to her, his "darling Em", made him dear to his day. He was a fine man, a fine statesman, and his career is worthy of serious study by all Americans. He faced for England the same problems which confront us today. He solved them as Americans will solve them, by a firm reliance on the justice and strength of his own country.

JOHN CARTER.

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT

THE NEW UNIVERSE: An Outline of the Worlds in Which We Live. By Baker Brownell. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company.

Here is a book to stagger reviewers. How does one classify and briefly describe a work done with care, beauty and humor but dealing with every subject under the seven heavens and discussing, through heaped-up poetic metaphors, whether there are seven heavens?

Of it the author says, after pointing out the dangers of modern specialization and of the boundary lines we establish between fields of knowledge: "As for the book, it is a smuggling expedition in knowledge. It is a cosmic globe-trotter without passports. It will slip as quietly as possible over boundaries and all section lines without official notice. . . . It will be a book of the whole

world, a tune for the new universe, a poem, more or less, on things in general."

Perhaps so it should stand to the reader—as an amazing record of one man's success in orienting himself to the universe. But the book has a history which explains its structure and gives it an educational interest.

By 1923 colleges were beginning to whisper that knowledge had become too voluminous to be handled entirely by old methods: that there was little choice between a narrow specialization, and a dabbling in a distracting array of unrelated subjects, since in both cases the student was left inadequate to comprehend and deal with our highly complicated life. Some colleges suggested that freshmen be given a preliminary survey of the curriculum. Northwestern University offered instead a synthetic course for seniors, graduates and special students. As all were partly familiar with the subject matter, ground was covered quickly without too much superficiality; as all were relatively mature and experienced, a philosophic and intuitive treatment was possible.

The course was "Problems of Contemporary Thought", by Baker Brownell and assisting lecturers from various fields. The students ranged from typical university seniors to grizzled newspaper men. There were young matrons, older ones, graduates of several colleges, school teachers, World War veterans and burning intellectuals from the Orient. The disparity of the gathering testified how widely both the colleges and the school of experience had failed. We met in the heart of Chicago (there was also a day class on the campus) for three consecutive hours one evening every week. Two hours were spent in informal but guided discussion, one in listening to a lecturer—once Bertrand Russell, once John Alden Carpenter, always someone of vision in his field. The lectures were arranged to follow the outline of the entire work.

We began with a survey of the universe as a scientific fact, discussed laws of time, space, motion; saw stars grow old, worlds form, geological epochs scar the earth; saw the formation of complex organic compounds that acted as if alive, studied theories of the origin of life, consciousness, intelligence; saw the flow

of events, called evolution, processes of life and matter never turning back; saw waves of primitive men sweep over the world; saw the formation of communities, empires with their formulas of war and peace and growth; saw religions and institutions change to meet new conditions and temperaments; saw early industrial society, society today, and asked what it would be tomorrow. We knotted our brows over perplexing social policies, and looked at the arts and ends of man.

That was the universe without, and the first semester. The second, we recognized worlds within worlds—that in one town, one house, may be a man of action, a scientist, and an artist, lover, philosopher or priest; and each man lives his own world. The explorations of these different worlds—or different approaches and attitudes to the universe—filled our second semester.

It was a courageous and creative piece of adult education. And useful—I cannot imagine anyone completing it and still finding conflicts between religion and science, or still entertaining contempt for interests other than his own, or still failing to grasp the simple, humane and tolerant principles that underlie democracy and sound personal morality.

Now comes the book, *The New Universe*, with the same outline, the same point of view. It should confer the same benefits, in a lesser degree perhaps, but to a larger audience. The staggering mass of information has been so well masticated and organized that the reader can see the universe unroll like a vast panorama. The studies in social policies are compact summaries of liberal opinion—so compact perhaps, that the reader may be tricked into reading more rapidly than he can assimilate.

The book is brilliant in detail. Its sweep and structure may evade unless one reviews the outlines and summaries provided for the purpose. To educators these may suggest what can be done, given an instructor sufficiently scholarly and sufficiently well adjusted.

MARGERY SWETT MANSFIELD.

BIOGRAPHY IN CORRESPONDENCE

LETTERS OF WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. Edited by Charles Downer Hazen. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

It appears that in conversation one day with one of the Harvard professors of History, Mr. Thayer reverted to his pet thesis that Biography is an art—he declares he has hammered away for thirty years to convince the public on that point—and that this pundit replied, "Why, I never saw anything in biography except material for history!" . . . Well, Michel Angelo's dome of St. Peter's is symmetrically perfect, if that is all you see in it! But the author of *The Life and Times of Cavour; The Life and Letters of John Hay*, and in lesser way in his *Theodore Roosevelt* and *George Washington*, practiced an art, in form and content, and escaped from the formulæ which produce the bulk of our Ph.D. theses. In one of his letters he complains of "fatuous academic pettifogging", when they "slice history or literature into a dozen or twenty courses each, but no College, so far as I know, ever had a course on Biography—whether as an indispensable element of history or as a form of literature". And to this skilled practitioner of the art of biography it seemed fatuous indeed.

These letters of Mr. Thayer's as assembled by Mr. Hazen, himself a Professor of History and a happy interpreter of Mr. Thayer's method, reveal the mind of a scholar and poet, and one who brought to his work a singularly fine blend of these gifts. His long years of editorial work in connection with *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine* indicate accomplishment in another direction. He held the editorship some twenty-three years, and perhaps it was this that led to his writing to Barrett Wendell: "In heaven, how pleasant an editor's life must be! No obituaries, no political ties, no book reviews, no advertisements. Every angel will know by intuition what books to read. Athletics won't exist. On the whole—perhaps there won't be any need of editors in heaven—and that may be why so few of them here qualify themselves to go there."

When it is recalled that through so much of the latter years of his life he worked under the cruel handicap of serious eye-trouble —he was threatened with blindness—accomplishment such as his was really prodigious.

Italy was an endless delight to him, and every visit in that country only increased his attachment to it. And Italy recognized this, as well as the contributions he had made in his *Cavour*, *The Dawn of Italian Independence*, *Italica*, a volume of essays and *A Short History of Venice*, when in 1919 she elected him to membership in the *Accademia dei Lincei*, a scholarly distinction of the highest order rarely conferred upon foreigners.

In the selection of letters Professor Hazen has been successful in keeping those which reveal the many sides of this quiet scholar, who was none the less a crusader when need be, the letters of the War period attest that, and whose wit and charm run along through the pages of the volume irresistibly. In fact, it is doubtful if a more successful way could be found to practice the art of biography than in this wise. Such certainly was Lord Morley's view, as we learn in his *Early Letters*, just published, when Mr. Hirst says he had heard Lord Morley contend that the most satisfactory form of biography is a well-edited correspondence. And yet we read that Mr. Thayer regrets that Lord Morley did not carry out his intention of writing a biography of Cavour —since—"I don't refer to the evident difference in the power of the two authors, . . . it would have illustrated two very different methods in writing biography"! But Professor Hazen has made a biography of well-edited correspondence.

It was a scholar's life simply lived, valiant when illness overtook him, made beautiful with the soul of a poet, and in a perfect companionship in his home, so what wonder he found that "the solution of life itself is to *live* it".

The volume is a distinct contribution to American letters, as well as marking methods in the study of modern history. In these days of fantastic figures of the sales of the too intimate papers of contemporary public men, it is worthy of note that *The Life and Letters of John Hay* made a notable score—with the sale of twenty-nine thousand sets down to January of last year.

ELISABETH CUTTING.

THE BRITISH LIBERAL ELEGY

FIFTY YEARS OF BRITISH PARLIAMENT. By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, K.G. With Illustrations. Two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

At sight of this title one thinks involuntarily of Benton's *Thirty Years' View*, and of Blaine's *Twenty Years of Congress:* and then reflects that here is a book which covers as great a span of time as those two added together. Perhaps we may regard that circumstance as illustrative of the greater stability of British political life than of ours. There have been men whose periods of participation in public life have rivalled those of British veterans, though they have been comparatively few. And it is interesting to recall that Mr. Asquith—as we must continue to think of him and to call him, despite his Earldom—was Prime Minister continuously for nearly nine years. That is of course a longer period of service than that of any President of the United States.

Mr. Asquith's fifty years are not, however, fifty years of his own service in Parliament. It was only forty years ago that he entered the Commons; and of the last dozen years of his service there he has nothing to say; presumably because—very much unlike Mr. H. G. Wells—he does not wish to enter into personalities concerning his surviving contemporaries. But he makes up for this omission by treating of many more years at the other end of the record, before he entered Parliament, and indeed while he was still a schoolboy. The result is a conspectus of British public life for the last two generations, of great authority and charm of style. Those—if any—who look to it for some sensational revelations, or even for important new light upon British political transactions, will be disappointed. That is no doubt partly because there was nothing of the sort that the author could disclose, or that his keen sense of propriety would permit him to disclose. For with all his strong and sometimes bitter feelings toward men and affairs, Mr. Asquith has ever been a stickler for the old-fashioned conventionalities; perhaps by way of counterfoil to the vivacious indiscretions of Lady Oxford and Asquith. Once in a while, indeed, he does indulge in a characterization which might well have been spared; but there are very many wholly admirable word-pictures of his famous Victorian colleagues.

These personalities are one of the three outstanding features for which the volumes will be most prized. Another is the singularly fascinating and instructive chapter on the origin and purport of a number of political catchwords in British politics, not a few of which have been adopted into our American vocabulary and indeed are often regarded as native to our soil. Disraeli was the supreme phrase-maker, and is credited with "bloated armaments", "plundering and blundering", "peace with honor" (which he took from Shakespeare), and "men of light and leading" (which Burke had used more than eighty years before). Gladstone, also a phrase-monger, got "bag and baggage" from Shakespeare, and the "unspeakable Turk" from Carlyle.

The third feature is the studied panegyric which Mr. Asquith pronounces upon the Liberal Party, and which, at this time, has an unmistakably elegaic flavor. It was an interesting coincidence that these volumes appeared simultaneously with Lord Oxford and Asquith's retirement—presumably final—from the leadership of the Liberal party, and also that they followed hard upon the wrecking of that party in a cataclysm scarcely precedented in British political history. When Mr. Asquith entered Parliament, as a follower of Gladstone, the party was at the very zenith of a career of unsurpassed splendor and achievement. When he retired from the leadership of it, which he had held longer than most of his predecessors, it had fallen to the lowest estate that either of the two great parties had known for a century. It would doubtless be a gross injustice to charge him with the blame for that appalling collapse. But the circumstance helps to explain why he preferred to close his narrative with 1914. Perhaps there is some cryptic connection between this, however, and his choice of a topic for the last page of his memoirs. For he there refers to his own repeated use in Parliament of the phrase "Wait and see!" and then traces it to Mr. Chamberlain, to Lord John Russell, and finally to Napoleon at Elba—"My day is done—but wait and see!" Note that it was at Elba, not at St. Helena; wherefore—is the Earl of Oxford and Asquith to return to the leadership for a Hundred Days?

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

JARED SPARKS, *then Editor of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *at the conclusion of the twentieth volume, in April, 1825, wrote thus of the scope and purposes of this periodical:*

The purpose and character of this work are too well known to require a particular description. It will be seen that it embraces a vast compass of knowledge on almost every subject of general interest, particularly relating to the history, government, politics, education, literature and literary institutions, science, the arts, internal improvements, national progress and character, legislation, law, jurisprudence, statistics and political economy, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and the future prospects and prosperity of this country. Many of the articles on these subjects have been written by our first statesmen, and literary men in different parts of the United States, and may be presumed to convey as sound and comprehensive views as would be likely to be obtained from any quarter.

It is the leading aim of the conductors of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to give it as much of a national, American character as possible, and to this end contributions are solicited and received from eminent persons in almost every part of the Union. It has a double purpose; first, that of containing criticisms on works of taste, literature, and what may be called the more elegant branches of learning; and, secondly, that of being a repository of elaborate or desultory discussions on topics of general politics, legislation, science, our international relations, social institutions, and, in short, whatever comes down to the immediate interests of the community. Several of the constant contributors are men of letters, who have travelled and studied in foreign parts, and become familiar with the language and literature of the old countries; others are devoted to literary and scientific pursuits as a profession; while others are conspicuous among the legislators of the country, at the bar, or in our highest courts of justice. Such is the character of the gentlemen who are enlisted as contributors to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and with the aid of talents and attainments like these, it is hoped the work will continue to merit the approbation of the public, and to be worthy of that patronage which it has already enjoyed in an uncommon degree.

GEORGE BANCROFT, *reviewing the Poems of Mrs. Hemans, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of April, 1827, excoriated certain tendencies in the literature of that day—not in Mrs. Hemans's—in terms not entirely inappropriate a century later:*

There can be no more hideous fault in a literary work than profligacy. Levity is next in order. The disposition to trifle with topics of the highest moment, to apply the levelling principle to the emotions of the human mind, to hold up to ridicule the exalted thoughts and kindling aspirations of which human nature is capable, can at best charm those only who have failed to enter the true avenues to happiness. Such works may be popular, because the character of the public mind may for a season be corrupt. A literature, consisting of such works, is the greatest evil with which a nation can be cursed. National poverty is nothing in comparison, for poverty is remedied by prudent enterprise; but such works poison the life-blood of the people, the moral vigor, which alone can strive for liberty and honor. The apologists for this class of compositions, in which Voltaire and La Fontaine are the greatest masters, defend it on the ground that it is well adapted to give pleasure to minds which have been accustomed to it, and that foreigners need only a different moral education to be able to enjoy it. Now without wasting a word on the enormity of defending what is intrinsically sensual, we reply merely on the score of effect. He who adapts his inventions to a particular state of society, can please no further; he depends on circumstances for his popularity; he does not appeal to man, but to accidental habits, a fleeting state of the public mind; he is the poet, not of nature, but of a transient fashion. The attraction which comes from the strangeness or novelty or the manner is of very little value. On the most brilliant night a meteor would be followed by all eyes for a while: and why? Because it is as evanescent as bright; we must gaze at once, or it will be too late. Yet the mind soon returns to the contemplation of the eternal stars which light up the heavens with enduring lustre. Any popularity obtained by gratifying a perverse taste, is essentially transitory; while all that is benevolent and social, all that favors truth and goodness, is of universal and perpetual interest.

WILLIAM POWELL MASON, *an eminent Jurist, contributed to* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of January, 1827, an extended critique of "The Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham," in which he thus satirized the rise of standardization in industry:*

The invention of the *woman machine*, as can be incontestibly proved, first came about in this manner. As soon as the people of this country had fairly freed themselves from the government of Great Britain, and discharged themselves of their ancestors, all classes of persons here began to thrive and multiply exceedingly, but more especially females, insomuch that our political economists suggested a fear that, in process of time, the whole country would get to

be overrun with women, unless some check was put to them. Now our mechanical geniuses, casting their eyes around in search of cheap materials to work with, which is a great object with them, and seeing large stores of girls in all directions apparently useless, caught the idea, that it would answer an excellent purpose to work them into machinery, and so planned the woman machine, the mode of constructing which is after this fashion. You take from one hundred and fifty to two hundred youths, varying the number according to the intended size of your machine; they should be rather of a tender age, from ten to fifteen years is preferable, and mostly females, say not less than nine-tenths. After well sorting these, you put them into a large four story building strongly constructed of brick or stone, near a considerable head of water; on the several floors of this building are to be placed various pieces of machinery, called mules, spinning jennies, double speeders, etc. Then having distributed the girls about the rooms according to your taste and judgment, you attach one or more of them, as circumstances may require, to each piece of machinery, and the whole machine is ready for use. A machine thus prepared and put together is called a manufactory. . . .

The principal advantages of this machine, as enumerated by the inventors, appear to be these; that a great part of the machinery, as before mentioned, being made out of a very cheap material, goods can be manufactured by them at a much lower rate than in the old way, and so our English and other competitors derive from our market. That by this mode of educating females, four of the principal defects in their characters are eradicated, or greatly lessened, which has never before been known to be effected by any other course of education; namely, first, a frequent restlessness and fondness for running about; secondly, a too free use of speech; thirdly, a constant desire for meddling in other persons' concerns to the neglect of their own; and fourthly, a manifest indisposition to the wholesome control and authority of parents, husbands, and guardians; for the curing of which defects, some dozen years' steady exercise in one of these machines is said to be a most valuable and certain specific, so that it is confidently expected that, by a very general establishment of them, the world will shortly become a very quiet and peaceable place, that all riotous, routous, and noisy assemblages will cease, and that, excepting at Congress and in the state legislatures, excessive talking will only be persisted in when it is to some purpose.

EDWARD EVERETT, *then Editor of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *in the issue for July, 1821, wrote thus of relations between England and America:*

We do not wish to say that we look upon the English nation as in a state of decline. There are certainly considerable evils in the state of the country. A high authority pronounces the poor rates an evil, which can neither be remedied nor borne, and another authority on the other side, equally high, says the cor-

ruption of Parliament has reached a ruinous point; while the national debt exceeds, by nearly ten times, the amount which Hume declared must produce a bankruptcy. With all this, we believe, we certainly hope, that England will long survive, and exert her present proponderance in the world. Not certainly that we think her influence always brought into action as it ought to be, but because we see not the spot on the map of Europe to which it could be safely transferred; and because we look upon ourselves to be quite too immature to engage with prudence in European politics. England, moreover, has a tower of strength, a great depository of moral and physical power, in her numerous orderly, intelligent, middling class, which the corruptions, that exist in the two extremes of society, have as yet scarcely touched. And ages we trust will pass by, before the happy abodes of this virtuous community will feel the overwhelming power of political and moral degeneracy and corruption. We wish this for the sake of humanity, order, and peace abroad, of which the English character is certainly the great assurance.

JAMES TRECOTHIC AUSTIN, *Attorney-General of Massachusetts, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for October, 1821, discussed methods of dealing with confirmed criminals in terms quite pertinent to the present day:*

A recent regulation in the laws of Massachusetts, which it would probably be good policy for the other States to adopt, will go very far to do away one of the evils attributed to State prisons; that those who were not reformed were made worse by them. We shall not in future hear of any convict being sentenced a fourth time. Out of the whole number, one thousand four hundred and seventy-one, that have been sent to the State prison in Charlestown, one hundred and thirty-three were for a second time, seventeen a third time, and eight a fourth time. A law was passed two years since, providing that when any criminal sent to the prison was found to have been there before, the Attorney-General should proceed against him by information, and he should be sentenced for a further term not exceeding seven years, because of his second conviction; and if a criminal should come there for the third time, he should be proceeded against in a similar manner, and should be sentenced to confinement for life. Seven convicts are now there for life under this new law. In this way, all those who are incurable will be taken from preying on the public, and having previously learned some trade in the prison, can be advantageously employed.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Charles Gates Dawes (*The Needed Modification of the Primary System*), whose name is known in Europe for his sponsoring of the Dawes Plan, has long been recognized in his own country as an authority in finance since his selection as Comptroller of the Currency in 1897. His inauguration as Vice-President in 1925 was marked by his dramatic lecturing of the Senate for its lack of efficient methods in legislation. At the present time, when the question of Reform in the Primary System is one of the foremost political issues in many States, it is well to hear the opinion of a thorough-paced American, directly descended from that William Dawes who rode with Paul Revere.

George Edgar Vincent (*Saving the Babies*) is President of The Rockefeller Foundation, an institution profoundly interested in international health and medical education. Just now when much attention is being devoted to extension of the span of life, we are vitally concerned to know where our country stands in the rank of civilization as indicated by the percentage of babies who survive. Therefore we welcome from the pen of this well known educator a condemnation of such conditions as "bad food and flies, dust and crowding", and a commendation of fresh air, sunlight, and other aids, in the health of babies as well as of children and grown-ups.

Thomas S. Butler (*Don't Give Up the Ships*) is a veteran Congressman from West Chester, Pennsylvania, who makes a brief for retaining our full-fledged American fleet. With Great Britain and Japan far in the lead, with France and Italy running their shipyards at full capacity, it behooves the United States to be on its guard. Mr. Butler has been working over a quarter-century to avoid the necessity for America to expand her sea force. Yet he holds that if a disarmament conference fails, the United States should forthwith build new ships to maintain a force comparable with that of other Sea Powers.

Charles Moreau Harger (*Untangling Rural Finance*) is a Kansas editor, who, as director of a local bank, as president of his State's Citizens' League for a Sound Banking System, and as a frequent contributor to magazines, is well qualified to speak of the thorny subject of farmers' relief.

Joseph Eugene Ransdell (*The Importance of Inland Waterways in Transportation*) is a Senator from Louisiana, who has devoted his life to public interests. He was president and one of the organizers of the National Merchant Marine Association. Because of his many years of advocacy of the development of inland waterways, we are glad to have from his pen a discussion of the possibilities of directly linking up our Middle West with the great currents of ocean traffic.

John Saxton Sumner (*Thrill Addicts and the Theatre*) is a writer and public speaker, who, as Executive Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, gallantly champions the cause of constructive legislative efforts against indecent and demoralizing commercialized stage activities.

Stephen Bonsal (*China and the Foreign Devils*) is a newspaper correspondent who has had a variety of experiences in Serbia with her Bulgarian War, China with her Japanese War, America with her Spanish War, Russia with her Japanese War, Mexico during her Madero Revolution, *et cetera*. In addition he has been *Chargé d'Affaires* in Peking, Madrid, Tokio and Korea, holding as well many other posts of special confidence. In this issue of the REVIEW he gives a sympathetic hearing to China's insistence upon national individuality.

(*Continued on second page following*)

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JUNE–JULY–AUGUST, 1927

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW takes pleasure in announcing that with the present impression the Quarterly publication of this periodical ceases, and that with the next, to be issued in September, it will resume the Monthly form.

During its existence of more than a hundred and twelve years the REVIEW has been published for nearly equal periods as a Quarterly and as a Monthly, with a shorter interval as a Bi-Monthly. In each of these forms it has been acceptable to its readers. But on the whole the Monthly form has met with most favor, because while it could embody all the good qualities possible to the less frequent issues, it could display others which were not practicable to them; and these are precisely the qualities, of timeliness and of responsive touch with current affairs, which are today most desired by the reading public.

Half a century ago, on the occasion of another radical change in the affairs of the REVIEW,—that of its place of publication, from Boston to New York,—the then Editor made a statement, than which nothing could be more appropriate for utterance at this time, or could more adequately express the purpose of the present Editor. He said:

"THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will continue to be conducted in the same enterprising and liberal spirit with which the new management has sought to impress it. From its foundation . . . the REVIEW has been the organ of the most cultivated and

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scholarly minds of the country, and no efforts will be spared to maintain this position in the future. The objection has been made, and not without reason, that its pages were addressed to a limited class, and failed to deal with topics of immediate interest to the public at large. That objection it has been sought to remove during the past year. The Editor has endeavored, without in the least abandoning the high standard of excellence set up by his distinguished predecessors, to combine perfection of form and finish with a keener appreciation of the requirements of the age, and to present not merely discussions upon which no practical results depend, but such as shall aid men to form opinions for the guidance of their conduct as citizens and as members of society. Following the counsel of one of our best-loved American poets, his desire is to act for the living present rather than for the dead past, and to make the REVIEW a vehicle for the intellectual forces which are at this moment working in men's minds.

"The subjects with which the REVIEW will deal will be limited by no programme laid down in advance; whatever topics are at the time prominent in the public mind will be taken up and treated with thoroughness and vigor. In Politics, in Finance, in Philosophy, Literature, Religion, and all other subjects, the REVIEW will not only welcome, but will take active steps to procure, the contributions of representative men of all opinions and from every quarter, the only criterion of acceptance or rejection being the importance of the subject and the ability of the writer."

That declaration was made during the period when THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was a Bi-Monthly publication; and the Editor presently found that its best fulfilment would be secured through a change to Monthly issue. Its repetition at this time is therefore most appropriately coupled with the coming resumption of the Monthly form. Nor is that the only change which the next number will exhibit; but in addition to the editorial review of world affairs already presented there will be expertly directed departments dealing with financial topics, current literature, the homely philosophy of life, and many other matters of timely and vital interest, discussed with equal authority and vivacity—an authority that is weighty without being heavy, and a vivacity that is engaging without being trivial.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

"THIRD TERMS"

"Third Term" talk abounds. A few Republicans who for various reasons are opposed to the renomination of Mr. Coolidge for the Presidency, present that as their ostensible objection to him. Many Democrats are preparing, in the expected event of his renomination, to urge it as their chief ground for opposing his reëlection. That in either case the issue will have important, not to say decisive, weight with the general public, is not reasonably to be believed. For it is more and more dawning upon the mind of the Nation that any rational objection to a third term for a President cannot apply to the proposed reëlection of Mr. Coolidge next year, any more than it could have applied to the candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt in 1912. That is because Mr. Coolidge is now serving not his second but merely his first term as President; any opinion to the contrary being founded upon one of the strangest delusions and perversions in American Constitutional history, namely, that upon the death or other removal of a President the Vice-President succeeds him and becomes President of the United States.

The fact is that he does no such thing. There is nothing clearer in the Constitution than that a man can become President only through the votes of the Electoral College or of the House of Representatives, and in no other way; and that in case of a vacancy in the Presidential office, the powers and duties of the office devolve upon the Vice-President, who however remains merely Vice-President and Acting-President. There is nothing more certain, as the luminous pages of *The Federalist* attest, than that such was the understanding and intention of the makers of the Constitution. Nor is there anything more patent in the records of Congress of eighty-six years ago than that these facts were realized on the occasion when for the first time the Presidential office was rendered vacant by death. The ablest Constitutional

authorities in both Houses sustained that view of the case; and they were overruled, and the Vice-President was falsely declared to be President, only through one of the most arrogant partisan manœuvres ever witnessed within the walls of the Capitol; in which the leaders of a temporary majority ignored all argument and took the ground—

> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,

but merely to vote and by virtue of numerical power to establish the sordid point which they desired. The reasons why they took and persisted in that course, and also why a little later their opponents acquiesced in it, are more notorious than creditable. But the vicious precedent then set, and the five subsequent repetitions of it, cannot alter the Constitutional facts.

The questions of President Coolidge's renomination, and of his reëlection if renominated, are of course open; though we have little doubt as to the sentiment of the great majority of American citizens concerning them. But attempts to determine them in the negative must logically be based upon some other ground than that of the incorrectly-called "third term".

NO OFFENSIVE ALLIANCES

The British Ambassador at Washington and the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's have both deemed it desirable, if not necessary, to decry any formal offensive and defensive alliance between the great Anglo-Saxon Powers as calculated to cause a hostile combination of other Powers, and thus endanger rather than assure the tranquillity of the world. In that they were doubtless quite right, but we must regret not the making of those statements but the apparent necessity of it; which was due, we must suspect, to the suggestions of crass marplotry. In the old days before the Emancipation Proclamation, when a pro-slavery advocate found himself hopelessly worsted in argument, his invariable recourse was to demand, "Well, do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" the inference being that a universal epidemic of such unions would be the inevitable sequel of abolition of slavery. In some such fashion interested meddlers and mis-

chief makers frequently declare that anything like friendship between America and Great Britian would necessarily mean a military alliance between them for aggression upon the rest of the world; and it was presumably to repudiate such insinuations and to deny such intentions that Sir Esme Howard and Mr. Houghton made their earnest disclaimers. It may be added that there have now been a hundred and twelve years of unbroken peace between these two nations without any offensive or defensive alliance; and that there was no such alliance nor need of one when Tatnall proclaimed that "Blood is thicker than water!" when Sir Lambton Lorraine trained the guns of his ship upon a Spanish fortress in defense of the lives of American citizens, or when Admiral Chichester laid his ships alongside Dewey's in Manila Bay.

ARMING AND DISARMING

We cannot profess any great degree of surprise, though we do feel a genuine regret, at the unwillingness of France and Italy to participate in the Geneva Conference for Limitation of Naval Armament. It is not, however, to be regarded as in any sense the manifestation of an unfriendly or even an unsympathetic disposition, and certainly not as a menace to the peace of the world. Whatever shrewd surmises there may be concerning the motives for this abstention, we must respect France's reaffirmation of loyalty to the League of Nations, to which she is as well entitled to be attached as we are to the Monroe Doctrine. And it is to be observed that the League is not yet ready to undertake the work of limitation of armaments, to which it is substantially committed in its Covenant. Indeed it has recently spent several weeks in deciding not yet to begin to prepare to follow the example which America took the initiative in setting five years ago, an example not only of limitation but also of enormous reduction of armament. Surely, then, we must ungrudgingly concede France's right to await that process of deliberation; especially since her non-participation in this Conference does not in the slightest impair her undertakings at the former one.

Meantime it is of suggestive interest to observe that France is not idly awaiting the limitatory action of the League, but with

almost feverish zeal is rushing at all her shipyards construction of those classes of naval vessels upon which unfortunately no limit was placed in the Washington Five Power Treaty. Nor has the world been informed of any considerable suspension of similar work by the Italian Admiralty. Perhaps this is merely a practical application of the philosophy of the boy who, being asked by his catechist what was the essential prerequisite to repentance, replied, To commit sin. So the best preparation for reduction and limitation of armaments may be, To create more armaments. But however these things may be, the cordial participation in the Geneva Conference by Great Britain and Japan abundantly vindicates President Coolidge's course in convoking it, and affords promise of profitable results. Perhaps what is of most practical interest to us is the fact that any proportional equalization of naval armaments among the three powers represented at Geneva, in the classes of vessels not already limited, must mean either great increase of construction by America or great reduction of strength by both Great Britain and Japan.

WHERE CABOT SAILED

The dispute between the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland over the title to Labrador has been decided by the British Government in favor of "England's Oldest Colony". This is naturally disappointing to Canada, though it will not lessen loyalty to the Mother Country, nor perceptibly cloud the brilliance and joy of the jubilee of threescore years of Dominion life which will be celebrated on July 1. The expansion of the Dominion westward and northward has been so gigantic that the relinquishment of what has somewhat unjustly been called the Land of Cain can easily be afforded. "We must respect the future!" exclaimed the first great explorer and founder of Canada; but even the far-reaching vision of Cartier fell short of comprehending a domain extending unbroken from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes to the No Man's Land that encircles the Arctic Pole. On the other hand, historical and logical considerations seem strongly to support the claim of Newfoundland to the Labrador coast and to a goodly slice of the inner land.

For those are the waters in which Sebastian Cabot sailed, and the shores on which he planted St. George's Cross. In the same voyage he discovered, explored and laid English claim to both the island and the main land. In that event, therefore, Newfoundland and Labrador were logically conjoined under the same sovereignty. Perhaps we might recall, too, that while it was the fishermen of Normandy who canonized the cod as "sacred", it was Cabot who first made known to the world the abundance of that fish in those waters and thus attracted the fishing fleets of Europe to the American shores. It will be a romantic epilogue to his epochal adventures to have all the shores upon which he planted his flag confirmed beneath one Government.

"VOTES FOR FLAPPERS"

Mr. Stanley Baldwin's proposal to make the electoral franchise for women in England coextensive in age limits and other respects with that for men is, in somewhat flippant epigram, described as "votes for flappers"; but it certainly seems to be based upon sound principles of logic and of justice. We reject with chivalric contempt the suggestion that many women have been restrained from voting because of unwillingness to confess themselves to be of the age hitherto required. But we would point out that by the universal testimony of physiologists, psychologists, sociologists and who not else, and by recognition of lawmakers, girls are held to reach years of discretion and to attain maturity at an earlier age than boys; wherefore they are surely as well qualified to vote at twenty-one as are their brothers. Why not, then, "votes for flappers" as well as votes for "Willie boys" or "bounders", or whatever other opprobrious epithet may be applied to the adolescent male?

SCHOLARS IN BUSINESS

The lamented death of Walter Leaf calls attention to an example, unhappily as rare as it is distinguished, of great scholarship conjoined with both the genius and the toil of practical business life. There come to mind, of course, the cases of Bagehot and

Grote and Rogers, who were practical bankers as well as men of letters; and also of Stedman in our own country. Yet not one of these was quite as noteworthy as Leaf's. To write poetry, or history, or economic or constitutional treatises, does not seem so incompatible with technical finance, as do profound researches into Homeric archaeology and studies of Greek grammar and rhetoric. We should hesitate to predict whether Walter Leaf will be better remembered by the next generation as a great financier or a great Greek scholar; though we have no hesitation in pronouncing him worthy of both distinctions.

IS IT A FOOLS' PARADISE?

Some of our British and other European contemporaries are discussing the question, as framed by themselves, Can American prosperity continue? The tones vary; some being solicitous and anxious, some skeptical, some envious, and some suggestive of a negative reply. Perhaps it would be well if the same question were asked here; not of course in anything resembling alarm or panic, but with that thoughtful and informed circumspection which is one of the essentials of security. For the last five years we have had such prosperity as few Nations anywhere or at any time have ever enjoyed, and have amassed an apparent wealth quite unprecedented in the history of the world. We have, however, no Divine guarantee of the perpetuity of these conditions; but must remember that they depend upon the operation of economic principles which are no respecters of peoples and which are as remorseless as Fate itself.

In the status of other Nations, more or less closely related with our own, there are, it must be confessed, unpleasant indications. In Japan there has been a colossal failure in the silk trade, followed by the closing of the Rice Exchange, the suspension of five leading banks, and the proclamation of a moratorium. One need not be a pessimist to perceive a certain ominous analogy between this and the Japanese crisis of 1920 with its far-extending influence. That the troubles in China will have an unfavorable effect upon the affairs not only of Japan but also of several other countries, seems obvious. Turning from the Far East to

Europe, the outlook is scarcely less disquieting. The traditional "war cloud in the Balkans", for more than half a century a frequent portent of Continent-wide disturbance, is again much larger than a man's hand, and of sable hue; with half a dozen Nations within at least the fringes of its shadow. In France the buoyant prosperity that has been thriving in a time of reckless inflation and multitudinous tourist patronage, has been giving place to grave depression and unemployment under the stress of M. Poincaré's modest attempts at rehabilitation of the franc. Even in Great Britain, the financial "Weary Titan" of the world, it is suspected that the recent reduction in the bank rate was due to the Government's desire to borrow funds with which to meet the debt charges in the Churchill Budget.

Amid these troubles and rumors of troubles, America sits in at least assumed serenity, surrounded with cheap money and backed with more than half of the world's entire visible supply of monetary gold. Without pessimism or ominous foreboding it may well be asked whether that is an entirely secure position, in view of current conditions and tendencies which must be known to every informed business man and financier. The present status is unpleasantly suggestive of unstable equilibrium. So long as the balance is maintained, all seems secure. But any shock sufficient to tip the centre of gravity the least bit beyond the base would upset the entire fabric. We are not anticipating such a shock, or such a result. Rather is it in the hope of averting it that we call attention to these indisputable conditions and symptoms, and urge the timely need of transforming an unstable into a stable equilibrium. Our years of unprecedented prosperity have made America seem a veritable economic Paradise. It rests with us, in discretion, in vigilance, and in the resumption and enforcement of sound business methods, to prevent it from becoming a Paradise of fools.

OUR JUNIOR CONTEMPORARY

Elsewhere in this impression we have recalled the significant change which was effected in The North American Review just fifty years ago. It is interesting to recall that at pre-

cisely that same time there was founded in England another Review on similar lines, which has accordingly now reached its semi-centenary. This was and is *The Nineteenth Century*, which was fittingly named as an exponent of the thought and interests of that era; though to avoid anachronism it has had to make an addition to its name, seeing that it has now been published in the twentieth century longer than it was in the nineteenth. We remember that it signalized its first number with contributions from Alfred Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and William E. Gladstone, and are glad to testify that that auspicious promise of its birth has been abundantly fulfilled in the succession of contributors which it has maintained all the way up to its present well-seasoned maturity. In an era marked with so many ephemeral and fugitive publications, and so many which merit no longer persistence, it is gratifying to see one of sterling worth maintain enduring prosperity.

TRADE AND TRAVEL COMBINATIONS

M. Loucheur, the eminent French economist, has been urging an industrial alliance of France, Germany and other European countries against the United States, and is reported to have aroused much enthusiasm for such a policy. Indeed, it is intimated that strong influences will be exerted upon the League of Nations, to induce it to seek fulfilment of that one of President Wilson's famous Fourteen Points which called for free trade in all natural products and resources. The steel and iron cartel established between France and Germany last year seems to encourage him in hoping for a European Zollverein, antagonistic to America; though we should be inclined to regard as a confession of failure his admission that the adherence of Great Britain to such a scheme would be absolutely necessary to its success. That is to say, the thing is possible only through the impossible.

Perhaps it might be well for M. Loucheur and his colleagues in this campaign—with whom we cannot believe that the majority of Frenchmen agree—to consider the effects of a counter combination of American tourists against France and other European countries. Let us suppose that hundreds of thousands of Ameri-

cans should grow weary of the invidious discriminations that are practiced upon them beyond the Atlantic, nowhere, perhaps, more than in France, and should decide to "see America first". That would scarcely, we imagine, increase the consumption of European products, or increase the European stock of gold, or even raise its purchasing power to the *n*-th degree; those being the ends at which M. Loucheur aims with his anti-American alliance. For a system of commercial reciprocity and free trade among all the countries of Europe, such as there is among the United States, there is much to be said; though it is not well to ignore the radical difference between such a system among independent States and one between States federated under a single sovereignty. Such a system would not necessarily be hostile to or in any way injurious to America. But any system made purposely offensive to this country might prove far more detrimental to its makers and practitioners than to its intended victim.

FLAG FACTS AND FICTION

One of the most useful functions of anniversary celebrations is to afford opportunity for correcting mistakes and for diffusing correct information concerning the events which they commemorate; for which achievement there is special need in connection with the sesquicentenary of the Stars and Stripes. There are indeed few events in our history concerning which there have been more persistent or more inexcusable errors than that of June 14, 1777. The strange notion that by "a new constellation" the flag resolution of Congress meant that the constellation of Lyra should be copied in the canton of the flag has not yet been altogether abandoned. The quite impossible as well as the indubitable details of the Betsey Ross story are still repeated. And, most stupid and most discreditable of all, Martin Farquhar Tupper's inept legend of the derivation of the flag from Washington's coat of arms is almost daily exploited as true. Many interesting circumstances of the origin of the flag are, unfortunately, lost to us, probably forever. But for the sure correction of these most glaring errors, the undisputed written record, observed and

interpreted with ordinary common sense, is quite sufficient and convincing.

Nor is there less need of reminder and information of forgotten or unlearned facts than of correction of errors. It would be interesting to know how large a percentage of intelligent American citizens remember that at Washington's inauguration as our first President, flags bearing only eleven stars were displayed, and can tell the reason for that form of the constellation; how many realize that during nearly a quarter of a century of its most thrilling and heroic history the flag bore fifteen instead of thirteen stripes —such being the design, indeed, of the "Star Spangled Banner" which inspired Key to write our favorite National anthem; and how many are familiar with the achievement of the gallant sea-fighter who finally put the flag into its present form, when by his almost incredible valor at Fayal in the Azores he enabled "Old Hickory" Jackson to win the Battle of New Orleans, thousands of miles away. Truly, the sesquicentenary of the Stars and Stripes is an anniversary worthy of very much more than a perfunctory observance.

EXPERTS ON PREPAREDNESS

It is, we believe, true that women and former soldiers are of all people most averse to war. That is because of the agonizing bereavement which the losses in battle bring directly home to wives and mothers and sisters, and because of the practical experience of war and its horrors that the veterans have had. Yet their aversion to war bears no relation whatever to that Pacifism which would forbid rational preparedness or would hold the worst possible conditions of peace to be preferable to war for any cause. We have recently observed with much interest and gratification the outspoken and emphatic advocacy of military training in schools and colleges and at training camps which have been made by various chapters and conventions of the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, who are unsurpassedly entitled to speak for the best womanhood of America, and also by members and posts of the American Legion, with their unrivalled experience of the real meaning of war. We know of nobody in all the

land whose sentiments on this subject are more entitled to the highest respect than theirs; and from their vigorous expressions we are emboldened to believe that there is little chance of the adoption of "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" as the American National Anthem.

JAZZING JUSTICE

"Justice crucified on the cross of unethical and depraved journalism" was the recent comment of the Judge of a Federal Court upon an incident which caused mistrial of an important suit. It was a strong, even a harsh, expression, but we must hold it to have been amply justified. For these were the circumstances: A suit involving a claim for a million dollars had been brought; much time had been devoted to it by the court, the calendar of which was crowded with other cases awaiting adjudication; jurors and witnesses had been put to great inconvenience and sacrifice in the performance of their duty; and very large expenses had been incurred by the Government and by the parties to the suit. Then a newspaper, in quest of a sensational "beat", tampered with a juror, from whom it obtained and published an interview. Of course, a mistrial had to be declared by the Judge, and all that had been done went for nothing. We should say that after uttering the scathing words which we have quoted, he might have added, with Clive, that he stood astonished at his own moderation.

Nor was that case solitary. There was a murder trial, in which a man and his mistress were arraigned for their confessed murder, in unspeakably revolting circumstances, of the latter's husband. Forthwith the papers undertook to "stage" a great sensation. One employed as its chief reporter of the trial a clergyman who had made himself conspicuous throughout the country as the protagonist of Fundamentalism; another engaged the author of one of the best selling philosophical books of the year; a third commissioned a popular historian whose specialty was the "debunking" of "bunk"; and others added to the goodly company such peers of these as the roster of notoriety could afford. And then, to cap the climax, it was cynically proclaimed that this was being

done, at least by some, for the express purpose of influencing public opinion concerning the case. We are not sure that there is a more discreditable chapter in the whole history of American jurisprudence; and we are quite sure that there is no reason for wondering at the lack of respect that is so widely shown for law and for the tribunals which have now come most significantly to be called courts of law rather than of justice.

It is not for us to apportion blame for this state of affairs. Probably it must be divided among several objects; perhaps varying in different cases. But we have no hesitation in saying that unless a radical abatement of these abuses is effected, the jurisprudence of the United States will become a byword and a hissing. But as we do not expect the latter to occur, we look to see one of two things in its place. Either the newspaper press, through the influence of the really judicious, thoughtful and law-respecting majority, will voluntarily mend its ways and suppress the "unethical and depraved" minority, or there will be placed upon the reporting of trials some such legal restrictions as those which have been adopted in England. Neither the "crucifying" nor the "jazzing" of justice can be permitted permanently to prevail.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE"

The bestowal of a medal upon Miss Edith Wynne Matthison (otherwise Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy) for the excellence of her enunciation of English speech was a noteworthy incident from more than one point of view. It was no light thing, in consideration of the too common flouts and fleers at the alleged slurring and mumbling of words by our English cousins, to have one born and bred an Englishwoman acclaimed by foremost American authorities for surpassing purity of intonation even according to American standards. It was even more important to have such eminent and public recognition given to such an attainment as hers, with its inevitable implication that our common American pronunciations leave much to be desired. When, a generation ago, Senhor Pedro Carolino published his funny little volume on *English as She is Spoke*, everybody laughed at his ingenuous errors,

and then went right on making even worse ones of their own. By this time, grammar has become so neglected if not entirely abandoned a study in the schools, and dictionary-makers in their craze for size have accepted and given their *cachet* to so many spuriously-coined words, that there is probably little hope of restoration of the written and printed language to anything like its former purity in etymology and syntax. As for the spoken language, it has at least equally suffered, from a variety of causes and in a variety of ways, but all in the direction of indistinctness and, especially among people of education and culture, in that most ominous direction of "weakening" the vowel sounds. Today the full, long sounds of the major vowels, which formerly gave English speech a sonorous majesty unequalled in modern times, unless by Spanish orotund, have all but vanished, replaced by emasculated and flattened tones and in a multitude of cases by a mere indefinite grunt which leaves the hearer in doubt as to which of two or three vowels it expresses. And this detestable process has even gone so far as to involve the changing of spelling of various words, so as to conform with the debased pronunciation. In such circumstances, it is heartening to have this public and authoritative testimony given to the value of pure enunciation.

BUNK AND DEBUNK

The shrewd saying that while figures do not lie, liars do figure, seems to be applicable also to another science than mathematics. We cannot for a moment agree with the opinion once attributed to an eminent captain of industry, that "history is bunk"; but we must hold that a deplorable amount of bunk is being turned into so-called history; and this, we would unhesitatingly add, is being chiefly done by some of those who sound the loud hewgag until the welkin rings with their boasts that they are going to "debunk" the history of our great men, especially beginning with Washington, and following with Lincoln and Grant and the rest of them. We are quite ready to concede that poor old Parson Weems invented, or repeated from gossip, a lot of nonsense about the Father of His Country. Yet we are prepared to maintain

that with all his folly he related fewer misstatements, made fewer sheer inventions, and altogether presented a more truthful picture of Washington than some of the "debunkers" of today. According to this school of history, the only "real" things about any great man are his occasional lapses from greatness. In such circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the best biographies of two of the greatest men in our history were written by men in another country.

JACK SPRAT AND WIFE

Apparently the implication of the old nursery rhyme must be reversed. It is Jack Sprat, multitudinously arrayed, who now eats all the fat, and so gorges himself that he may truly be said to be "digging his grave with his teeth"; while Madame Sprat eats nothing but the leanest of the lean and very little of that, in addition performing nameless calisthenic mysteries calculated to make avoirdupois a merely nominal expression and *embonpoint* one of the "old, unhappy things" of the forgotten past. It might be difficult to determine which of the two courses is the more foolish and, indeed, reprehensible. Certain it is that ailments more or less serious and often fatal, such as are superinduced by overeating and injudicious gormandizing, are somewhat ominously on the increase among men, while thoughtful physiologists regard with much apprehension the mania—we can call it nothing less—for artificial attenuation of the female figure. Toward the former, arguments and exhortations might be in vain; because of a very literal application of the old saying *de gustibus non disputandum est.* If men are intent upon reducing, or rather expanding, themselves to a fixed diet of *sodium bicarbonate*, they must perhaps have their way. What was it that was said about braying somebody with a pestle in a mortar? But the logic of the case ought to appeal to the feminine mind. If girls are to seek "boyish" figures, and women are to affect "mannish" styles of dress, what would be thought if boys strove to cultivate "girlish" figures and men affected "womanish" fashions? On the whole, we reckon that there was sound sense in the ancient prohibition against any such confusion of the sexes.

THE NEEDED MODIFICATION OF THE PRIMARY SYSTEM

BY THE HON. CHARLES G. DAWES
Vice-President of the United States

THE perpetuity of our form of government depends upon the general exercise by our people of their right of suffrage. The fundamental assumption of our Constitutional Government is that the judgment of the people in its ultimate and not transitional form is sound—not the judgment of a portion of our qualified voters, but the judgment of all of them represented by the position of the majority when all have voted. If impartial American voters absent themselves from primary and general election polls in such numbers that organized minorities habitually control the results of elections, we have, in effect, lost our present form of government.

It is evident that if the effect of our primary laws in their present form is to reduce the number of qualified voters who exercise the franchise, they are tending to destroy government by the people instead of insuring it as was intended. I do not favor the abolishing of primary laws, but their modification, in order, among other things, to check the increasing tendency of the impartial voter to remain away from the polls at both the primary and general elections, and the consequent rapidly increasing administration of governmental power by organized minorities.

When in a Presidential election we find only about one-half of the qualified voters in the United States participating, we are forced to the conclusion that something is the matter. It would seem that the average man is exercising the franchise more from the sense of duty than with the idea of availing himself of one of the greatest privileges that mankind has known. Against a proposition that he be deprived of the right to vote, we know that he would rise in his might and die if necessary. But, assured of the right, our national experience indicates that minor considera-

tions of personal convenience are at present allowed to affect materially his decision in reference to going to the polls.

One of the objects of our election laws should be to encourage impartial voting, and in the determination of their merit we must be guided by their results. It would seem that an analysis of our municipal and State elections of the last twenty years indicates that the effect of the primary laws in their present form is to lessen the powers of the people in government rather than to augment them. The object of those who believe in the reform of our primary laws is to bring them more nearly in accord with the representative principle of the Constitutional Government bequeathed us by our fathers. It is not to deprive the mass of the voters of a party from the control of its policies and candidates, but to give them a greater control in order that the issues as exemplified both in principles and candidates may hereafter be more clearly defined, with a consequent increase in the number of impartial citizens who will vote at general elections—a result which, in my judgment, can be reached only by the reëstablishment of the convention system of party nominations, with the maintenance along with it of a primary system, open to all the members of a party, under which the delegates to a convention will be elected.

That which distinguishes the American Republic from the many republics of the past which have failed is the fact that its Constitution has made it a representative Government—one whose policies and laws are determined by representatives of the people, and not directly by the people themselves. This principle was long recognized in the government of our political parties, but in the reaction against political corruption and inefficiency the primary laws which we have passed have largely done away with it.

Our people, as is always the case when men are devoted to the upbuilding of a new country, concern themselves largely with economic problems affecting the development of material resources, to the comparative neglect of questions of governmental administration. This fact is partly responsible for the indifference with which corruption in politics and political administration is regarded for such long periods of time. However, when

the public attitude of indifference to a widespread evil is changed into one of acute apprehension, we generally seize upon the most obvious remedy, which may or may not be the correct one.

The abandonment of the representative form of party government because corruption had existed in spite of it, which was effected by the adoption of the primary system as it is at present, is an instance of that proneness to error in applying remedies which characterizes a thoroughly indignant people. We assumed that representative party government was responsible for the existence of political rascals, without realizing that political rascals will always exist and be active under any form of party government. We substituted the primary system for conventions to nominate public officials and imagined that we had abolished political rascality. Enough years have now elapsed for us to recognize the great damage thus done to our Government and our people.

Of all the causes which contribute to the falling off in the proportion of qualified voters who vote, unquestionably the lack of clear and contested issues upon principles and candidates is one of the most serious. Nothing so discourages the average American voter in going to the polls as the feeling that his vote will not help toward a real decision of principles and policies as exemplified by candidates and party platforms. When the average impartial, as distinguished from an interested, voter feels at a general election that both candidates are unworthy, he often prefers to vote for neither and absents himself from the polls. Likewise when, being a member of a political party, he finds its candidate nominated under the primary system at variance with his party policy and platform, he is inclined to stay away from the polls rather than vote for the candidate of the opposing party.

In the Presidential election of 1924, but six years after the World War, only fifty-two per cent. of the voters of our country availed themselves of the great privilege of the franchise.

If the American Government is to be a success, the American people must vote. Indifference in the attitude of the American public toward the franchise is the greatest existing menace to American institutions. It is tending to substitute government by aggressive and interested minorities for government by the

people. Especially is this the case in State, county and city elections. The percentage of the qualified vote cast in non-Presidential years is far below the fifty-two per cent. cast in the 1924 Presidential election. After making some examination into statistics gathered from different localities, I should say that in the primary contests preceding elections in non-Presidential years in State, county and city elections, North, South, East and West, an estimate that twenty-five per cent. of the qualified vote is cast is, if anything, excessive. Since there are still two dominant political parties, the vote in most localities is quite evenly divided between them. In such event the choice of the candidates to be voted on at a future election is determined in each party by a majority or plurality, as the case may be, of only about twelve and one-half per cent. of the electors. Under such circumstances, men who are elected to office are thus selected by a small minority of around seven per cent. of the qualified voters.

We all realize that, as our national wealth and population increase and business broadens and becomes more diversified, there arises the necessity not only for the centralization of greater power in State, county and city government, but also for its constant use in the carrying out of its legitimate projects.

Especially is this true in connection with State Governments. Immense road-building projects are being carried out by States, assisted by the National Government. Our State and city administrations are accustomed not only to use public employees in getting out a primary vote to maintain an existing administration in power, but in many places all those interested in construction or other public contracts with their organization and employees are expected to perform active service in getting out the primary vote for the same purpose.

At the time, therefore, when owing to the indifference of the public to the franchise, the number of qualified voters necessary to control a primary election is lessening, the number of those having a business interest in the continuance of an existing administration and willing to work at the polls for it is rapidly increasing. While the general and impartial vote is decreasing, the controlled vote is increasing. It is to be hoped that in most localities there is a scrupulous and proper use of centralized

power, but it is not too much to say that in some States and cities the power of the administration is so exerted that the dominant party will always present candidates at the election selected by those having a business and personal interest in the continuance of the administration. Where this is the case we have changed from a representative government of the people into an oligarchy dominated by self-interest.

The primary ticket open to all aspirants for nominations in elections, where many candidates are to be chosen, results in a ticket containing so many names unknown to the impartial voter that he votes in the dark. This again results in a division of the impartial vote among many candidates and an almost inevitable plurality for the organization candidates—that is candidates supported by an existing administration possessing patronage and the power of letting public contracts, which can bunch its controlled votes against a scattered field. The election of such candidates at the general election afterward, because of the habit of party regularity on the part of the impartial voter, means the rule of an oligarchy and the loss of free and clean government.

Under the old convention system such a condition would encourage the drafting and nomination of clean candidates by the opposition party in order to gain an advantage from a clear issue at the polls between clean and unclean government. Under the primary system, however, the opposition can not draft its strongest men as candidates to emphasize the issue. The opposition party is as likely to choose unknown or incompetent men as candidates as if the chance did not exist to make good government an issue by proper nominations.

The primary system is responsible for an enormous and improper use of money in contests under it, and is steadily tending to debauch our electorate. Since it lessens the opportunity of minority parties properly to make an issue of corruption before the public, it largely insures immunity to vote-buyers from political or legal consequences with resultant increase in their activity. So immense are the sums which must be spent to advertise himself under the primary system, even along legitimate lines, by a comparatively unknown candidate for a State or National office, that under these circumstances only a

very rich man, a man with rich men behind him, or a man with an organization behind and generally controlling him, is likely to succeed. When candidates offer themselves at the primaries, personalities and position upon local issues necessarily tend to overshadow the position of the candidate upon the National issues advocated by his party. In many instances, in Senatorial and Congressional, as well as State, county and city contests, the nominee of the party selected by a plurality vote at a primary with a majority vote divided among several candidates, will represent ideas obnoxious to the majority and to his party. Yet when he is nominated the habit of party regularity will still affect enough of the majority to result in his election.

The present primary system, therefore, is responsible for the election by parties of some men whose chief effort after election seems to be to disorganize their party and fight its policies. It is destroying our two party system, and under it we have witnessed a general breakdown in the standard of official personnel.

Among a great business people like our own, it is natural that economic questions constantly tend to overshadow other National issues. As economic issues come to the front which concern different sections unequally, they have a tendency to divide Congress into economic groups. Each minority group, concerned more with the economic issue affecting their locality than with general National policies, tends to join other minority groups or the opposition party in a general attitude of obstruction and hostility. A majority, when composed of a fusion of minority groups, each with a differing purpose, is generally unable to unite in a constructive programme and confines itself largely to obstructive tactics. Congress, therefore, tends to lose the power of constructive action. The primary system of nomination, lessening the dependence of candidates for nomination upon their party record, adds constantly to the number in Congress of those wearing the party label who fight their party's policies. They are aided by rules in the Senate which extend the power of minority obstruction far beyond anything intended by the Constitution. Largely because of the primaries in their present form, therefore, we are threatened with a régime of the bloc system in Congress from which, if it is not arrested, we are in danger of a breakdown in parliamentary efficiency which today is such an

outstanding characteristic in the government of European countries; a situation so acute there as to have resulted in the abandonment, at least temporarily, of parliamentary government in Poland, Italy and Spain.

Unfortunately, the legislators, both National and State, who must be depended upon to pass the necessary legislation modifying the primary system so as to embody with it the representative convention system, are the beneficiaries of it. Any man nominated under the present primary system and elected to office, although the majority of those who voted at the primary and the following election may have voted simply for the name without knowledge of the individual himself, acquires an advantage at any following election from the mere fact that his name has once been voted upon. This naturally affects his attitude on the question, first, because it adds to his political strength and, second, because it is difficult for him to believe that any system, whatever its form, under which he is selected for office, is not a wise system. As recent political events are impressing upon the public conscience a better knowledge of the evils of the primary system, we hear protest against its modification. It is intimated that those who desire to see the primary system modified do so because it takes less money to buy a convention than to buy off a majority of those voting in the primary. It would be just as logical for one to charge those who favor the retention of the present primary with a desire to see the whole electorate corrupted instead of the smaller number which comprises a convention. There is, of course, no real merit attached to either contention, but it illustrates the low grade of argument to which we may expect to listen in connection with primary reform. Superficial arguments such as this only emphasize the dangers of the present primary system, where the good talker and the good mixer often succeeds in nominating himself. Primaries should be retained for the selection of convention delegates, but until we provide again for the convention system of party nominations to accompany them, we may expect little improvement in existing political conditions. If we are reasonably to hope for real reform, we should return to the representative system of party government patterned upon the Government provided for our country by the Constitution of the United States.

SAVING THE BABIES

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT

President of the Rockefeller Foundation

It is human to delight in a sweeping generalization. If it be startling or paradoxical, so much the better. But at all costs it must be unqualified. The lay mind has little patience with the caution, hedging and half-hearted admissions of the conscientious scientist as he explores the unknown. He seems to cut a poor figure; he throws away only slightly damaged hypotheses to begin work upon new ones; he refuses to assert anything roundly; he is always spoiling a satisfying conclusion by pointing out exceptions, defects, limitations and the need of further investigation. He is a depressing popular speaker, and has no gift for writing articles on "Sunday Supplement" Science. He refuses to supply sufficiently complete and dramatic truths.

An assertion of the late Dr. Herman M. Biggs affords an illustration in point: "Public Health is purchasable within natural limitations. Any community can determine its own death rate." This dictum was useful; it arrested attention and helped to secure appropriations for public health. The emphasis quite naturally rested on the word "purchasable". The idea that health is something to be had as it were in a carton over the counter in exchange for cash is so simple that it satisfies the average, uncritical person. But the moment the "natural limitations" mentioned in this statement are enumerated it loses much of its magic.

Let it, for example, be rephrased in this fashion: "If the necessary scientific knowledge is available, if an efficient technique of practical application has been worked out, if capable and well trained officials are in authority, if an administrative organization of the proper type has been set up, then the expenditure of increasing sums of money upon such activities as experience has proved to be effective in the prevention of disease will result in a decreasing rate of sickness and death; subject, however, to the

law of diminishing returns and the approaching of a limit which is determined by biological and environmental conditions that are as yet very imperfectly understood and to only a slight extent subject to human control." That sentence will spoil the whole idea for the man in the street, who wants his generalizations straight with no nonsense nor shilly-shallying.

I

There is another generalization about health which is rather more satisfying to the average layman. "Infant mortality," says an eminent British authority, "is the most sensitive index we possess of social welfare." Here is a concrete test of national progress. One has only to find out how many of a thousand babies born alive in each country die before they reach the age of one year. Then it is a simple thing to arrange the different Nations in a scale from low to high. The relative place of any one of them becomes clear at a glance. Here surely is a precise test. Someone has called it the infant mortality thermometer.

This index of social welfare is seemingly so definite and simple that at first thought the layman feels he has at last something to bank on. Surely the experts will not qualify this statement into nothing but a timid hope. Not quite that, certainly, but they do raise somewhat disturbing questions. Here are some of them: How far are infant deaths preventable by direct and purposeful social action? To what extent do improved social or economic conditions, quite apart from conscious health measures, reduce the death rate of babies? Do we, as a matter of fact, get sufficiently accurate statistics to make domestic and international comparisons mean very much? Is a low infant mortality rate really a good thing, or does it after all do harm in the long run? How is social welfare to be defined? Is it the same thing as civilization? Is the infant mortality rate a test of culture or of comfort? Thus it turns out that the subject is not exhausted by the statement of it.

Only in this century has the baby death rate fallen in a striking way and become increasingly of moment to the public health authorities. In 1900 in New York City the rate was 183. In

1925 in about the same municipal area it had fallen to 67. In London during the same period the decline was from 159 to 68. Almost without exception there has been improvement throughout the world in the cities and countries which gather fairly accurate information. The higher rates of infant mortality in certain Nations during the war went to prove only the sensitiveness of baby deaths as an index of social conditions. It is to be remembered, too, that this infant mortality test has a significant relation to the amount of sickness among children; it is also an index of illness. For every baby that dies, many are in some degree ailing.

II

In order to trace the causes for the decline in infant mortality one must have in mind the leading diseases from which babies ordinarily die. First of all come debility, malformations, premature births, malnutrition, injuries in delivery, hereditary syphilis. These take heavy toll in early infancy. Then follow disorders of digestion and infections of the nose, throat and lungs. In 1921, in the American States of the original 1915 "registration area", the infant mortality was 78.6. This was distributed among causes of death as follows: Diseases and injuries of early infancy, thirty-eight; maladies of digestion, sixteen; maladies of the organs of breathing, eleven; certain communicable affections, six; other causes, seven. As to the possibility of preventing the deaths traceable to inheritance, pregnancy and delivery, authorities differ. One school holds that such mortality is almost wholly inevitable and possibly salutary; another insists that it is to a considerable degree preventable by proper prenatal and obstetrical care.

Whatever the truth about the control of these early deaths may turn out to be, the fact is that so far the striking reduction in infant mortality has been chiefly due to the prevention of maladies which attack the organs of digestion and breathing, especially the former. During the last quarter-century, for example, in the United States the infant death rate attributed to diarrhœa and inflammation of the intestines has fallen from forty or fifty deaths to the thousand infants, to twenty. On the other hand,

the mortality from prenatal and delivery conditions seems to have increased from less than forty to forty-five. Very likely this latter change is apparent rather than real, and is due to more accurate diagnosis and reporting of causes of death.

III

It seems clear, then, that in the cities and countries in which fewer and fewer babies have been dying, changes have been going on that have a bearing primarily upon diseases of digestion and to a considerable degree upon infections of the organs of breathing. Someone has summed up the menace to babies as "food and flies". To this might be added "dust and crowding". Improved water supplies and the purification or pasteurizing of milk are conspicuous causes of lessened mortality. In towns and cities the substitution of sewers and water closets for open latrines, the prompt removal and disposal of refuse, the banishing of stables,—the motor car deserves credit for indirectly saving life as well as blame for raising the death rate,—the paving, cleaning and sprinkling of streets, have not only largely prevented the breeding of flies but rendered such as remain relatively harmless. A low infant death rate tells a story of good sanitation, pure water, a safeguarded milk supply, and the use of the household icebox and the public cold storage plant. It may also reveal the general practice of breast-feeding, for studies have shown that babies as ordinarily fed artificially have a mortality between three and four times as high as breast-fed infants.

Fresh air and sunlight play a part in the health of babies as well as of children and grown-ups. It needs no argument to prove that better housing with good ventilation and lighting and access to open spaces, playgrounds and parks, other things being equal, improve the life chances of infants. But even fairly well designed houses and flats may be overcrowded. It has been shown that there is unmistakable relation between the number of rooms a family occupies and the sickness and death rate of its members. The greater the crowding, the higher the infant mortality. Doubts have been cast upon the idea that poverty, of which overcrowding is ordinarily an evidence, is necessarily the direct

cause of a high baby death rate. It is asserted that racial inheritance and other factors—for example, breast-feeding—may offset the handicaps of environment. The fact seems to be, however, that poverty works indirectly to raise the infant death rate through housing congestion, the mother's employment during pregnancy and the infant's first year, lack of medical attendance, defects of care, poor food, ignorance. At least one thorough statistical inquiry has revealed a striking connection between the income of a father and the mortality of his infant children. It seems safe to go upon the theory that a low rate of infant mortality reflects a fair state of home space, sunlight and air, or of outdoor life or a combination of the two, and a favorable level of income.

Another phase of progress has influenced the baby death rate. The increasing control of communicable diseases, such as typhoid, smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever, while it has not always had a direct bearing upon the health of infants, has probably in general improved conditions and promoted baby welfare. It is reasonable to assume that continued advance in this activity will have a favorable effect. A low infant mortality is thus in some degree an index not only of sanitation but of a broader public health programme in a given community or country.

At the risk of boring the reader, a few other causal relations may be merely mentioned. There is evidence to show a connection between the age of the mother and the infant death rate. Mothers under nineteen lose babies in numbers above the average. The maternal age period from twenty to thirty-four seems most favorable for infant survival. After thirty-five years the rate rises again. A first child has rather a poorer chance of living than a second, third or fourth. The fifth and subsequent babies have a less encouraging outlook. The spacing of babies is apparently another factor to be reckoned with. In general and within limits the law seems to be, the longer the interval the lower the mortality. Illegitimacy has long been recognized, and for obvious reasons, as invariably associated with a high baby and child death rate. In New Zealand, for instance, the rate for illegitimate babies is 70, compared with 40 for infants born in wedlock.

IV

"Only sanitation plus education," says an English health authority, "reaches the child death rate." When the public has done what it can for the physical environment of the baby and has brought communicable diseases under control, further progress depends upon the competence of doctors, midwives and nurses, and upon the intelligence and solicitude of parents, especially of mothers in seeking and following authoritative advice about the feeding and care of their children. One would suppose, too, that the deaths of mothers in giving birth to children would have a direct effect upon infant mortality. But this does not seem to be borne out by the facts. New Zealand has the lowest infant death rate but at the same time a rather high mortality of mothers. The high maternity death rate in the United States—twice that of England and three times the rate of Denmark—not only reveals the presence of a large Negro population but reflects defects in the obstetrical training of American doctors, the incompetence of ill trained midwives, a shortage of visiting nurses, as well as an often low standard of popular intelligence.

It has been said that the progress of the modern health movement has been from the community to the individual adult, from the adult to the child, from the child to the infant, and that of late stress has been put upon the first month of life and even upon the prenatal period. Eugenics would go still further back to parenthood. In general the tendency has been from sanitation to hygiene; first water supplies and disposal of wastes; then control of communicable diseases; finally individual hygiene, industrial hygiene, social hygiene, mental hygiene, medical inspection of school children, the care of pre-school children, infant and maternal welfare. Dispensaries, health centres, milk stations, visiting nurses, have been the direct agencies by which prenatal and confinement care, oversight of infancy, the training of mothers, the education of the general public, have been carried on, notably in New Zealand, Great Britain, Australia, the Scandinavian countries, the United States and Canada. Again it should be noted that the ability to initiate and support things

like these is in itself an evidence of leadership, public intelligence and economic strength.

One has only to list the changes which have been going on as the infant death rate has been falling, to see that he has to do with a complicated case of multiple causation. It is rather like an American political election in which many different issues have been put forward. Which of them was actually victorious? The wiseacres and partisans have material for endless and generally inconclusive discussion. So, too, with this question of infant mortality. It is only natural for the people who are engaged in purposeful and direct maternity and infant welfare work to claim a large share of the credit and to resent the attitude of another group who declare that the gain is chiefly due to an improvement in general conditions of sanitation, municipal administration, housing, recreation, standard of living and education of the public.

There is another factor, that of race and nationality, which is particularly obscure and baffling. The infant death rate among the foreign born in the United States is higher than in the native born group (in 1922: 85 and 68 respectively). Moreover the immigrants from different countries seem to bring with them something like the infant mortality rates of their foreign homes. Whether the importation of customs from the homeland explains this, or whether there is an innate racial or national influence, no one can prove convincingly. Attempts to isolate this hereditary factor have so far failed. But some experts believe that nationality must still be regarded as an important but unmeasured influence in infant mortality.

What is true of race and nationality applies in some degree to all but a few of the other causes. To assign to each even an approximate rating is almost or quite impossible. The problem is too complicated. No two communities are identical. In one, direct infant welfare work may largely counterbalance defects in sanitation. In another, a high level of municipal housekeeping and a homogeneous and intelligent population may make special efforts in behalf of babies much less necessary and influential in reducing infant mortality. But there is no need of waiting for convincing statistical proof on a large scale

to justify the modern health programme for infants and children. There can be no doubt that it has been a significant factor not only in reducing sickness and death among babies, but also in instructing individuals and families and in inducing the public to support a variety of measures which directly or indirectly safeguard the health of the community.

V

But at this point a radical doubt about baby-saving demands at least passing notice. There are people who think that the recent decline in infant mortality is by no means an unmixed blessing. They declare that unfit babies are being kept alive, that fewer deaths in the first year only mean more in the following annual periods, and that the present tendency if it continues will both impair racial efficiency and hasten the coming of over-population with all its attendant evils. It is hard to keep discussions of this problem close to verifiable facts. Theoretical speculation is pretty certain to be vague and largely futile.

The defenders of infant welfare work insist that the high mortality of the first days and weeks of life—even though this be reduced by improved prenatal and confinement care—will continue to eliminate the weakest. They further maintain that most of the diseases of infancy cannot be depended upon to be selective in weeding out the least promising babies. As to the effect of a lowered first year mortality on that of later periods, a recent study of vital statistics in Chicago for the years 1900–1925 shows that improvement was not massed in the first year but continued through the four subsequent years; that is, the weak were not kept alive merely to die a little later on.

One answer to the prediction of race deterioration and over-population is that a long experience will be necessary to demonstrate the first and that new sources of food supply are likely to be found indefinitely to postpone the second. But the really pertinent question is this: In a world competition, is not emphasis shifting from the fitness of the individual to the fitness of the group? Is it not the fit Nation that will survive? And are not the ideals and sentiments which foster the young, care for

the sick, and cherish the aged, inextricably bound up with the forces of social solidarity and group efficiency? To know how to save life and to withhold the means is only a step from the exposure of infants. Of this, modern society is incapable. Only by putting a stop to research and by a hardening of hearts could this be brought about. The classical story of the dog-fancying bachelor who on inspecting the twins said: "I'd keep that one," gets all its point from its essential impossibility in modern society. It would not have seemed humorous in Sparta.

VI

But the reader grows weary of detailed analysis and of somewhat vague speculation. He is more than ready to grant that infant mortality is at least a rough index of living conditions, distribution of wealth, intelligence, social efficiency, in many different combinations. What he wants to know is how various countries stand when this test is applied. Or perhaps he is curious as to the relative place of his own community among the cities of the United States. It would seem to be simple enough to get the statistics and to arrange the results in scales, hierarchies and thermometers. Certainly, this can be done and will be done a little later in this article, but unfortunately the thing is not quite so simple as it seems, and the results are far from being as accurate as one would like to have them.

So before comparisons are made, a few things are to be said about vital statistics, that is, records of marriages, births, deaths, and sometimes of sickness. While these facts are gathered in all well organized countries, the results vary widely in accuracy and significance. Some Nations, China, for instance, have no statistics at all. Even the total of the Chinese population is unknown. Estimates which are really little more than guesses about births and deaths are based on meagre and widely scattered data in mission hospitals and dispensaries or on untypical records in foreign concessions. On the other hand, the vital statistics of England, Scotland and Wales, of the Scandinavian countries, and of Holland and Germany, set a high standard.

Unfortunately, not all the Commonwealths in the United

States have reached the same level. Even among the thirty-five States whose reports enjoy official international recognition there is considerable variation in the accuracy and completeness of the returns. Of the thirteen other States, six (Alabama, Colorado, Louisiana, Missouri, South Carolina and Tennessee) make acceptable reports of deaths, but not of births, while the remaining seven (Arkansas, Georgia, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Texas) are unable to offer satisfactory returns of either births or deaths. In most of these thirteen states either the presence of a large Negro population or the wide distribution of people over a large frontier region offers explanation if not excuse for failure to meet modern standards. While this shortcoming is in general an evidence of apathy, it is sometimes due in part to active opposition. During a recent attempt to induce the Legislature of Georgia to provide funds for improving the vital statistical service, a doctor violently attacked the plan. He denounced the gathering of statistics as a violation of the individual's right to privacy, and a ghoulish invasion of the death chamber.

This variation within the United States is to be found in other countries. In Chile, for example, fairly trustworthy facts are available for cities like Santiago and Valparaiso, and for the central valley of the South, but with respect to remote settlements in the foot-hills and mountains the information is of a quite different sort. The report for a whole country may thus give a misleading picture. A similar distortion results from the use of averages, as will presently be pointed out in its bearing on infant mortality. The average death rate may either reveal almost uniform conditions throughout a city or country, or may conceal the fact that in mining and industrial towns a dangerously high rate is offset by the favorable mortality of countryside and residential towns.

VII

Enough has been said to warn the reader against putting uncritical faith in vital statistics. One should know the conditions under which they are gathered and should realize the need of cautious, even suspicious, interpretation. This being true, it

follows that the statistical comparison of one country with another becomes a rather precarious adventure. This applies particularly to the causes to which deaths are attributed. Of late there has been some progress made towards a more uniform procedure.

Through an International *Office d'Hygiene* in Paris, attempts have been made to agree upon a list of "causes of death" which all coöperating countries will use in their reports. But obviously the value of these returns will depend among other things upon the number of cases actually seen by doctors, upon the skill of doctors in diagnosing diseases,—one country, for example, used to report a quarter of its deaths as from causes unknown,—and upon the method of transmitting the certificates of death. If these are given by physicians openly to the relatives of the deceased instead of being sent directly and secretly to a government bureau, the result will vary a good deal from that in countries where the latter procedure is enforced. There are diseases from which a kindly and sympathetic doctor will not let a patient die. For example, in countries where tuberculosis used to carry a kind of stigma, it was not strange that benevolent family physicians comforted the mourners of those who fell victims to consumption with verdicts of bronchitis and pneumonia.

Records of infant births and deaths are not only subject to the errors which have been mentioned but are affected by special causes. General carelessness in reporting for a whole population is likely to be particularly true of babies, notably if they die within a short time of birth. Again, experience seems to show that deaths are less in danger of being overlooked than births. The effect of this is to increase the apparent mortality rate and to give a misleading picture. Comparisons are also sometimes deceptive because of differences of practice. Certain countries used to include still births among infant deaths. This would naturally exaggerate the mortality when it was measured by the rate of countries which used only live birth figures. The almost universal rule which is now applied defines infant mortality, as has been already said, as the number of every thousand babies born alive who die before they reach the age of one year.

There are still other disturbing factors. In France three

days are allowed for the registration of a birth. If a baby born alive dies within three days neither its birth nor its death is recorded. Here is still another example of divergence. The fact that so many infants are sent out of Paris to nurses in the country introduces a complication. Deaths among these babies are reported locally and tend to make the Paris rate of infant mortality seem somewhat more favorable than it really is. Or in the case of other cities the situation may be reversed. Many babies brought in from the country to clinics and hospitals for treatment die and add to the urban mortality rate. One more instance may be given. The adding of new suburbs to a city may bring down the rate of the enlarged municipality without changing the actual situation at all. The more favorable rate of the annexed district merely reduces a little the statistical average of the whole city.

The limitations of this statistical average have already been mentioned. It deserves a little further attention. The general value of the average as a mental tool must be admitted. After all, it is well nigh impossible to get on without the idea. Normality itself is in the end usually defined in terms of the average. But when this average is derived from widely varying social facts scattered over a large area, the result may signally fail to give a true impression. It is gratifying, for example, to an American to learn that the average infant mortality in the registration area—the States whose figures are accepted—of the United States was only seventy-two in 1925; but this will not tell him that in Martinsburg, West Virginia, it was 156; in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, 145; in Jefferson City, Missouri, 133; in Pensacola, Florida, 124; in Chester, Pennsylvania, 105; in New Britain, Connecticut, 103; in New Orleans, Louisiana, 98; in Washington, D. C., 87; in Boston, Massachusetts, 85. Nor on the other hand does the average give any hint that the rate of San Francisco, California, was 55; of Seattle, Washington, 45; of Malden, Massachusetts, 40; of Oak Park, Illinois, 35; and of Winona, Minnesota, and Stonington, Connecticut, 32. This applies to a single city as well as to a whole country. It is necessary to know the figures for each district. A serious problem may be concealed by what seems to be a fairly good average. For example, in

London in 1922 the rate varied from 103 in a congested region like Shoreditch to 55 in the West End Borough of Westminster.

In connection with this trickiness of the statistical average, an effect of the lowering of infant mortality calls for a few words. Much has been made of late of the success of preventive medicine in prolonging human life. It is shown that the average age at death has been rising steadily during recent decades. The middle aged reader of these reports has a comfortable feeling that his personal lease of life has been quite rightly extended. So it is something of a shock to him to learn that this increase in the average has been largely, perhaps chiefly, due to the fact that so many more babies are growing up to contribute their accumulating years to the grand total to be distributed.

VIII

But it is high time to put an end to these tiresome cavils about statistics and to give a list of the Nations in the order of their success in keeping babies alive. Once more the reader is warned that the figures are far from being equally trustworthy (they are not even all for the same year), and that they cover within many of the countries widely divergent conditions. Here, then, is the best that can be done at present: New Zealand 40, Norway 49, Australia 53, Sweden 55, Switzerland 61, Union of South Africa 69, United States 72, England and Wales 75, Canada 79, Denmark 81, France 89, Belgium 100, Uruguay 104, Finland 107, Germany 108, Italy 128, Austria 141, Spain 143, Czechoslovakia 146, Russia (in Europe) 147, Egypt 150, Venezuela 161, Japan 163, Hungary 168, Lithuania 170, British India 176, Argentina 182, Rumania 207, Chile 266.

It is a temptation to speculate about the causes which distribute the Nations in this scale. The explanation of the lowest rate is not obscure. New Zealand's record is the envy of the world. Here are found a sturdy stock, a healthful climate, a favorable distribution of the population, a general diffusion of well being, a good level of public education, and a notable system of infant welfare work. It has even been suggested that some of the Old World germs have not yet found their way to this

paradise of the Pacific. But it is not so easy to understand at first glance why England and the United States, in which conditions seem so widely different, should have almost the same rate. Again it must be kept in mind that no one factor but a combination of factors is measured by this infant mortality index. Possibly advantages in homogeneity of population, sanitation, control of communicable diseases, law enforcement, outdoor life, in England nearly offset the generally superior climatic, economic and social conditions which prevail in the United States. It must be remembered, too, that if the Negro population—its infant mortality is always higher than the White—were excluded from the American totals, the result would be different. Another comparison challenges attention. Why should Denmark, one of the most efficient and intelligent countries of all, be tenth in the list? But it profits little to attempt explanations of situations so complex.

Infant welfare, along with the improvement of all health protection, is becoming increasingly an international concern. In 1912 the reduction of infant mortality was a leading topic in the programme of the fifteenth International Congress on Health and Demography in Washington. The Health Committee of the League of Nations is now giving special attention to the task of getting the member Nations to make more accurate and comparable reports of births and deaths. Non-governmental agencies, like the League of Red Cross Societies and the Rockefeller Foundation, are playing some part also in this international campaign.

It would be gratuitous to argue that infant mortality is not a sensitive index of civilization or of culture in their wider meaning. It would, for example, be hard to show any significant relation between baby deaths and the development of science, philosophy, painting, music, literature. But there can be no doubt that infant mortality is a useful measure of the degree to which a population group has been able to control its environment, distribute its wealth, and educate its citizens. If one is limited to putting a single question about a city, a State, or a Nation, let him ask this: "Of a thousand of your live born babies, how many die within their first year?"

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIPS!

BY THE HON. THOMAS S. BUTLER

WHEN we attempt to estimate what would be an adequate naval force for the United States to maintain, under the authority imposed upon Congress by the Constitution, it would be well to consider first the place which we hold in relation to the other nations of the earth. The Republic of Andorra does not need a military force to resist invasion from without, because that country has nothing that another nation would covet. Well-meaning people doubtless live in Andorra and have that which suits their desires, but I should not think of comparing the military needs of the United States with those of that peaceful republic, which has had no war for a thousand years. Perhaps Andorra has neither men who wish to fight nor things over which to fight. She has lived an undisturbed life among peoples often in conflict, and she may continue to live on enjoying her well deserved peace. On the other hand, during about one-half of the one hundred and fifty-one years of our independence, we have been involved in strife of some kind in which the regular, organized military forces of the United States, under the direction of the Chief Executive, have been employed in the enforcement of American rights or the preservation of American lives.

It must not be forgotten that we live in America, and not in Andorra; that we obtained our independence through eight years of bloodshed and privation; that much of the intense, patriotic feeling which moved the American people from 1775 to 1783 has been passed down to their descendants; and that during the years which have followed, they have acquired much lands and goods, and rights abroad, which require military force to protect. Not the least important possession of all is that known as "American pride". I am thankful that I have lived during a time when this pride has increased with the increase of our responsibilities. Our people raise their voices for peace, while they clench their hands for war. There is no American who appreciates the services

rendered by our ancestors one hundred and fifty years ago who would dare to advocate the abolition of our military forces. We all admit the necessity of an adequate force, but the use of the word does not help us in providing it. This American pride is injected into America's youth through all the school books where is read, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." He would be an outcast who should advocate millions for tribute, but not one cent for defense.

I recall the War with Spain in 1898. I was one Member of Congress who voted for the resolution declaring it. Many of us resisted the pressure of the people for three months, until finally Congress yielded to the inevitable and passed the resolution. It was the pride of the American people, aroused over the sight of suffering humanity and in the cause of those deprived of liberty, that brought on this conflict. Other reasons were stated by our President, but all of us who lived then know what moved Congress. In dealing with that characteristic of our people, national pride, it is the business of Congress to make provisions to sustain it.

Americans have never submitted, and they never will submit willingly, to any Nation which challenges their just rights through the show of military force. To argue against this is to argue without facts and without reason, and my statement is proved by recalling the conflicts which we have had during the one hundred and fifty-one years of our independence. The major wars in which both the Army and Navy have taken part were: In 1775–83, the War of Independence; in 1812–15, the second War with Great Britain; in 1846–48, the War with Mexico; in 1861–65, the Civil War; in 1898–1900, the Spanish War and Philippine Insurrection; in 1900, the Boxer Campaign; in 1917–18, the World War.

In addition to these wars, the Navy has participated in the following campaigns, expeditions and combats: In 1798–99, the War with France; in 1801–05, the War with Tripoli; in 1807, the *Chesapeake-Leopard* affair; in 1811, the *President-Little Belt* affair; in 1815, the War with Algiers and demonstrations against Tunis and Tripoli; in 1821–24, campaigns against West Indian pirates; in 1863, the *Wyoming's* action against Japanese pirates in

Shimonoseki Straits; in 1894, the Rio de Janeiro affair; in 1912, the Nicaraguan campaign; in 1914, the Vera Cruz affair; in 1915, the Haitian campaign; in 1916, the Dominican campaign; in 1919–20, the Haitian campaign; in 1924–27, operations on the Yangtze River; in 1926–27, the Nicaraguan intervention; in 1927, the Chinese expedition.

While the Navy has been thus engaged at sea, our Army has carried on no less than twenty-three campaigns against the Indians, many of them marked with serious fighting: In 1776, the Cherokee attack on settlements in Eastern Tennessee and North Carolina; in 1778, the massacre of Wyoming in Pennsylvania; in 1779, the expedition of General Sullivan against the Iroquois; in 1790, the Indian War; in 1790, General Harmer defeated; in 1791, General St. Clair's campaign; in 1794, General Wayne victorious; in 1803, Navajos in hostility to the whites; in 1811, the war incited by Tecumseh; in 1812, the Winnebagoes and Dakotas took sides with the English in the war against the United States; in 1813, the Creek War; in 1817, Border warfare with the Seminoles; in 1832, the Black Hawk War; in 1835, the Seminole War; in 1848, trouble with Oregon Indians; in 1855, the Rogue River War; in 1862, the Sioux Rebellion; in 1862, an Apache outbreak; in 1865, an outbreak of the Shoshones; in 1872, an Apache outbreak; in 1873, the Modoc War; in 1876, the Sioux Rebellion; in 1879, war with the Utes; in 1890, the Dakota Rebellion; in 1916, General Pershing's campaign against Villa.

Thus it is shown that either our Army or Navy, or both of them, have been employed in forty-eight wars and warlike operations, during seventy-nine years of the period from 1775 to 1927. In all these seventy-nine years of armed conflict we prevailed because of our military supremacy; America has never since the establishment of her Army and Navy besought her enemy to withhold its force, that we might pay tribute and avoid a conflict.

It is contended by some that a number of these armed conflicts might have been avoided, or made less costly in both men and money, if America had been provided with sufficient military armament. We should so regard these past lessons that they may the better prepare us for the future, either to secure a peace honorable to ourselves or to make a successful defense against

those who would assail us. There are other powerful Nations in the world, with the same national pride that we Americans have; and, like us, they have lands and goods to be coveted and many rights to be preserved. These Nations are crowding each other for commerce, and I know of no way to protect it against the would-be destroyer except by the method that has always been employed. All of these Nations, including our own, have outlying possessions, and, having assumed the responsibility of government for their people, it is their duty to provide the means of protection. The Nation which would decline to supply the protection involved in that responsibility, is unfitted for the task it has undertaken.

America's pride in her ability to administer government for herself and her dependents will always demand a sufficient force to maintain that ability. Wherein is this to be found? Why do we need battleships and battle cruisers, light cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers, aircraft and aircraft carriers, in time of peace? First, because they constitute the material part of that force known as a Navy, maintained ready for instant service. It cannot be supplied when an emergency arises. This was contemplated by the Constitution makers. Second, even if such armament could be bought at any time in an open market for reasonable figures, we must have it for the training of our personnel. These weapons will not fight themselves. They have to be employed by the hands of man, and these hands must be experienced in such employment. Hence it becomes necessary to maintain a large force of highly trained men, available for any emergency; it takes longer to instruct men than it does to construct ships. The personnel and the material of these fighting machines are so dependent, one upon the other, that it would be useless to have one without the other. After thirty years' study of the naval service, I am of the opinion that for its complete success much more attention should be given to the personnel than to the material.

It is only necessary to recall a bit of history of the naval situation during the War of Independence, when the Colonies were able to buy some merchant vessels and arm them with the best kind of guns they could find. These ships were then turned over to crews inexperienced in naval warfare. The result was not sat-

isfactory. Disputes arose among the seamen, and even among the officers, which practically destroyed their usefulness, and this sort of a floating force was expected to combat the English Navy that had been developed during hundreds of years. The disappointing outcome can be summed up in the statement that of all the war craft provided by the Colonies, at the end of the war there remained only what could be counted on two fingers. In the critical Yorktown campaign, it was the French fleet of Count de Grasse upon which the Continental armies had to rely. We had no naval vessels capable of standing against the British squadrons. We could not buy a real war fleet, and had little time to build one.

Recognizing the necessity for naval preparation, the great statesmen of that period wrote into the Constitution that Congress should have the power to construct and maintain a Navy, and the legislators then undertook that this power conferred upon them should be at least in part observed. The War of 1812 brought a different result, for then our naval personnel was trained and demonstrated its worth in many combats. The only criticism must be directed against its size rather than its efficiency.

Again, in 1898 the British ships took their places in Manila Bay between Dewey's little ships and the German squadron. It was this incident, more than any other, which determined us that thereafter we would take our own part and it should not be necessary to look to our neighbor to protect us. I was one of those who then initiated a movement which resulted in a great American fleet.

In endeavoring to measure what the word "adequate" should involve, we must not fail to recognize that some Nations do not seem to have much love for us. It may be for the fact that we have more money and are asking payment of certain obligations. It may be jealousy of our export commerce on the high seas. It may be that there is suspicion of our growing possessions beyond our own borders. It may be dislike of our extension of trade in every direction. It may be that the Doctrine of James Monroe is not quite acceptable. Be these things as they may, and as unfortunate as that supposed cold feeling may be, (greatly deplored

by every American,) it is not altogether well to lose sight of the necessities there may be to provide for ourselves.

We do not belong to the League of Nations, and America has decided not to join it. If we cannot induce the Powers further to limit their naval armaments, the necessity for a greater American sea force is thereby increased. We have had some dispute with Mexico, and we have been intervening in Nicaragua, and have had to send military forces to China. It is true that these Powers are not formidable in military armament. But suppose some of our stray bullets should happen to fly over the boundaries of a stronger Power? What then?

It has been the policy of America, maintained by the present Administration, to secure safety to the property and persons of all our nationals, wherever their presence is permitted by a foreign Government and wherever their possessions have been honestly and legitimately acquired. We do not need the employment of our eighteen great battleships in such minor expeditions. They are lying at their anchors and it is not anticipated that their use will be required. Yet I was among those who in 1914 never thought that in 1917 we would make a declaration of war against Germany. Our wisest statesmen today make no forecasts of our possible complications upon the outbreak of hostility among our neighbors.

I was one of a half dozen Members of Congress who determined in 1898, with the active influence of President McKinley, the Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, that there should be constructed and maintained by this Government a sufficient naval force to answer all the Nation's needs. We understood that this force was to be employed as either the President of the United States or Congress might direct; and, bearing the Manila incident in mind, as told to us oftentimes by Admiral Dewey, we determined that this force should be sufficient, no matter what its size might grow to be. We began this modern Navy by comparing it with the navies of the different Nations. We knew no way of providing what is known as an "adequate" force, except by making this comparison. If other Nations reduce their navies, we will do likewise, and will be not only willing but glad to do so.

If other Powers insist upon enlarging theirs, we must enlarge ours also. If they are willing to cut their forces in half, we will do likewise, and thank them for the opportunity to gratify the hopes and aspirations of the American people.

We have adopted in these days the stereotyped phrase, "rounding out our fleet". America has eighteen big battleships; England has twenty; Japan has ten. The military usefulness of these great ships is based upon numbers of smaller craft, without which the battleships could not exert their full power against an enemy. England, Japan, France and Italy have proceeded to construct these smaller craft, informing us that it is necessary for them to build these vessels for their own military purposes; which means, of course, to strengthen their fleets to the full ratios assigned in the Washington Treaty. America does not possess these smaller ships in the numbers necessary to balance her fleet properly, and thus we have fallen below the Treaty ratios. It is true, we have ten 7500-ton cruisers, well built, modern ships of war. Without going into figures which have been laid before the public during the last few months, it may be well to know that England has determined to "round out" her battleship fleet with sixty-four cruisers of nearly 400,000 tons, and has intimated unofficially that she will insist on completing all the vessels at present authorized. What Japan proposes to do, we cannot accurately learn; but we believe, from the best authority obtainable, that her objective is twenty-nine such ships, so as to make her fleet available for all military purposes. She has avowed her intention to begin the construction of more cruisers, and that she will not accept the 5-3 ratio in so far as this type of vessel is concerned. France, as long ago as 1922, announced publicly her determination to reserve to herself the right to build cruisers, destroyers and submarines, far above her battleship ratio. She now repeats this determination.

The President in his annual message to Congress said that the cruiser situation needed attention, and the Naval Affairs Committee of the House gave it that attention. Here, among other things, is what was discovered: That if the 5-5-3 ratio recommended by the President be accepted by these countries and is based on the British displacements, we must build subsidiary

craft costing this Government nearly four hundred million dollars, provided we maintain a parity with Great Britain, which the President recommends should be done. I assume that no American would be willing to permit our battleships to drop in numbers and effectiveness behind those that were awarded to us by the Washington Conference, and I feel that I am equally safe in assuming that should the Nations agree to maintain the same ratio of smaller vessels, our people would insist on Congress providing for the full allowed quota of such vessels. I feel certain that if our Delegates should make a treaty which reduced our allowance of modern cruisers below a parity with Great Britain and below a 5-3 superiority over Japan, the American people, through their Congress, would disapprove such a treaty.

The question of America destroying any further ships is not before us, for we have nothing to destroy. We made our destruction in 1922. Now, we are asking these foreign Nations to make the same sacrifice, so as not to be compelled to enlarge our subsidiary fleet to equal theirs. The hope is strong within me that these Nations may be willing to make the great sacrifice; but at the same time we must keep our minds open for the disappointment which we may suffer.

It would seem to me that, if the Japanese Government or the British Government was thinking very well of America's proposal for further limitation, and intended to destroy many of its cruisers so as to meet our wishes, it would not continue to spend large sums of money this year to be wasted next year. Remember that when we invited the Nations to come to the Washington Conference, we had something on hand; we had something to offer for sacrifice to tempt our visitors to agree. Now, we are issuing the invitation with a postscript to it, requesting them to make the sacrifice. The picture changes here.

America has built and is building only 125,000 tons of cruisers. If the 5-5-3 ratio of cruisers is set at this figure, Great Britain would have to scrap 207,000 tons of cruisers and Japan would have to scrap 30,000 tons. I fear there is little chance that these countries will agree to such a sacrifice. If the ratio were based on the tonnage of vessels built, building and authorized, in order to reach a 5-5 ratio with Great Britain in subsidiary ships, assum-

ing that she authorizes no further vessels, we should have to build twenty-one cruisers, one aircraft carrier, and four 2000-ton submarines, at a total cost of $382,000,000. In order to reach a 5-3 ratio with Japan, we should have to build fourteen cruisers, one aircraft carrier, nineteen 2000-ton submarines, and seventeen 1000-ton submarines, at a total cost of $396,000,000.

Thus, even should an Arms Conference be successful in limiting subsidiary craft on a 5-5-3 ratio, we would have an expensive building programme ahead of us. As we are falling farther behind all the time, it is proper that our people should frankly adopt one of two alternatives: First, openly declare our policy of giving up the 5-5-3 ratio; or, second, build the ships to bring us to this ratio in every type of naval craft.

To me, it is inconceivable that our people who, in 1922, voluntarily gave up naval supremacy for equality, should today, when causes for war are appearing, and a propaganda of hate is being directed at us from many sources, deliberately allow that supposed equality to become a grave inferiority. I firmly believe that, now that the facts are known, American citizens everywhere will demand a Navy second to none, and will unite in saying, "Don't give up the ships!"

I have worked constantly for more than a quarter of a century to avoid a situation which would require America to expand her sea force. I now feel that failure is at hand, because the other Sea Powers have defined by their programmes what they deem to be adequate navies for their purposes, and show no willingness to reduce further. I can see no safe course for America, except to adopt a similar programme by making our Navy fully effective by supplying all needful craft to balance the fleet. In a single line, should a Conference fail, only one road is open to us, to build new ships to maintain a force at sea comparable with that maintained by the other Sea Powers.

UNTANGLING RURAL FINANCE

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

THE period since 1920, the height of farm country prosperity, has seen some crops above normal; it has experienced others that scarcely paid for the sowing; it has gone through great variations in price levels for products, and has struggled with towering overhead expense. The task of the rural section has been elimination of the debris accumulated with freedom when expansion was the fashion.

The real need of the producer all through this era of readjustment has been a sufficiency of debt-paying power. Liberal crop yields might have furnished this had there not been previous lean years. Overhanging obligations called for all that could be spared in any year and when, as in the last season, there was only an average return, little headway could be made in cleaning house. The public, failing to understand the actual situation, and perhaps somewhat misled by reports of total incomes, has wondered at continued reports of financial embarrassment. Why should bank failures continue eight years after the war's end? Why should there yet be reports of "frozen assets" when so enormous volumes of production have been gathered?

The truth is that few of the two hundred bank failures in the interior during 1926 were caused by anything that happened that year or in the two or three years preceding. Most suspensions came from long held claims against farmers and stockmen, impossible to collect. These banks had endeavored in vain to secure liquidation. The country was not producing in dollars sufficiently to carry on its operations and at the same time lessen the contents of the bank's note case. The time came when the institutions' books were so badly out of balance that the doors were closed. Deplorable as were such events to the local communities concerned, it was in effect a clearing of the bank fog, eliminating weak banks and bringing the number of institutions nearer to a fair relation to the actual needs of the communities.

The efforts of the banking departments to "clean house" have been carried on with circumspection, but nevertheless it has been recognized that at some time there must be final reckoning and the sooner the financial status was established the better it would be for the farm section as a whole. So they have insisted on charging off dead notes as rapidly as possible, have demanded new capital where the investment was impaired, and have steadily sought to untangle the complicated skein of financial experiment that was the heritage of earlier days.

The country banker knows that no single crop can completely rehabilitate conditions upset for over a half decade, and that time must enter as an element in solving the problems of diverse lines of credit based on hopes rather than on assets. The magnitude of the task is enhanced by the wide variance of development and of the degree and character of credit disturbances. Popularly, all that territory between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains is grouped as "the West". To it are ascribed an approximately uniform climate, soil and productivity. Doubtless this idea comes from the tradition of early westward movements of population. For generations it was assumed that the Father of Waters marked the line of established Eastern civilization—beyond was "new country". Yet fundamental differences actually make two longitudinal divisions of the vast area, the bread basket of the nation. Each has its peculiar tendencies in expansion; each calls for particular treatment in a period of recovery from a depression era.

One diagnosis concerns the high plains country where agriculture may be conducted on a grand scale, where are spreading wheat acreages and open range, with prairie towns separated by magnificent distances; the other has to do with the older settled, abundantly watered, well wooded territory farther east where farms are comparatively small and where dairying, intensive cultivation and a multitude of thriving towns and cities exist.

The newer a country the more spectacular its ups and downs. The prairie section had keenest disappointment; it registered most rapid recovery. Since homestead days it has been accustomed to widely fluctuating experiences. In a single year it has seen hundreds of thousands of settlers move out to "go back

East to the wife's folks", or to seek more promising habitation; other years have recorded an immigration as extensive. A series of seasons with extremely meager crops, apparently dooming agriculture to extinction, have been followed by bursting bins and fat bank accounts. From 1920 to 1926 this section had hundreds of bank failures; it defaulted in interest payments; it toiled without gaining an income equal to its outgo. In 1924 it harvested a bumper crop of highest quality wheat; from a price that spelled ruin without quotation marks that cereal advanced in the market more than sixty per cent., with results exerting widespread effects on the political and social condition and providing a temporary tonic for general business.

Here is an incident of just how striking was the reversal: A farmer out on the high plains had planted his six hundred and forty acres to wheat for three years, in no season receiving a return that paid for his labor and seed. With credit exhausted and seeking some means of existing through the winter, he made this proposition to a business man of the county seat: "If you will pay for the seed and for my labor in planting, I will harvest and market the crop and give you three-fourths of the receipts." That business man was a close figurer. He estimated that it would cost $2,500 to carry the undertaking and demanded four-fifths of the grain, and the deal was off. The local banker finally decided to stake his already heavily obligated customer once more. Nine months later, 15,500 bushels of high grade wheat from that section of land were delivered to the elevator; it brought $1.25 a bushel, a total of $19,375. Had the crop been held until midwinter it would have brought $25,000. The banker doubtless considers himself a true benefactor.

This was typical of what happened all through the wheat belt, though not every incident was so colorful with profit. It is easy to see what it did for business creditors and for the banks which had carried the burden of unpaid notes.

But came another ebb tide. Two years of crop failure, or near failure, more borrowing, more expansion of bank credit to the straining point, and then more banks failed. It was nothing that "farm relief" could have helped, nor was there bad management, unless too great faith in the recovery of the country can be so

called. Lack of moisture at needed periods, hot winds, insufficient financial income, were factors that acted here as they have in the entire upland area, making slow the entire recovery from war time expansion.

Bank failures are not sudden affairs; barring of course a stroke of rascality. They arrive at the end of a long-drawn-out struggle with conditions. Day by day deposits are withdrawn by depositors who are either pressed to use their savings or are nervous concerning the bank's stability. Frantically the officers strive to collect on outstanding obligations; every debtor is cajoled or threatened in an effort to induce payment on his note. If the effort be unavailing, loans are known to be "frozen" and the time comes when either the banking department orders the institution closed or the banker himself, weary of the stress, locks the door and pastes on the window a notice that the end has come.

This procedure assumed for a time rapid motion in the Dakotas, Western Nebraska, Western Kansas and Oklahoma, leaving wreckage of closed country banks that startled the West's business world. Into the Northwest reached the helping hand of bankers and business men of New York, Chicago and other financial centers. The quality of their intention was not strained; the Agricultural Credit Corporation, through which operations were carried on, had subscriptions of $10,000,000 from 438 subscribers, comprising the highest type of business men, all eager to assist through direct credit in the territory most afflicted. It could have expanded this sum to $100,000,000 through the War Finance Corporation had it been needed. The plan was to select the strong bank in a community and sustain its credit, usually with full publicity to insure confidence and prevent runs or withdrawals of deposits. The basic idea was to establish the normal functioning of business and restore its people to confident application to their usual pursuits. A curious outcome was the small aid actually demanded to put life and courage into downcast communities; only a little over $4,000,000 was used. It was placed in twelve banks in Minnesota, ninety-eight in North Dakota, sixty-one in South Dakota, twenty-five in Montana and nine in outside States. The Corporation also assisted many

farmers directly, relieving them of excessive interest charges on past due taxes and otherwise strengthening their position. Finding itself with funds remaining for helpfulness, the Corporation entered on the work of aiding producers in diversified farming, particularly by distributing live stock. Over 32,000 ewes, purchased mostly in Montana, were shipped to North Dakota principally, with some to South Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin, an average of fifty to a farm. The farmers were given three years in which to pay for them at the rate of thirty per cent. the first year, thirty per cent. the second, and forty per cent. the third. Interest was charged at six per cent. Over 3,000 dairy cows also were placed on farms, with long time, easy payment contracts.

It is recognized that no one device of this kind will cover for all time the difficulties of the farmer, any more than any single device can be invented to remove all difficulties in the operation of any other line of business. However, in view of the restoration of confidence at the beginning and the fine helpfulness in establishing a sounder agricultural practice later, the movement has amply justified its existence. It strengthened the entire Northwest directly, while indirectly laying a foundation for the future.

W. M. Jardine, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, with Western frankness and inspired by practical experience in solving rural financial problems, voiced thus a disapproval of theories proposing to bring economic paradise by law:

> No one takes issue with the thought that Congress can and should help smooth the way for farmers, as well as for any other group. But too few persons stop to consider that legislation cannot accomplish everything. There is not a veritable pot of gold at the end of the legislative rainbow. There is no magic power in legislation as a panacea for agricultural difficulties. Laws and public agencies can help farmers make the most of their opportunities. They can help farmers who help themselves. But legislation must be sound and must not contain the germ of more ultimate harm than positive good.

Into this readjustment of the prairie country entered another factor, the War Finance Corporation. From its inception in August, 1921, it loaned to the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma for agricultural and livestock purposes $60,415,000. When it turned over its affairs on December 1, 1924, to the Intermediate Credit Banks, after four years of notably effective service,

$47,957,000 had been repaid, a considerable portion out of the 1924 harvests. It is not difficult to see where went much of the income of the season. Liquidation of heaped up debts called for a percentage that in many instances absorbed the entire profits and left yet to be solved the carrying on of the future operations.

These readjustments were individual. In an entirely different category is the untangling of the bankers' own plans to improve on economic law through the guaranty of deposits by assessments levied on solvent banks to meet the deficit of those forced to close. In prosperous times, when bank failures were rare, it seemed a marvelous invention, certain to revolutionize the banking field. In the stress of circumstances has come another phase and settlement time brought strenuous tasks in readjustment, due to the vast volume of claims from depositors in closed banks and the inability of solvent institutions to meet assessments for their liquidation.

Kansas, for instance, adopted its guaranty law in 1909. For ten years there were but two or three small failures, and the losses were easily covered. Then came a series of years in which over one hundred banks failed, and by the beginning of 1927 there were unpaid claims of depositors amounting to over $5,000,000 with assets in the fund of less than $1,000,000. Of the 630 banks that had originally voluntarily entered the guaranty fund, less than one hundred remained and the maximum assessments possible under the law would not pay off the deficit in a full century, provided these continued as members. The guaranty provision did not attract deposits materially, but it is claimed by bankers that it did encourage inefficient and reckless banking, because the poorly managed bank was, theoretically at least, on a par with the sound bank in its assurance of safety.

Oklahoma, finding that it had some $10,000,000 of guaranteed claims unpaid, with little possibility of their ever being met, and State banks nationalizing rapidly to avoid assessments, has repealed its guaranty law and wiped the slate clean of old obligations. In South Dakota it is estimated that when all possible assets of failed banks have been collected, a deficit of some $15,000,000 will remain to be paid by assessments on 430 remaining State banks. How this will be adjusted is not yet deter-

mined. The Legislature faced the problem with two principal alternatives: repeal of the guaranty law, or issuance of State bonds to meet the deficit. A similar condition exists in North Dakota, where over $7,000,000 in claims are pending. Nebraska, the other Prairie State adopting the bank guaranty, has assessed its State banks $14,000,000 in the last eight years and has paid off depositors of failed banks whose losses totaled nearly twice that sum, the remainder being paid from the assets of suspended institutions. Texas early in 1927 repealed its guaranty law, under which $20,000,000 had been paid by solvent banks to depositors in suspended institutions.

Other factors in the rural financial structure demanded attention. Politicians, imbued with a desire to "do something for the people", whether or not it had intrinsic merit, evolved intricate schemes for expanding credit and for taking over business affairs by the State. Some of these seemed logical; in others their utter weakness was evident. Apparently legislators, usually unfamiliar with extensive business management, and influenced by reports of alleged "demands" from their constituents, were willing to try anything once; and generally they did.

For instance, the farm mortgage. Loaning money on real estate is not a complicated proceeding, but when the operation is placed in the hands of political appointees it often becomes ensnared with a desire to please the voter, a tendency that does not inure to the safeguarding of funds. One group of States has confined its disposition of farm loans to investment of school funds obtained through sale of lands segregated in homestead days for the benefit of the educational institutions of the commonwealth.

But some States were not satisfied with the Federal and private supplies of loan funds; they wanted to enter the mortgage loan field themselves. According to the census of 1920, the farms of Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas were mortgaged for $1,450,000,000, a figure increased since. The leading life insurance companies hold in these States approximately $350,000,000 in loans. The Federal Land Banks and the Joint Stock Land Banks had loaned in the same area to November 30, 1926, $283,114,850, a part of which had been repaid through amortization. It would seem that these sources, together with the loans

by banks and private investors, would furnish abundant capital for the producer. South Dakota, however, added a rural loan system of its own, making, in the five years preceding January 1, 1925, when operations stopped, 12,800 farm loans for $48,500,000, and selling State bonds to furnish funds therefor. When after a legislative investigation the system came to an end, one-third of the loans were in default, and the State has on its hands hundreds of farms of which it must in some manner dispose. How great will be the cost to the State can be determined only after the tangled loan affairs are adjusted. North Dakota under the Non-Partisan League regime entered on a farm loan experiment and placed some $10,000,000.

Frequently State-fathered loans are of such proportions in relation to the actual value of the land as would not be accepted by an insurance company nor by a private investor; in such case losses have been greater than should normally have occurred and borrowers have undertaken obligations that strict business ethics would have forbidden. Most of the farm loans now coming due were made when land values were at their peak. Of necessity a time must come for a survey of actual conditions. Gradually this is being undertaken and obligations are being readjusted to the value of the security. It means losses to holders of second mortgages and to some with first liens, but it is the only method by which ultimate stability can be secured.

When we add to these tasks the disposing of State cement plants, State coal mining undertakings, State flour mills, State hail insurance, and similar efforts, all proving costly experiments and which in some manner must be rehabilitated, it is evident that intelligent planning is demanded in all these commonwealths where the vision of State business procedure was most pronounced.

Turning to the area of earlier settlement and longer established development is another story. States like Iowa and Missouri entertained no dreams of salvation through public ownership of industries; they suffered no series of extensive crop failures, droughts or devastation. They were afflicted only moderately by the promoters of hot air agriculture and cure-alls based on the theory that producers can be made rich by law. For fifty years the farms had been yielding steadily; land values had climbed

until $200 or $300 an acre was not unusual. During the war period these figures went to $500 and $600 an acre, a value on which, when price deflation came, no possible production could return adequate income. Speculation in real estate pushed up the market, even when it was apparent that the buyer could never make final payment on the huge debt assumed. Theoretically, this area should have come out of the profit-making war time richer and solider than ever; actually it was burdened with debt, banks were carrying huge rediscounts, the financial structure was heavy with obligations, and no extensive wheat fields existed as a source of sudden relief. The livestock industry, corn and minor crops were the dependence, and no spectacular resuscitation can come from products which are marketed slowly.

When "water" is squeezed out of land values, somebody must suffer loss, as in any other price change. Take one instance, as related by a mortgage dealer: An Iowa farm of one hundred acres sold for $360 an acre back in 1921—$36,000. The buyer paid down $6,000; gave a mortgage for $24,000, and borrowed of a local bank on second mortgage $6,000. He expected, of course, to re-sell at a profit. The bank believed he would be able so to do; his personal character was good, hence the second loan. The former owner went to Nebraska, where he bought a new farm, for which he paid with the mortgage on his Iowa land. The farmer from whom he bought moved down into Kansas and purchased a farmstead, passing on that Iowa security as a reliable tender eventually to be redeemed in cash. But the chain of payments was interrupted; the Iowa buyer could not meet his obligations and his affairs were in default. By that time the Iowa land had so depreciated in value that it was worth about the amount of the first mortgage. The owner had lost his own investment; the bank with a $6,000 claim and the first mortgage of $24,000 remained. The bank to save its $6,000 proposed to the Kansas man, who had acquired the first mortgage through the various exchanges, that it would give him $21,000 and take its chances on selling the farm and eventually meeting its own claim. He accepted, thankful to obtain real payment for his Kansas land even at $3,000 less than he had expected. Here was a shortage of $9,000—who lost? The first buyer lost $6,000; the bank has

an investment of $27,000 and its fate is yet to be determined, but it has that sum tied up in slow-selling real estate when it should be liquid for the accommodation of its customers.

What happened to the Iowa bank was the fortune of many banks in Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota and the eastern third of Nebraska and Kansas. They were old established institutions. Because they were located in the West's most stable farm country their financial stability was considered beyond question. Yet in 1926 fifty-seven banks of Missouri closed their doors; Iowa had one hundred and fifteen bank suspensions; Kansas had forty-three; Nebraska had fifteen.

Whatever the superficial cause, back of this stress was the undisputed fact that in all this area recovery was a more difficult task than was usually believed. Neither the weakness nor the recovery has been as spectacular as in sections where less capital was involved *per capita*, where land speculation was less extravagant, and where credit conditions could be resuscitated by a bumper crop. It is, however, notable that these more staid Commonwealths are little inclined to venture into business fields. You do not find in Iowa or Missouri State cement plants, State flour mills, State insurance, or other Socialistic experiments by which visionary political financiers seek to curb what they declare is the ambition of the "money power" to enslave the public. The States that kept out of business have on the whole the simpler problem in returning to normalcy; that is, they have less overcharge of community complications incurred in unprofitable undertakings. For them it is more distinctly an individual recovery.

For three years there has been an insistent demand from the citizenry that taxes be reduced. Candidates have ridden into power on promises of lessened cost of government. Once in office, they discovered that unless the activities of the State were curtailed and various boards, commissions and welfare undertakings, presumably desired by the public, were abandoned, no reduction was possible. The Federal Government found a way to reduce expense; it announces each year marked lowering of its Budget. But in municipalities, counties and States in the section where the cry of over-taxation was loudest, appropriations

continued to mount. Merrily were voted more bonds for improvements to make life pleasanter, but which nevertheless called for heavier taxes.

Logically two courses were open: To eliminate some activities of the State, or to rearrange methods of payment. The former is faced by the increasing attendance at State universities and colleges, calling for more teachers and more buildings; and an increased penal population, marked all through the rural area as well as in the cities. Growing and aging population also demands greater accommodations in eleemosynary institutions. All these mean larger appropriations. Whatever the intention of legislators and executive officers, the bills must be paid. The rising stream of automobiles means demand for hard surfaced roads, and these cost money. Where, ask the State and county officials, are we to stop?

One direction in which lies relief is in better tax methods and appreciation of the relation of property to the community. Rapidly expanding are the public utilities, for two decades a target of radical politicians and of legislation that hampered investment. The West was served by hundreds of individual power plants, furnishing current to limited localities at a high cost, either charged into the expenses of a city when municipal plants, or devouring the investment of private capital. Consolidation into great systems, each serving fifty to two hundred towns and villages, has minimized expense. So extensive have these become that current can be hooked up from Minneapolis to Kentucky and from Chicago to Houston, Texas. The local telephone line, the local gas company, have taken the same course. Their operations are on a firmer business basis because of the saner legislation arriving as the voter has become an investor and the legislator has realized the advantage of encouraging united operation rather than limiting development through restrictive laws.

In the matter of property tax, the early idea of new States seems to have been to make the investor pay and pay and pay. Intangible property, such as notes, real estate mortgages, cash in bank and similar assets were to be assessed at full value. The farmer was to be taxed on his land for its assessed worth, then the mortgage was to be taxed for its face. Utilities were loaded

with fees and taxes with no realization that the consumer in the end meets the charge. As a result tax evasion was common. Every investor concealed his holdings when possible or bought tax exempt securities, and the valuation on which to base levies lessened. Now is an awakening. Kansas, for instance, after sixty years of unfair taxation methods, the outgrowth of exuberant political ramping on the "money power", has completely reversed its position and sought to keep home money at home instead of sending it out of the State to buy foreign bonds, stock in distant enterprises, and Federal tax free issues. It has eliminated the tax on real estate mortgages, substituting a small recording fee; it made a specific tax on money and intangible property, including municipal bonds, of about one-tenth the average levy, thus encouraging honesty in assessment and sounder financial procedure. This is but an example of the changing attitude toward business and its relations to the prosperity of the whole people.

How rapidly can complete rehabilitation of farm country affairs be accomplished? How much yet remains to be done? It is recognized by students of finance that savings must of necessity be used first in liquidation of obligations; only after that can come expenditure. Eventually this process will accomplish its end—the establishment of sound credit and resumption of normal conditions.

In the mean while the business at hand is to readjust individual and community finances to economic stability. To this end bankers have stood firm for cautious limitation of credit; mortgage companies have scrutinized closely applications for loans; State administrations are lessening the cost of government, where possible, in response to the taxpayers' demands.

The method by which the rural business world is coming into its own is not that of the enthusiastic "figurer" but is inspired by hard-headed, intelligent planning of men of affairs, awake to the necessity of sane revision of unworkable schemes, cautious in extension of credit, and with devotion to economy with every possible guard against reaction. The process may be less spectacular than amateur economists outline, but it has the merit of securing definite and reasonably permanent progress.

IMPORTANCE OF INLAND WATERWAY TRANSPORTATION

BY THE HON. JOSEPH E. RANSDELL

United States Senator from Louisiana

THE improvement of navigable inland waterways is a duty imposed upon the American Congress, and the people are entitled to the manifold benefits of cheap water transportation. Inland waterways include bayous, creeks, rivers, shallow canals, and lakes, especially the five Great Lakes on or near our northern border. Coastal or oceanic waters include deep sea canals, sounds, bays, gulfs, seas and oceans. The policy of Congress in improving our coastal waters has been very liberal, but its treatment of inland waters, exclusive of the Great Lakes, has been the reverse. Harbors on coastal waters are railroad terminals where cars and ships exchange freight, and they are essential parts of our railroad systems. Inland waters compete with railroads in carrying freight, and there is always more or less rivalry between these two agencies of transportation.

The World War demonstrated how impossible it was for railroads fully to serve the Nation's needs, and but for the general use of hard-surfaced highways which had recently been developed, there would have been much congestion and suffering. From that time, public sentiment has gradually grown in favor of waterway development, which has gained momentum from year to year, until now we stand on the threshold of a new era in water transportation.

The Creator of the universe made waterways for the use and benefit of man, whereas highways and railways are the creations of the latter's labor and inventive genius. Waterways, both inland and oceanic, were in general use for thousands of years prior to the advent of the railroad. Highways are much more ancient than railroads, but the first road was built by man ages after God created the world, dividing it into land and water. In the earliest civilizations of Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome, there were un-

doubtedly many fine roads, some of which still exist, but the general development of good highways is comparatively recent.

In discussing transportation and its trinity—road, rail, river—I do not wish to be understood as overlooking the possibilities of air transport for freight and passengers. No doubt the near future will see a great development of this service which has already assumed considerable proportions.

The movement of freight on water, a fluid which offers little resistance to boats, as compared with the great friction on highways and the lesser but considerable friction over steel rails, makes water transportation much cheaper than either highway or railway. Suppose a ton of freight is to be shipped and a dollar spent in shipping it. How far will the dollar carry the ton by these different methods? By horse and wagon, a little over four miles; by truck, twenty miles; at the average rate for American railways, 133 miles; at the rate on a group of selected railways, 200 miles; on the Erie Canal, 333 miles; on European canals, 500 miles; by lake, at the average rate through the "Soo" Canal in 1913, 1,500 miles; while at the rate at which coal is carried both on the Great Lakes and on the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, the ton of freight can be shipped thirty miles for a cent, 300 miles for a dime, and 3,000 miles for a dollar.

A striking, concrete illustration of the cheapness of water transportation is found in the commerce handled on the St. Mary's River. According to the official report of the United States Engineer Corps for 1925, a little over 81,000,000 tons of freight were carried through the Sault Ste. Marie Canals, Canadian and American, and connecting waters, an average distance of 800.9 miles, at an average cost of 1.08 mills a ton-mile, and a total freight charge was paid of $71,000,000. This freight rate was about one-ninth of the average railroad rate on all the railroads of the country. It is fair to assume that the railroad rate in the vicinity of the Great Lakes was about one-half the average railroad rate for the Nation at large, or four and one-half times the water rate. If we multiply $71,000,000 by four and a half, it gives $319,000,000, which would have been paid as freight on that commerce in 1925, had it been carried by the railroads, instead of $71,000,000 which was actually paid for its conveyance by boats. This was a

saving in that one year in reduced freight of $246,000,000, and the total sum spent on improving the river was only $31,300,000.

Another remarkable example of cheap water transportation is the Monongahela River, which handled 21,882,000 tons of commerce in 1924, of which 21,380,000 tons were coal, the remainder being other commodities. It cost fourteen cents a ton to carry coal on the river from the mines to Pittsburgh. That year it cost eighty-eight cents a ton to convey the same coal to Pittsburgh by rail, or a saving of sixty-eight cents a ton by water. In other words, if the 21,380,000 tons of coal carried on the river in 1924 are multiplied by this difference of sixty-eight cents in favor of the water rate, it demonstrates that the saving to the American people, the stockholders who own this waterway, was over $14,000,000. And yet, the total expenditure to date by the Federal Government on the Monongahela River aggregates only $10,883,000.

It is hard to conceive the possibilities of freight movement on the Mississippi River and its tributaries, until the parent stream and its big affluents (the Red, the Arkansas, the Yazoo, the Missouri, the Upper Mississippi, the Illinois, the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, together with many others aggregating more than 9,000 miles of potential navigable waters) have been fully improved. In their incompleted state, more than 50,000,000 tons of commerce were carried on the streams of the Mississippi Valley in 1925, with a resultant saving in transportation costs of $18,000,000. General Edgar Jadwin, Chief of the United States Engineers, estimates that the total amount expended on these waters since the earliest times is about $300,000,000, and that even in their unfinished state they are earning at least six per cent. a year on this sum in reduced freight rates. It is no flight of fancy to predict that when this entire system is improved at an additional cost of $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 its annual commerce will be at least four times as great, with a proportional saving in freight costs.

It is impossible for transportation on the Mississippi to make a proper showing now, because the feeders of the main stream, like the Ohio and its tributaries, the Illinois, the Upper Mississippi, the Missouri, the Arkansas, the Yazoo, the Red, etc., are in such an unimproved condition, with many shallow sections which pre-

vent the free passage of boats. If an important standard railway system were broken into segments, with intermediate stretches of narrow gauge tracks at points between Chicago and St. Louis, Kansas City and New Orleans, Pittsburgh and Louisville, it would make a very poor showing. And yet the Mississippi system today is broken into just such segments.

Inland waterways cannot perform their full service until they are joined together in one continuous system, permitting the passage of boats from one section to another, just as cars on standard gauge railroads move from line to line through the entire country. If the rivers of the Mississippi Valley were joined with the Great Lakes by a nine-foot canal through the Illinois and Des Plaines Rivers, it would permit the free interchange of commerce of those two great but now totally disconnected water systems, to pass from one to the other at will. Such a canal would not only connect the Great Lakes with the Mississippi Valley, but the entire Atlantic intracoastal waterway system would also be joined to them through the Erie Canal.

The Great Lakes constitute the largest system of inland waterway transportation in the world. Their depths bear ships of ocean size. They have developed a vast fleet whose traffic is over twenty-three per cent. of the ton miles of all our railways. They are connected with the sea by the twelve-foot Erie and the fourteen-foot St. Lawrence canals. Ocean vessels cannot move through these depths. In order that the Great Lakes may fully benefit the American people, they must be connected with the ocean by a canal at least twenty-five feet, preferably thirty feet, in depth. This is one of the most important waterway problems before the country.

The improvement of the Ohio River is rapidly nearing completion, and within three or four years there will be continuous year round navigation, except when closed by ice, from Pittsburgh to the mouth of the river at Cairo—a thousand miles of a great river running from the East to the West, through the very heart of the Nation, penetrating many of its richest mining, agricultural and manufacturing sections.

The transportation interests of the country are so important to the national welfare and play so large a part in the daily life of

every citizen, that it is imperative to improve and use every possible agency. There is business enough for all three, and each should be a complement and helper to the other two. There should be no rivalry among them, but a spirit of coöperation by all three systems, to the end that transportation be speedy, effective and cheap.

It is an old saying that "new transportation facilities create business". That is well proved by our new highways. At one time in our history we practically abandoned highways and waterways for railways. The invention of the gas engine restored our highways and multiplied their traffic ten thousand fold. Yet the total volume of passengers and goods on our railways has never been so great as now. In the same way, with greater depths and improvements in crafts, it is possible fully to restore our waterways. Nor will this jeopardize the prosperity of railways, as some predict. Among the most prosperous railroads in the country are those paralleling the Great Lakes, such as the New York Central; and the New York, New Haven and Hartford, which parallels Long Island Sound.

It should be borne in mind that little attention has been paid to the development of boats and water craft for inland waterways, comparatively speaking, and shallow draft boats are not very superior to those of many years ago. On the other hand, railroad engines, cars, road beds and equipment of every kind have been marvellously improved within the past twenty-five years, and the same is true of highway construction and equipment. The automobile and motor truck of the present day are incomparably superior to road vehicles in use twenty-five years ago. If our inland waterways are properly improved and their use encouraged, water craft of every kind will keep pace. There is every reason to believe that a vast commerce can be carried in improved boats drawing not over three to five feet, and when this is done, many of our water courses not now in use would be available.

Although greatly handicapped, water carriage is the cheapest of all forms of transportation for many kinds of goods. Generally speaking, if there be a return load, 1,000 bushels of wheat can be transported 1,000 miles on the Great Lakes or on the sea for $20

to $30; on a modern-equipped Mississippi barge for $60 to $70, and by rail, for $150 to $200.

The price of wheat is made at Liverpool, and anything saved in transport to Liverpool is in the long run so much in addition to the farmer's price. It is not an addition solely to the actual goods which he may have shipped to that market, but it lifts the price level in our domestic market on the whole commodity in the same ratio. Thus, if from five to seven cents a bushel additional can be saved by the completion of the Mississippi and Great Lakes systems, it will add a substantial amount to the income of every farmer in the valley.

Water traffic is peculiarly adapted to the dominant agricultural products of the Mississippi Valley, hay, corn, wheat, oats, cotton, rice and sugar. Every cent saved in transportation to market is an addition to the income of the farmer and an assurance that he can maintain higher standards of living than his foreign competitors. If so, he will become a better citizen, a much larger consumer of the products of manufacture, industry, merchandizing, and every kind of business enterprize; hence all our people are interested in the success of agriculture.

One of the reasons which should impel us vigorously to undertake the completion of our inland waterways, is the necessity to provide more transportation facilities for the future of the country as a whole. Already our great railway gateways and terminals are showing signs of congestion. Traffic in twenty-five years has grown from 114,000,000 ton miles to 338,000,000 ton miles; it has nearly tripled. It is obvious that better and more facilities must be provided and that rapidly, if we are to care for the increased population of 40,000,000 more souls within the next quarter of a century. If we expect railroads alone to perform this service, the cost of additions to them would be several times as great as that of thoroughly improving the waterways and making them available in a most effective way for carrying this increased freight at rates much cheaper than by rail. Transportation facilities of the near future imperatively demand the improvement and use of all of our inland waterways that are susceptible thereof.

THRILL ADDICTS AND THE THEATRE

BY JOHN S. SUMNER

Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice

On February 24, 1794, Judge William Cushing, writing from Philadelphia to a friend in Boston, said:

> As to the theatre, I stand pretty indifferent, and would as soon read a good play as see it acted, abating the pleasure of having good company around me. . . The theatre would be well enough if confined within the bounds of morality and decency, and not made an engine of party.

In 1794 theatrical entertainments were an infant industry and, in Boston, were spoken of as "this new species of exhibition", but in the intervening one hundred and thirty-three years all this has changed. Now, the public stage is a firmly established enterprize but, unfortunately, commercialized to an extent which seems to preclude the possibility of its ever assuming its rightful status as a branch of pure art.

How has the stage kept faith with the public?

A few weeks ago, William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, was quoted as saying that there were only three plays running in New York which were unobjectionable from the standpoint of public morals. Sixty-five "attractions" were then on the boards.

The Catholic Theatre Movement, in its *Bulletin* for January, 1927, found only eighteen plays which it could commend to people of the Catholic faith, and several of these were screen plays.

On March 21, the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick characterized the theatre in New York as "a rotten mess".

According to *The Vigilant* of March, 1927, a theatre publication:

> In Congress recently Representative Wilson of Mississippi in an appeal for Federal censorship said: "If conditions are not changed, sooner or later this country is going to be forced into Federal action to cleanse the public stage."

In an editorial article in the *Theatre Magazine* of January, 1927, Mr. Arthur Hornblow, Editor, said: "Meantime, the dirty plays

continue doing a land office business at the old stand. The other cities will have none of them, but New York takes them, foul as they are, to her bosom;" and much more.

The unusual spectacle is presented of an agreement by the pulpit, the theatre and the laity that the New York stage and therefore the American stage is in a deplorable condition.

Let us see what has led up to this situation.

It is a fact that New York has become a distinctly cosmopolitan city and the Mecca for all those throughout the country who desire to see something which they cannot see in their home towns. There have also crept into the business of theatrical production during recent years a group of persons who have prospered at the law, or in real estate, or cloaks and suits, or some other line entirely apart from the stage, and these have brought with them ideas wholly commercial and a complete lack of any knowledge of art or the ethics of theatrical productions.

In addition, whereas not long ago there were not more than a score of theatres in New York, there are now at least sixty-five of what are called legitimate theatres, with a new one being added every few months. It is a well known fact that there are never as many as sixty-five or even twenty-five meritorious plays on the market at any one time, but some income must be secured from the large capital investment in theatre property, and, as a consequence, more than half of the theatres have to be occupied by plays which have little or no merit. A stage performance without merit will not ordinarily last a week in New York and so, to offset lack of merit, it has become customary for stupid dramatists and mercenary producers to insert in their productions a "kick", a "punch" or a "wallop".

A generation back such tactics would have been of no avail. If a stage production then had the reputation of being filthy and sordid, profane and blasphemous, the great bulk of the people kept away from it, and those that did go out of curiosity did not constitute a sufficiently large number to make such an exhibition pay. It must be, therefore, that the class who will patronize and tolerate vile stage performances has greatly increased within a comparatively brief space of time. The common statement today that the public is responsible for vulgar plays is very

largely true, for if such plays were not supported financially by the theatre-going public, they could not endure. There is a joint responsibility for the display of nastiness upon the public stage:

The vile producer, who for filthy gain will sponsor such an exhibition regardless of social consequences, is to blame.

The actor, who participates in lascivious drama and who utters foul words in public, lowering standards of common decency and making a stench of what should be a temple of art, is to blame.

The writer, who prostitutes his ability at the behest of some scabrous unprofessional producer, is to blame.

Diffident and dilatory public officials, who close their eyes to such infamy, are to blame.

That part of the public which pays handsomely for lewd and bawdy entertainment without regard to the power of example, is to blame. It is with this element, the public of low ideals, that we are interested. How did they get that way? What innovation in the social development of the nation has created this type of moron?

In Colonial days our forbears worked off their energies in physical toil. Thrills were few and far between. Perchance a ship arrived once a year with tidings and new settlers from the old country. Perchance one who ventured without the stockade was slain by prowling savages. A common scold might be ducked in the pond, or a sottish man placed in the stocks. Simple and direct thrills, were these, to a simple, hard-working temperate people. Those were days free from the thrill produced by scheme or artifice. Insanity was uncommon, and abnormality was an unknown word.

Came the Revolutionary War, independence, a new National entity, trade, manufacture, mining, wealth, and the creation of a leisure class. The few books extant and commonly circulated had suggested an occupation for leisure hours. The demand for books increased. An American school of literature developed, clean, serious and informative. The thrill had not yet been capitalized.

The nation expanded. Territory was added by exploration,

conquest and purchase. The Mexican War, the California gold rush, the slavery question, had their days of natural excitement, but during all this period, the bulk of the people were still engaged in a physical struggle with nature or in exhausting labor in the more settled communities. An important mechanical invention, the steam engine, with its application to land and water traffic, had come into being. There was a healthy, if somewhat smoky, thrill in seeing the first steamboat and the first steam locomotive at work. There was an appeal to the imagination as to the possibilities of these time and labor saving devices; and yet the commercialized thrill was a long way off. Even the telegraph, piously received as a wonder wrought by God, gave no inkling to a serious age of the orgy of artificial stimulation in which, later on, it would be one of the contributing agencies.

No, the elements going to make up a situation congenial to the Thrill Addict have come upon us primarily within the past fifteen years. The Bible tells us: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." But the Bible is dreadfully old fashioned; and so is sweat. It is no longer a nice word, and so we avoid not only the word but the thing also. Every effort is put forth to produce a sweatless age. We speak proudly of labor saving devices. We make a fetish of the white collar. But are we, as a people, better off because of all those things which have done away with the incentive to personal effort?

In the large cities the average home has been reduced to a few rooms in a crowded apartment house. The incandescent light, the gas range, the electric washing machine or the laundry, the vacuum cleaner, the dumb waiter and the much maligned janitor have reduced the working time of the average housewife to a minimum. The former average family of four or five children is a thing of the past. Now one or two children or none at all is the rule. There may possibly be one domestic animal to absorb the maternal instinct of the wife and to occupy a few moments of the husband's time at about eleven o'clock P.M. It is apparent that the woman of such environment has a problem in the nature of what to do with the many hours free from household responsibilities.

The latest national census showed for the first time a prepon-

derance of urban dwellers, which means that young people are leaving the rural districts and swarming into the cities in increasing numbers. They have been caught with the bait of short working hours and easy money, the glare and tinsel of urban life. They too find a surplus of unoccupied time as compared with the hours of toil required in agricultural pursuits. The city man is occupied, as a rule, not more than eight hours a day in the effort to support himself and his dependents. He has forgotten, almost, how to walk, being dependent for his movements on subways, trolleys, taxis or other vehicles. Various movement and labor saving devices tend to keep the collar white and the hands soft. There are the elevator, the telephone, the typewriting and adding machines, and the horde of youth in business, to attend to the minutiæ. And youth—discouraged from childhood, by kindly disposed but unwise mentors, from any personal effort or exertion.

Some years ago a movement was started for closer relations between parent and child. They must be pals. There was an appeal in the suggestion because up to that time the child had been regarded largely as some sort of animated chattel to be seen and not heard—and seen not too often. There was vast room for improvement in that relation, but unfortunately the reform was carried to extremes, with the result that the parent pal came to have just about as much authority over the child as the actual playtime pal. Parental influence went into the discard, and the admonitions of those parents who awoke to their responsibilities to their offspring and their obligations to Society, fell on deaf ears.

Regarding school, if a child lives a few blocks from the building, he or she must be transported by trolley, bus or motor. Unruly children must be coddled instead of being wisely disciplined. Easy methods were sought and adopted, visual education introduced, no home work, with resulting flaccid and uncertain mental development. Crowded classes in cities necessitated promotion of the pupil whether fit or unfit, and innumerable instances of gross ignorance on the part of applicants for college, for the bar or other important positions, tell the story.

In the trades, the same coddling and discouragement of personal effort have occurred. Scales of wages applicable alike to the skilled and unskilled worker in the same line, maximum output

of labor in a unit of time, protection from discharge for incompetency, are some of the evils allied to the many good features of trade unionism.

As previously stated, the trend has been toward a sweatless, or more politely phrased, an effortless, age. The result, lots of leisure and a lack of effort in every field except the field of easy money; and the natural consequences, a lower grade of mentality and of ability to arrive at correct conclusions. In an address at Yale University on March 26, 1927, Professor Bradley Stoughton, head of the Department of Metallurgical Engineering of Lehigh University, said:

> The question for us now is not whether science is offering the world larger opportunities for culture and the enjoyment of art and beauty than ever before (more leisure) but how the spirit of man is responding to its benefits—not whether there is now a more widespread enjoyment of beauty and culture but whether the mental attitude of the majority of mankind is more spiritual and reverent, or more self-indulgent and material.
>
> For it is the attitude of mind that shows where the real interest is. And since we cannot see into the mind itself, what outward indications have we to show whether or not a mind is becoming less reverent and more engrossed in materialism? It seems to me that the outward symptoms manifest themselves in steps something like the following: flippancy, contempt for ideals, contempt for law, contempt for all authority, irreverence, license masquerading as freedom, pessimism, despondency, nervous affections, mental unbalance, suicide.

Yea, verily, Professor; science has been very kind to humanity, if it can be called kindness to take away those things which in former generations tended to build up firmness and self-reliance in body, mind and spirit. Unfortunately science has given nothing to take the place of that which it has taken away. Science has given leisure, but of what avail is leisure if ignorance of how to employ it usefully prevails? Science has created a mechanical world making for flabbiness in mind and body. Science has created easy methods of instruction, tending towards superficiality and lack of initiative. Science has created the herd and the herd is easily led. Science has fostered materialism, and the successful ones are exploiting the herd for the exploiters' material benefit.

We are interested in the theatre. We are interested to know

why the public stage has fallen to the level described in the quotations previously cited. In *The New York World* of March 8, 1927, appeared a headline: "Public Is Blamed for Vulgar Plays: Actors and Playwrights so Disclose at Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce Symposium: Would Arrest Audiences." From all that appears, the good people of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, part of this same public, took the charges and the blame lying down. Probably it was too much of a mental effort for anyone present to defend the public and place the blame where it rightfully belongs.

It does not take a very long memory to recollect the introduction into this country about twelve years ago of text books setting forth the so-called discoveries of one Sigmund Freud, relating to the dire consequences of repression of the sex instinct. It constituted a luscious repast for many of our youthful and dilettante writers. Apparently they had never before heard of the sex instinct or its proper place and control in organized society. To them, barren of original ideas, it was literary manna from heaven —or at any rate from Vienna. These generous souls, disdaining to keep from the public the buncombe which they had acquired, tacitly agreed among themselves to popularize the Freudian ideas in works of fiction, considering of course the royalties therefrom. By the peculiar methods of log rolling existing among journalistic and literary people, these books were exploited out of all proportion to their merits. The herd came to understand that lack of a bowing acquaintance with the subject of psychoanalysis was unpardonable, and this was particularly true among the adolescent college boys and girls of the land.

Of course the theories of psychoanalysis as expounded by its leading American exponents are very different from those expounded by Freud and exploited by the mauve intelligentsia. There is more dirt in the Austrian brand, and dirt has a sort of fascination, a novelty, for those who have been reared in clean surroundings. And so the dirt in the psychoanalytical fiction fascinated the adolescent element and the superficial, and created a curiosity for more dirt, more assuagement of the thirst for knowledge of the newly excavated and exploited antique "isms". As the two dollar book of fiction was not accessible to all, the

benevolent publishers of twenty cent magazines (with cash in view) in turn took up the pleasant and profitable task of supplying unclean literature to a larger public. These magazine publications, published serially, found that the demand for the original fare was waning, and so they had to increase the dose of "naked souls" and bodies as well. It went over with a bang.

The specious pleas of art and beauty were resorted to, and, presto! the art magazine, devoted of course to one genre, the nude female figure. We used to be satisfied with copies of the Venus de Milo, but the great hunger for the nude in art, automatically created, required new models, less embonpoint, more of the svelte, and so representations were multiplied of Bathtub Lily of the Shocks of 1926, or Gladys Bare of the Terrible Films, Inc. Corner newsstands blossomed forth, creating neighborhood displays of idealized photography and the most vivid examples of the nude by independent artists. Art in its most thrilling aspect was now being carried to the schoolboy and the schoolgirl, to the toddler on the sidewalk and the infant in arms. When sales started to fall off, the name of the magazine was changed, and when publishers were threatened with prosecution the magazines were published anonymously. It was a great day for art. From the advertisements appearing in this line of publications, it was revealed for the first time that art lovers were assumed to be particularly in need of such commodities as self-massaging belts, lotions for reducing thick lips, impossibly cheap jewelry, revolvers, sex secrets, marriage guides, pocket adding machines, and the like.

During all this popular education in normal and abnormal sex activities and the secrets of anatomy, this whetting of the youthful appetite for thrills and kicks and punches, there was the ever present motion picture, chastened, it is true, as compared with the good old days of untrammelled license, but still the medium of the thrill and the shock. In conversation some years ago, Dr. Max Schlapp, noted specialist in nervous ailments of children, made the statement that if he could have his way, no child under fifteen years of age would be permitted to see the ordinary motion picture "thriller", because of the harmful effect on the child's nervous system.

The films have had their full share in creating artificially the

steady demand from an appreciable part of the population for a thrill, or continuous thrills, in every reel. Mental Meals for Morons would correctly characterize much of the product of this industry. Lustful lunges at lachrymose ladies lured and locked in by leering libertines, prettily describes innumerable cinema scenes to whet the appetites and the ardors of the sex-awakened, the sex-hungry and the sex-starved; and to make the baby ask: "Mama, why does the man want to hurt the lady?" Yes, the movies have done much, entirely too much, to create and pander to the Thrill Addict.

The leisure brought to humanity by science has been ill employed.

The public is to blame for the existence of dirty shows. Of course it is; a part of the public. But who is to blame for that part of the public? Largely, the literary underworld. The tabloid press did not start this thing. It did not exist when the modern thrill addiction came into existence as a disheartening, unsocial disease, but it has shared powerfully in its development. We hear once in a while of the furtive rascal who loiters around the schools at the time of dismissal and sells narcotized candies to children. He represents the lowest, most degraded species of mankind. He knows that he is committing a criminal act and increasing a social evil. For a few pennies profit he is creating an abhorrent appetite in youth and a new market for the bigger scoundrels in his damnable trade. Under more respectable auspices, the tabloid, with exceptions, is doing to the mind of the child just what the drug panderer on an infinitely smaller scale is doing to its body. It appeals to immature and subnormal mentalities and keeps them so. By lewd, criminal and gruesome pictures it illustrates graphically the news of lust and crime and brutality presented in words of one syllable. By exploitation and picturization of a despicable *roué*, a venal gold-digger, a yegg, a yellow murderer, or any other brand of crook, it impresses upon the undeveloped minds of its readers that these offscourings of humanity are people of some importance. It hires the participants in disgraceful scandals, murderers behind prison bars and other social refuse as special writers to exploit their devilish activities over their own facsimile signatures in its columns. The

intention is to thrill the reader, and in view of the lack of discernment on the reader's part, the material used must be crude and inane to a degree.

A scandal involving sex irregularities is rare meat for these journalistic scavengers. Day after day they feature the high spots of filthy disclosures. The dose of putrid pornography must be increased constantly to hold the interest of the herd. Each day the expectations of the moron mob must be kept alive and on edge by some such adjuration as the following:

> Watch the next edition of the ——— for further sensational revelations in the trial of the ——— suit. A corps of trained news gatherers and photographers are covering every detail of the absorbing testimony and pictures.

One can fancy the editor and the "art" director of such a sheet engaging in mutual adulation and saying with one voice: "That means 100,000 new—suckers!"

The theatre is the residuary legatee of all of this artfully created thrill addiction, in so far as the addicts can pay the price. The audience for thrills and punches has been created, and the unethical producer is quick to pander to the thrill appetite. If the stage were controlled by serious artists, it would never have fallen to the low estate of a common brothel, but unfortunately there are butter-and-egg men and those of other environment who see in the theatre nothing more than a money making industry, and money is the basis of production of any play, good or bad.

The present situation is not of freak growth. Its development has been gradual and logical. It started about 1919, and thereafter for a few seasons the showing of filth on the stage was more or less spasmodic. Theatre premises were not so easily obtainable at first. There were not so many of them. Money in volume had not yet been attracted to the theatre from outside sources. But the soil was ripe for a harvest, the audience had been created, the tyro producer was appearing and was calling upon the dramatist for a thrill, a punch and a kick. The first offenders were people more or less known. There was the argument for realism and life in the raw. Blasphemy and profanity were introduced, timidly at first and then with increasing boldness. The harlot appeared as the heroine of the show, and we

were reminded of the Scriptural saying about casting the first stone. Lastly, degeneracy was featured, and we were warned that if pathological conditions were not broadcasted from Broadway, thousands, nay millions, would be engulfed in the quicksands of sexual depravity. Moreover, were not these purveyors of all things unclean giving the public what they wanted? Look at the box office sheets, look at the S. R. O. signs, look at the noble men and women of the stage who would never, never think of prostituting their God-given talents for any other purpose than the uplift of humanity.

Well, six of these benevolent producers have been convicted of presenting immoral shows and have been sent to jail. Twenty-six male and female performers have been convicted of the same offense and have been warned by the court to go, and sin no more. The New York Legislature has enlarged the scope of the statute dealing with prohibited public shows, and has increased the penalty for violations. The people who scoffed at the possibility of regulation have felt the policeman's club and have been spanked by the lawmakers. It is probable that a thoroughly scared if unpenitent theatre will purge its precincts. There will still be a kick, but it is more apt to be applied to the hobo producer than for the delectation of the Thrill Addict. That unfortunate species will still be with us in the effortless environment created by science. Let us hope that science will discover a narcosan for the cure of this form of addiction, since politicians refuse to adopt preventive measures to protect its victims. Probably as constructive a suggestion as any is that of Mr. Edward H. Sothern for the development in this country of the municipal theatre. A theatre which would present only high grade drama at a low price. A theatre which would cultivate a public taste for the best in dramatic art. A theatre which would make actors and actresses of whose ability the public might be proud and who, as only the actor has ever done, would elevate the tone of the American stage to the high level which an art, universally admired, deserves.

CHINA AND THE "FOREIGN DEVILS"

BY STEPHEN BONSAL

In the Niagara of detailed news that comes from China, under the sea and on the air, the bewildered reader is apt to lose sight of vital phases of the problem which directly concern the progress and prosperity of 400,000,000 people. Since the World War the saying that the relations of amity or unfriendliness between any two Nations are the very direct concern of all the others has been worn into a truism, yet never was there a more striking illustration of its truth than is furnished by a glance, however superficial, at the Chinese problem as presented today. How few cared for "Far-away Cathay" a generation ago? Today the turbulent Republic that has followed upon the long-lived Empire is our neighbor across the Pacific, which in turn has dwindled to a strip of water, not broader for practical purposes than was the English Channel or even the St. Lawrence River a hundred years ago.

A few weeks ago it seemed that the situation in China, both as to its foreign and domestic aspects, could not become more complicated. But later developments indicate that this comparative optimism was without foundation in fact. The Nationalist Party, after its successful drive from the South and its occupation of the Yangtze Ports, has split up into at least two factions, which in some localities have come to blows, while the foreign Powers, not united by the grievous wrongs which they have suffered in the persons of their nationals and consular representatives, are exchanging notes which even before publication indicate a regrettable lack of harmony.

The troubles of the Western World in China, while many and various, are mainly economic and result from a failure to regulate with anything like fairness the colossal trade that has grown up. In stating the third of his Fourteen Points and in demanding it as a precedent to the world peace which he sought, President Wilson would seem to have been furnished with advance knowledge of

the Chinese developments. His urgent plea for "the removal as far as possible of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the Nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance" goes to the heart of the problem and solves it, unless such a platform be found in the world of trade to savor of the "idealistic".

When the Powers, with England at their head, nearly a hundred years ago, deprived China of her tariff autonomy, it was certainly an infringement upon her independence. But there is extenuation in the fact that no one then, in China or elsewhere, had a realizing sense into what a mighty stream of trade and exchanges this petty huckstering business would grow. Twenty-seven years ago in this REVIEW, out of the turmoil of the Boxer Rebellion, the present writer submitted China's grievances to the American public in an article entitled *What the Chinese Think of Us*. Had not the war psychology prevailed to some extent, had we not been marching to the rescue of men and women in grave danger, the title could have truthfully been changed into *What the Chinese Know of Us*.

Since that day there has been a marked improvement in the consideration shown by the West to the East. The change has come slowly, and it has not been as effective as could be wished. However, the West is not exclusively responsible for this disappointing result. And so it has come about that we are today face to face with what may be called a mass explosion of millions of people, betrayed into extravagant acts by the forces of long pent-up indignation, a situation which it would seem no man, no Nation, can control or even direct.

Roughly speaking, China's foreign trade amounts annually to two billion dollars. When the present machinery for carrying it on, against which the Chinese protest with so much justice, was established, this trade did not greatly exceed ten millions. When the first breach was made in the Canton wall, this bagatelle trade with the "red haired foreign devils" was a side issue into which four or five wealthy *hong* merchants were wheedled by rich presents and sometimes, as the contemporary documents reveal, by outrageous threats. But today the daily rice of millions of Chinese is dependent upon the maintenance and development of

this trade, of which about twenty per cent. is in American hands, while approximately forty per cent. is controlled by Great Britain and her Dominions. Of recent years, frequently, more foreign ships have entered Shanghai in a week than entered Canton in a Chinese cycle, or a period of sixty years, at the time the treaties were made. Obviously, under these circumstances, a revision of trade methods and a new basis for political relations of a different kind are long overdue.

While it is said with increasing frequency it cannot be said with justice that the Great Powers have turned a deaf ear to China's demand for the revision of the unequal and one-sided treaties of which she has so long complained. As far back as 1902 Great Britain and Japan and the United States signed treaties with China in which they severally pledged themselves "to give every assistance to China's judicial reform", and they separately agreed that they would be "prepared to relinquish extraterritorial rights when satisfied that the state of the Chinese laws, the arrangements for their administration and other considerations warrant so doing". In view of the increasing disorders that have characterized Chinese life in the last decades it is regrettable, but not remarkable, that no advance has been made towards revision and modernization of relations. The Chinese brought before the Peace Conference in Paris their plea, but again, unfortunately, it was displaced by matters which seemed of greater urgency and more menacing to peace. In 1922, at the Washington Conference, the Powers at last recognized that the problem deserved careful consideration and a resolution was adopted establishing a Commission upon which China and the Treaty Powers were represented. This Commission was instructed "to inquire into the present practice of extraterritorial jurisdiction in China and to assist further the efforts of the Chinese government to effect such legislation and judicial reform as would warrant the Powers in relinquishing, either progressively or otherwise, their respective rights of extraterritoriality". That this Commission has achieved little or nothing is not entirely the fault of the Powers represented upon it, though some might well have acted in a more helpful spirit. It is unfortunate that the Chinese should be most insistent on their undoubted rights at the precise moment when a

transfer of jurisdiction involves grave danger to all interests concerned, including those of China.

We as a people are strongly inclined to maintain that the high handed proceedings, viewed in the light of the morality of the day, by which China was opened to trade were carried out without the coöperation of America. But we must admit that we profited by these proceedings and in a measure imitated them when we set about the opening of Japan and Korea. The mother treaty with China, that with England, so frequently denounced, was written in 1842 on board the old line-of-battle ship *Cornwallis*, lying off Nanking, whose beauties had not yet been destroyed by the Taiping rebels. Perhaps it was on this occasion that the Pandora's box of Chinese troubles was first opened, as is frequently assumed. Nevertheless it is a fact that the doctrine of consular jurisdiction over nationals was first introduced into the relations of the West with China by Article 21 of the American Treaty signed and sealed two years later.

If this was a high handed proceeding on our part, and on the part of those wicked and doubtless more sophisticated people who egged us on, it certainly was not an innovation, nor did it meet with anything like the opposition that one would expect; probably because the Chinese had no more idea than we and the other foreigners had, how the foreign trade would expand or how the four little Treaty Ports would expand into a hundred, with a population running into the millions. As a matter of fact, the trade settlement and the paternal authority of the consul, or some other Number-One man, were not inventions of the ingenious "foreign devil". They were and had been for centuries the practices of the trading nations throughout Asia and were merely adapted to the necessities of the situation. Incidentally it should be added that the provocation under which we insisted upon this arrangement was a very flagrant one. I first went to China fifty years after this outrage had taken place, and yet I have known Americans who still blushed as the memory of it came back to them. An American sailor, who at the worst had been guilty of involuntary manslaughter, killing a bum-boat woman by carelessly dropping overboard a block of tackle, was unwisely handed over to the Chinese authorities, who promised a fair trial. But

he was put to death without a trial of any kind and with the torture of slow strangulation.

To the undoubted credit side of the ledger can and should be placed the fact that if the ancient kingdom of the Great Khan still stands today as an administrative entity, disfigured and with many extremities gnawed off and yet not wiped out of geographical existence, it is due to the ability of John Hay, aided by that great Chinese, Li Hung-chang, who were, it must also be admitted, not a little assisted in their task by the fact that the then predatory Powers could not agree upon the proper allocation of those tenderloin bits, the Yangtze Provinces.

The picture drawn of the foreign concessions and the Treaty Ports in the literature of the Revolution is a matter of amazement to one who calls himself an "old-China hand". One is told to believe that the outrageous "foreign devils" came sailing over the seas and, levelling double-shotted guns, picked out the Chinese cities with the most marvellous porcelain pagodas, and calmly took possession. Now, as a matter of fact the present site of the world city of Shanghai was a shaking swamp when it was "conceded", and Hong Kong was a barren, uninhabited island where the foreign-hating Commissioner Lin was very glad to have the English traders careen their vessels and so stop cluttering up the river approaches to Canton.

Of course by their tireless industry the Chinese have largely contributed to the development of these great marts, and it is true that they have not always been treated as they should have been. But there must be a saving grace in the way the common law of traders has been administered, for these new municipal creations have grown as fast and prospered as mightily as have any of the boom cities of the West. Had all the Chinese who sought admission to Shanghai been passed, the city today would have a larger population than London, New York and Paris combined. In these reckless pamphlets also the fact is entirely lost sight of that in dark days the treaty Ports have served as sanctuary for hard-pressed revolutionists. Here Sun Yat-sen, the dead leader of the Nationalists, found refuge and so escaped the terrible punishment of the "thousand slices" which the Empress Dowager in an unamiable moment had decreed. Here, each in his

turn, Mr. Wellington Koo, the able Foreign Minister of the North, and Mr. Chen, the spokesman of the South on foreign relations, have found refuge from their uncomprehending fellow countrymen. That they have been preserved to play the important rôles which a new China will assign them is due entirely to the much maligned institutions of the foreigner.

Perhaps with justice the dethroned Manchus of today might denounce these outposts of freedom along the shores of the Yellow Sea, for here their overthrow was planned, here the printing presses worked day and night, from here came the literary dynamite which aroused a sleeping people, and here was based the movement that overthrew the monarchy and established the Republic. But not even the Manchus can regard these little preserves of democratic institutions as "dens of iniquity", for today the head of the Manchu Clan, the Boy Emperor, so-called, has escaped from the turmoil of Peking and taken refuge in the foreign settlement of Tientsin. It is a noisy place,—no sane person would select it as a haven of rest,—and yet the Boy Emperor has confided to the local English paper that now for the first time in years he knows what it is to enjoy refreshing undisturbed sleep.

The actual situation within the Nationalist or Southern Party seems to be that as a result of the comparatively successful Northern drive they have divided up into disorderly groups, or at any event disorderly groups have detached themselves from the main armies which for so long, to the admiration of many observers, seemed perfectly in hand. Before the immediate objectives, the Yangtze Ports, were reached, the Southern Nationalists could and did with justice claim that they presented politically, as well as in a military sense, a united front. Unfortunately they cannot claim to occupy this enviable position any longer. Perhaps the differences of opinion between the right and the left wing of the Cantonese groups and parties are legitimate, and have not been stimulated by the distribution of largesse from the North. It is certain that quite similar differences of opinion have occurred at such junctures in the course of many other revolutionary movements. Such manifestations of disagreement were not lacking at times in our own revolutionary days, and more re-

cently the same phenomenon swamped the Russian revolution and brought back to Russia the tyranny of the few over the many.

While it is extremely difficult for the Treaty Powers to reshape their policies at the behest of the Southern Party, which at a liberal estimate barely controls one-third of China, and which certainly cannot claim to enjoy the full confidence of all the Chinese people or to offer complete safeguards for carrying out its agreements, yet concessions have been made of great importance, of revolutionary importance, as they think in the clubs and counting rooms of the Treaty Ports. As a result of the historic negotiations at Hankow between Mr. Chen, who speaks a little Chinese with an English accent, and Mr. O'Malley, who speaks English with a delightful Irish brogue, the British municipality at Hankow was dissolved and the administration handed over to Chinese control on March 15. The new mixed administrative board is composed of four Chinese and three British, and while its establishment has taken place at a critical moment for Hankow and the foreigners who have not been induced to come away, no untoward incident has occurred as yet. Mr. Chen insisted that the English authorities, whether military, naval or civil, with one of whom he was seeking a *modus vivendi*, must not enter into negotiations with any of the Chinese officials who are exercising *de facto* authority in what he called "certain areas". As these areas probably represent the two-thirds of China in which the jurisdiction of the South has not been established and where foreign consuls are doing their best with the local authorities to secure protection of life and property, this demand was not and should not be accepted, for many reasons, one of which might well be a consideration for the Government of the South itself, which should not be loaded with a responsibility it cannot hope to cope with successfully for months to come.

In conclusion the vital and pregnant feature of the situation can be stated in a few words. The Chinese are passing through a radical national transformation and the outcome in the near or remote future depends largely upon the policy that the outside and yet involved Nations adopt toward an unfortunate people in this acute crisis in their affairs. Not in the twinkling of an eye but yet in the course of two short decades peace-loving, perhaps

pacifist, China has become a militant Nation with a million men under arms.

At this juncture we must continue to coöperate with China, although it will be increasingly difficult to do so. Acting jointly, or concurrently, with the Treaty Powers whose grievances are the same as ours, however different their policies and objectives may have been in the recent past, affords the best opportunity to exercise a restraining influence. Yet our acting in this way would distress that considerable fraction of the Chinese who since the tense days of 1900 have come to look to Washington for helpful coöperation. On the other hand, by withdrawing from the present uneasy *bloc* of the Western world, we should undoubtedly encourage those radical and reckless elements in China who maintain that foreign aggression must be met with force, that in war and not in negotiation lies the solution. As no just complaint can be brought against those who have been charged with the protection of our interests as well as with the maintenance of our historic policy in these anxious days of crisis, the decision as to how our purpose may best be achieved should be left to those upon whom this onerous duty devolves.

The attitude that a friendly, peace-loving Nation should take when its interests suffer from the disorders inseparable from civil war in another country has been defined in a letter which Mr. Taft wrote to Ambassador Wilson in Mexico City under date of April 3, 1913, and recently published. Mr. Taft, who had gone out of the White House three weeks before, in reviewing the anxious hours of responsibility he had shared with Mr. Wilson during the "Tragic Ten Days" of Mexican history, writes: "The truth is that the Department was mistaken and you were right. . . . It is certainly very unwise for a foreign Government to project into a heated controversy too much of its right to protection from the existing Government, when that Government is struggling for its life." Of course the situation along the Yangtze and that which threatened in Mexico are not entirely similar; indeed, situations never are. But there are striking points of resemblance, and these words of prudent counsel lose nothing of the weight that should be attached to them from the fact that the President who uttered them is now Chief Justice of the United States.

THE CRISIS IN THE CHURCH

BY FRED PERRY POWERS

In the World War, thousands of clergymen, as chaplains or Y. M. C. A. workers, came into contact exclusively with men almost all born after 1890. They had facts driven into their souls which they had heard of, which they knew a little about, but which they had not deeply felt while there were devout women to occupy most of their attention.

They discovered that fifty to sixty per cent. of the community was pagan; that the greater part of the men had not the faintest idea what Christianity was, or what it was trying to do; they were not particularly hostile to the church but they were not interested in it; they felt no need of private worship, and public worship was rather a bore, and so far as they had any idea of what Christianity was, they thought it a system of petty—one Doctor of Divinity who evidently agrees with much of this calls them "piffling"—prohibitions, obvious annoyances and of no real value.

It is not necessary to measure the exact degree of the church's failure; it is sufficient to notice that an impressive number of clergymen, in print and from the platform, are telling the world —largely as the result of their observations in the army, and their contact with men born since 1890—that the church has in very great measure failed. Some of them admit the failure to be so extensive that they do not see any future for the church, unless there shall be revolutionary changes, the nature of which they do not discern, or they are not prepared to outline.

And yet the cause is not obscure, and the presumption is that the cure is to be effected by removing the cause. At least, this is the obvious experiment to make. Christianity in its organized ecclesiastical forms has diverged in important respects from the teachings and practices of Jesus.

Jesus was no Puritan, and he shocked his Puritan contemporaries repeatedly. The Pharisees were the Puritans of His day.

It is Puritanism to tithe mint and anise and cummin, and neglect the weightier matters of the law, "judgment (or justice), and mercy and faith". The Pharisees were sincere enough. They were not pretenders. They did not try to appear other than they were. They were only too anxious that everyone should know how religious they were, how long and often they prayed, and how much alms they disbursed. They were hypocrites in a vastly deeper and more disastrous sense. They supposed religion consisted of an intolerable scrupulosity regarding observances and of "piffling" prohibitions. They had an elaborate science of conscientious scruples.

This Puritanism, even if not systematically practiced, alienates a large part of the community which would respond generously to appeals in behalf of the weightier matters of the law without the "piffling" prohibitions. Within the church it obscures moral distinctions by condemning whole classes of reading or amusements without attempting to teach distinctions between the good and the bad. The teacher of morals actually blunts the moral sense. It does exactly what Phariseeism did in making religion consist of unimportant things, which either displace or dwarf the essentials of religion. The most relentless opponents of Jesus and Paul were the most religious persons of their time.

Nothing has done more to alienate the community from the church than Sabbatarianism. If that were a part of the original Christian religion there would be nothing more to say about it, on the religious side. But it is not. There is no commendation of Sabbath keeping in the New Testament nor any condemnation of Sabbath breaking. The only allusions Jesus made to Sabbath keeping were deprecatory. Paul repeatedly and explicitly repudiated it. The early church did not keep the Sabbath. It met for worship on the Day of the Lord, or the Day of the Resurrection, but very early, so that the people could go about their business after worship. The converts from Judaism continued to keep Saturday holy, which Paul sanctioned, while he declared the observance not binding.

For two or three centuries some observance of the Jewish Sabbath co-existed with worship on the Lord's Day, conclusive evidence that the early Christians did not suppose the latter was

substituted for the former. The phrase "Christian Sabbath" is not earlier than the Twelfth Century.

But if the religious obligation were beyond dispute, Sabbath legislation by the civil power would not be justified. It would seem as if the church had suffered enough from legislation on religion by the civil power to avoid this snare, but it has not. The people of the church are as eager as ever to use the civil power to enforce their beliefs. Of course they are not able to use it as it was used in the Middle Ages, but they use it as much as they can. Sabbath legislation is ostensibly in the interest of the public health, but the proscription of amusements, and the closing of libraries and galleries, when the church people are influential enough to accomplish it, is religious legislation. Ninety per cent. of Sunday laws is religious legislation which the civil power has no right to enact.

The church does not teach much about forgiveness because it does not aim at teaching; preaching, as Dr. Orchard says, is not instructive but hortatory. So far, however, as forgiveness is explained, it is taught that human beings must forgive whether forgiveness is sought or not, while penitence is not enough to enable God to forgive; a debt must be paid, or an angry Sovereign must be placated, or a judge must be satisfied by the infliction of punishment. Yet the Lord's Prayer teaches that there is one condition of pardon, whether divine or human, and in the estimation of John, God is righteous—not merely indulgent—in forgiving sin that is repented of.

In regard to the purpose for which Jesus appeared on earth, His own statements ought to be conclusive, but organized Christianity does not regard them as adequate, and it alienates estimable and naturally religious people by the explanations with which it replaces His. Jesus's own statement was that if He were crucified He would draw all men unto Him, and He spoke of the Brazen Serpent lifted up in the Wilderness as symbolical of Himself. There was no blood on the Brazen Serpent. The church teaches that Jesus did not come to draw men unto Him, but to remove an obstacle in the way of divine pardon of the penitent. It teaches that there is a debt that must be paid, though Jesus told two parables of debtors, beside the parable of the Prodigal

Son, to teach the absolute freedom of pardon on the single condition of penitence. In the face of all that Jesus taught of pardon on the condition of repentance, the church holds—even if it does not present the doctrine frequently—that justice can only be satisfied by the imposition of penalty, and that the penalty is imposed upon the innocent, than which nothing can be more shockingly immoral.

The doctrine of the blood atonement, or the vicarious atonement, or the sacrificial atonement, is without support in the New or the Old Testament. A favorite proof text from the Epistle to the Hebrews is habitually misquoted as well as misapplied. A proof text from Isaiah is construed by Matthew in accordance with reason and not with mediæval theology. The Paschal Lamb was not a sin offering, and its significance was as remote from that of the 'scape goat—which was not slain—as the Passover is remote from the Day of Atonement in the calendar. The propitiation spoken of by Paul in nearly every case carries us to the place where God met man in the Tabernacle and not to the altar of sacrifice, and Paul used the language of a pagan people which occasionally carried a pagan implication.

The effort has been made to support the doctrine of the blood atonement by the Jewish sacrificial system, which lands us in an endless and profitless circle; the meaning of the Jewish sacrifices was never disclosed till the crucifixion, and the meaning of the crucifixion is to be found in the sacrificial service. The truth is that the ethical part of the Jewish religion comes not from the priests, but from the Prophets, who denounced the sacrifices almost as fiercely as they denounced the worship of the heathen, and three of whom imply a total lack of divine authority for the sacrifices. In the sublimest confession of sin the Psalmist cries out:

> For Thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:
> Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.
> The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
> A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

The Jewish sacrifices were for ceremonial cleansing only. They were prescribed for acts of no moral quality, and for a few of the minor offenses which admitted of satisfaction by indemnity.

They were offered sometimes in behalf of inanimate objects, and "atonement" was in some cases effected by the gift of articles of value. Even stout defenders of the orthodox doctrine admit that the sacrifices had no, or only the most shadowy, ethical significance.

It is true that this doctrine is not preached much now, because no doctrine is preached much. But this theory of the atonement, this speculation of mediæval monks, is the background of a great part of the preaching, its vocabulary is in common use, it is in the very forefront of all revivalist preaching, and "Gospel" hymns are full of it. The church does not disclaim it; in a recent year the Presbyterian General Assembly reaffirmed it without a dissenting vote. It has alienated a countless host of persons who know it to be as repugnant to morals and revelation as it is to reason.

Jesus taught salvation by works and Luther taught salvation by faith, and he appears to be regarded as the greater as well as the later Prophet. He took a long step in the direction of making religion moral when he announced his doctrine as a corrective of the evils of his time. But he did not clear up the confusion in which he had been reared between good works which are the fruits of a good character and good works of a merely disciplinary sort, like the ascent of the sacred staircase on one's knees. To visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and to keep oneself unspotted from the world is religion, according to James, whose Epistle Luther would have liked to exclude from the canon.

Philanthropy is religion. It is not necessary to claim that it is the whole of religion, but it would be only a slight exaggeration. If there is a separation in the next world between the righteous and the wicked the Judge of the Final Assize must be the highest possible authority on the line of that separation. What is the picture of the Last Judgment in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew? It shows a separation on lines of philanthropy alone; it is entirely a question of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked and ministering to the sick and in prison. How many persons have ever heard a sermon based upon that passage? It is not used because it does not harmonize with the later and higher doctrine of salvation by faith.

When John the Baptist in his discouragement sent to know whether Jesus were actually the Messiah the answer put philanthropy in the first place: "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached to them."

Jesus put the emphasis on conduct; the church puts it on belief. The results are occasionally shocking; sometimes they are only grotesque or amusing. A man of great usefulness in his profession, in civil life, and in the church went to France in an important position in the service of the Y. M. C. A., and in an address since his return he described some of his experiences:

"While in France I lived with a thousand clergymen, elders and trustees of churches. Unless a similar great emergency arises I hope I shall not have to live with such people again. They do not have in them the quality of human kindness. . . . It is not because they are not Christian in belief, but because they are not Christian in personality."

But those thousand clergymen and elders and trustees of churches have been systematically trained to regard Christianity in belief as of vital importance, and Christianity in personality as negligible. They are probably just as easy to live with as a thousand people who never enter a church, but not more so, and a multitude of men and women who are useful in the world and would be useful in the church are repelled from the church, not by the frailties and inconsistencies of individuals in the church, but because the church in its organized capacity, and in its formal expressions, and in its standards, misplaces the centre of gravity of the Christian life, making it a matter of belief and not of personality.

Of course Trinitarianism must go by the board. If the moderate drinker is the very pander to hell whom clergymen have no words—at least, none that they can use in the pulpit—to describe, no part of the community will long continue to worship as the sinless Son of God the Person who called public attention to the contrast between His regimen and the ascetic life of John the Baptist, who spurned the temptation of the devil to use His supernatural power to convert stones into bread, but did use it for the first time

to convert water into wine, and who commended the bread and wine of the Passover to His followers as memorials of His death.

Before the days of the Eighteenth Amendment a large proportion of the churches had reached a moral level so much higher than that of Jesus that they refused to use wine at the Communion. It would have been more respectable had they substituted water, but they preferred to save appearances by using grape juice, preserved from fermentation by a chemical. Their consciences would not allow them to do what His conscience allowed Him to do. And yet they profess to revere Him as sinless and divine. Some churches were determined to retain the use of wine at the Communion until the last, but were entirely willing to have wine suppressed on all other occasions. But the Communion cup is less sacred than the social glass, which the Prohibitionists look upon as the very snare of the devil; at the Last Supper Jesus used the bread and wine provided by Jewish law and custom. At Cana He used His creative power to provide wine for the enjoyment of a social party.

In the early days of the campaign to banish wine from the Communion, because the thing that Jesus did would lead men into mortal sin, there was a good deal of effort to adjust the new practice to the example of Jesus. There was assumed to be a non-intoxicating wine that Jesus used, and which he made at Cana, although the ruler of the feast knew no difference between the wine produced by miracle and that produced by natural fermentation—and the processes of Nature are the work of the Creator—except that the former was the better wine. There was a warm controversy over this imaginary non-intoxicating wine, and in the course of this no less eminent a Presbyterian than Dr. A. A. Hodge said in *The Presbyterian Review* in 1881: "If a man who knows that Christ used the fermented juice of the grape in the institution of the Last Supper to symbolize His atoning blood, yet declares that it is immoral for us to do so, he is evidently guilty of unsurpassed blasphemy." But no one cares now whether the new dogma can be squared with the example of Jesus or not. To the present generation of Christians it matters not what Jesus did, or did not; they have received a higher revelation through a temperance organization.

The expurgation of the Gospels to meet the views of the Prohibitionists has already begun. There has been issued under the sanction of officers of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations "The Shorter Bible", from the New Testament of which the account of the miracle at Cana has been omitted. Evidently it is hoped by the Prohibitionists that if no allusion is ever made to the matter and a version of the New Testament can be slipped into general circulation from which the miracle at Cana has been expunged, the world will forget the bad example set by Jesus and the immoral influence He exerted by countenancing the use of an alcoholic beverage, and even providing it for a social occasion.

The Old and the New Testament have no word of condemnation for the use of wine under self control, but they sternly condemn drunkenness. The Prohibitionists reverse this, denounce the man who drinks under self control, and coddle the drunkard as a poor unfortunate whose failing is due to others. Thus the principle of moral responsibility, upon which Christianity has until lately laid marked emphasis, is eliminated.

For nearly half a century this temperance organization has been diligently undermining the moral authority of Jesus by representing His habit as the most pernicious of sins, and it has had the satisfaction of seeing America welcomed to the higher morality of Moslemism by the Sultans of Turkey and the Sheikhs ul Islam. It also sees and hears eminent clergymen lamenting the failing power of the church. The world is not paying much attention now, and soon will pay none whatever, to clergymen who urge the people to follow Jesus of Nazareth, but under no circumstances to follow Jesus of Cana, who cite Jesus as the supreme moral authority when they approve of Him and ignore Him when they do not. Momentum will carry the church along for a time, but it is evident from the confessions of the clergy that the momentum is giving out, they either know not why, or they do not care to say it.

Moslemism does not expect men to exercise self control and it aims to restrain them from drunkenness by prohibition, and from licentiousness by locking up the women in harems. Christianity has until lately allowed men and women to meet each other and

to drink wine. We have now adopted so much of the Moslem rule as commends itself to women.

Anyone who contrasts the social customs of recent years and those of a hundred or fifty years ago must be profoundly impressed with the growth of self control. The moral influences which Jesus set at work have produced great results, but they are too slow for the present variety of religionists. "God is not in a hurry, but I am," is the cry of the modern minister.

The miracle of Cana derives the greater significance from the fact that the three earlier Gospels omit it, presumably because it seemed trivial, but it is recorded in the Fourth Gospel, written when asceticism was beginning to show itself in the Christian community. John recorded it evidently to show that Jesus sanctioned marriage and the convivial element in human life.

The force of the precedent established at Cana cannot be broken by referring to the garb of Jesus, which is not worn now. Are our moral leaders incapable of distinguishing between manners and morals? It is not more pertinent to cite polygamy and slavery, which are condemned by the moral sense of modern times, but were not specifically condemned by Jesus; He practiced neither, and He did practice wine drinking. Still less effective is it to say that conditions have changed; the only conditions that are relevant have not changed. The only indictment against wine is that it intoxicates if used to an excess. So it did in the New Testament times. Even "new wine" intoxicated, for the ribald attributed the "speaking with tongues" at Pentecost to its influence. Paul condemned the Christians at Corinth for drinking to excess at the Lord's Supper; but he only urged self control; not abstinence.

The church has decided overwhelmingly, according to all appearance, that it is a sin to drink wine and a crime to make it. It would give worlds if Jesus had been as good a man as John the Baptist, and if at Cana He had used His supernatural power to convert the wine of the feast into water. The Prohibitionists would have known exactly what to do with such a record. The record happens to be the reverse and they know not what to do with it, so they pass by on the other side, and if they are com-

pelled to look at what they do not wish to see they offer some excuse that insults the intelligence.

> But John P.
> Robinson, he
> Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

This attitude is perfectly intelligible, and it may be defensible, but it cannot be reconciled with the doctrine of the Trinity. If that is the position of the church, it has abandoned belief in the deity of Jesus.

The Prohibitionists may be quite right. Their numbers are impressive. Their arguments are plausible. There is no effort here to refute them. But nothing can be plainer than that if the Prohibitionists are right, Jesus was wrong.

The church is going through the greatest convulsion since the Reformation, and the men who stand on the watch towers of Zion do not know what is happening. Many of them see with sorrow that the church is a diminishing factor in the community, but almost none of them betrays the least comprehension of why it is, or what the result will be.

The authority of the pulpit has almost entirely evaporated. Those who read and think reach their own conclusions and many of them realize that what the pulpit gives is not the religion of Christ. The mediæval theology is recognized as no part of the Gospels. The asceticism and Sabbatarianism that are urged are without authority and are irritating and ineffective. And a world of Prohibitionists is not going to worship a Person who drank wine and made it for the enjoyment of a social gathering.

The church must get back to the simple and reasonable teaching of Jesus, to His philanthropy, to His broad liberalism, and above all it has got to accept Him as a supreme moral authority, always and not occasionally, or it will become, if it be not already, apostate.

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

Edmond Charles Clinton Genet was a great-great grandson of Citizen Genet and of the daughter of Governor George Clinton. His great-great-grandaunt was the famous Henriette, Madame Campan, the friend of Marie Antoinette and author of the *Memoirs*. His brief life—he was only twenty when he died—comprised service on two continents and in three elements: He had been a sailor in our Navy, a soldier in the Foreign Legion, and was the first American aviator to die under the Stars and Stripes in the great war, quickly following his comrades, Victor Chapman, Kiffin Rockwell, James McConnell and others of the Lafayette Escadrille who, serving under the flag of France, served most of all their own country. They were not permitted to fly her flag, but they did literally keep alive and on high her name and faith, in Europe's darkest hour. "They were," writes Mr. John Jay Chapman in his preface to Genet's *Letters*, "a flight of birds from all over the country. Mere romanticism and a desire for adventure would not have brought them together; and the more we find out about these boys the more we see that in each of them there was a soul's history that led up to this special consummation. They are national characters—symbols of America. In life and death they express the relation of America to the war."

Of this unforgettable group, Edmond Genet was the youngest, but he had already contrived to be present in two small wars, in Haiti, and at Vera Cruz (where he was first to volunteer for a dangerous landing-party), and had read his own obituaries after the Battle of Champagne, in which his regiment was virtually decimated. "There have been," he writes a few months after that battle, "about forty-eight thousand volunteers for the war in the Legion since the conflict began. There are about five thousand left for service now, so you can easily guess how many there will be after another drive."

These notes are taken from the pages of his War Diaries, kept

with unbroken continuity, even on the days of battle, and down to the very eve of his death. They were transcribed for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW from the almost microscopic text of the original by Grace Ellery Channing, Editor of *The War Letters of Edmond Genet*, and will be followed in the next issue of this magazine with a similar presentation of his diary as an aviator.

I

THE FOREIGN LEGION

Advance; and when you can no longer advance, hold at all costs what you have gained. If you can no longer hold, die on the spot.

GENERAL JOFFRE

(Order issued before the Battle of the Marne. Written on the fly-leaf of Edmond C. C. Genet's note-book.)

U.S.S. *Georgia*, Boston Navy Yard.
Tuesday, December 29, 1914.

. . . At one P.M. today I took the most daring and decided step of my life. I left ship with a furlough paper for ten days in my possession, with the convinced feeling that I would never return. Something bigger and sterner was calling me. It was the great world conflict raging across the Atlantic. How I was to get to it I knew not; neither did I know in what way I could help if I got there; but these seemed surmountable barriers. I would go, and somehow, someway, I would help that glorious French nation, the nation of my ancestors —of Citizen Genet—no matter what the cost to myself, what the price to be paid later for my deliberate act of desertion. . . . Now was my chance when I knew I had the money from the interest on my farm's mortgage, $50, which my guardian had written he had for me. As I marched away from the *Georgia*, I looked back at that big ship of war and felt that it was my last glimpse of Navy life; and I was glad.

Norristown, Thursday, December 31, 1914.

I look back on this year and have no regrets that it is over. A year of Navy life . . . What will be written in the pages of this coming year? Will I be in that great world strife across the sea? God grant so, and, should that be so, may He guide me safely and successfully through it all. I want to do my part in that great cause of Right and Justice to the world of civilized peoples, even though my own beloved country has refused to stand up and fight with those who are striving heroically for Justice. I am an American, but I am also a civilized human being. Should my service—my very life—go to America or to Humanity, first? The answer is plain to me.

January 6, 1915.

Left town about noon and stopped off to see Uncle Clair. He turned over the $160 from the interest of the farm mortgage to put to my account. It

will carry me to France, but of course neither he nor anyone else knows of my intentions.

January 7.

The die is cast. I go to France on the first ship sailing. I need lots of courage and nerve now to get out of the country before I am found out as a deserter and caught.

New York, January 8.

Will have trouble getting a passport, but have until next Tuesday as the *Niagara's* sailing has been delayed . . . Am using the excuse of personal business in regard to looking up old family property in getting my passport to France. My name will help me in that way, for I absolutely refuse to take a false name. Will change my age to twenty-one, as I may not be allowed in the military service in France if I am under age. I'll be nervy and go directly to Washington myself to get the passport signed.

* * *

Norristown, January 13.

The "thirteenth", and my passport has that for its date! Got it O. K.'ed very easily and no troublesome questions. Nerve wins every time. Took train to Norristown to say good bye to dear little Mother . . . I broke to her as best I could the news of my desertion and my intention of going to France to join in the fighting. She took it very bravely and prayed God to guide me aright. God knows it was as hard for me as it was for her to think of our parting, perhaps never to meet in this world again. God bless her!

New York, January 14.

Arrived in New York and secured the French Consul's visé on my passport. Then I purchased my ticket to Havre on the SS. *Rochambeau*, which is due to sail at 3 P.M. next Monday. It cost me seventy dollars. There's no turning back now.

New York, January 15.

Received letter from dear little Mother with a tiny gold cross enclosed. I shall wear it around my neck from now on—always. Rivers will be down to see me Sunday.

January 17.

Saw in paper that *Rochambeau* does not sail until Wednesday, so wrote to Rivers to wait until then.

* * *

On Board *Rochambeau*, January 20.

Rivers came and took me to an attractive little restaurant for our last luncheon together, and mine in the dear homeland. Went to pier about 1.30, but had to wait until 5 o'clock before the *Rochambeau* sailed. . . . The last I saw of Rivers was as the ship pulled out into the river. He was out on the end of the pier close to the rail, holding up his right hand as if in a last hand-clasp to me. I waved back and then lost sight of him as we got out into the

Hudson and began to turn our prow downstream. By the time we headed down toward the Narrows it was dark, and I had the most beautiful night view of dear old Manhattan Isle I have ever had. Every building was outlined with electric lights, and it made a wonderful picture—one I shall never forget. As we passed "Liberty Light" on our starboard, I saluted, and then went below.

On Board *Rochambeau*, At Sea, January 27.

Citizen Genet didn't go to America this way. I'm more on the type of gallant Lafayette, I guess . . .

Paris, France, January 29.

Came into Havre about ten o'clock. Passed many swift torpedo boats guarding the harbor. Docked at 10:30 with Mr. Guerquin, the other two gentlemen and a fine young fellow by the name of Norman Prince, who comes from Massachusetts, is an aviator, and intends to join the French aviation corps for the war . . .

January 31.

Cablegram arrived from Rivers saying that if I return I will not be held for desertion but merely for my absence over leave. He'll arrange my passage back. Confessed my plight to Mr. Guerquin. I certainly will not go back unless I find I cannot in any possible way get into the French Foreign Legion, in which, Mr. G. tells me many, many foreigners have engaged for the war, among whom are a number of Americans. Never heard of this Legion before in my life, but will try to enlist tomorrow. Hope fervently I get in. Went over to see Norman Prince at a hotel across the Seine. Took long walk in the afternoon and found the American Church of the Holy Trinity, on the Avenue d'Alma. Went in for the five o'clock evening prayer. It did seem fine to be in one's own church in a foreign country. It really made me feel nearer to God.

* * *

February 2.

Reported at the recruiting office and was conducted with several others to an officer at the Headquarters office, who was extremely pleasant and courteous and spoke English. Told me I could certainly enlist if I could pass the physical examination, which I shall have to take tomorrow morning. . . .

February 3.

Reported for duty at two o'clock, ready to leave for Lyons in the evening. Got papers and five francs to pay for my meals on the journey, and went to Gare de Lyons to take the train.

Lyons, February 4.

Pulled into Lyons at eight A.M. After considerable walking and inquiry I found the Legion depot and got registered and assigned a place to sleep. Had another medical examination. Perfectly miserable quarters. This is real French army life. Had to do some dirty work in P.M., pulling hay out of

old mattresses and storing it in barn. Lost the quaint little cameo ring which dear little Mother gave me years ago. Turned in early on a miserable plank sort of cot, with an old straw mattress, a straw-filled pillow, and three blankets —one under and two over me. Food is terrible. Bread's the only thing half way decent and I never tasted anything like it before in my life, either. This is some change from my previous existence. Was like a prince in the Navy compared to this; but I'm glad I'm here.

February 6.

Received my soldier outfit in P.M., the famous red pantaloons and dark blue jacket and red cap of the French Infantry. Red will be changed for blue before I go to the front. Have a baggy looking suit of dirty white to put on over the rest for drill and work. It's a wonderful outfit, and no mistake. Have a handsome light blue girdle four yards long and a half a yard wide, which I have to wear around my waist to be *réglementaire pour la Légion Étrangère.* It's great. One has to be wound into the blamed thing. Couldn't get my suit of "cits" posted to Paris, so gave them away to a young chap in a store in the evening. Good-bye to civilians—and it was a twenty dollar suit I bought only last October.

February 7.

Another American arrived here this afternoon. He's a doctor and hails from good old Buffalo. Name's David Wheeler. He seems to be a splendid chap, rather young and boyish and very good natured. We both felt relieved to see an American face, and I think we'll be excellent comrades. He's very quiet but chummy. Out in town in the evening and bought some inner soles for my shoes, and stamps. Am nearly broke. As we receive only a sou a day (about one cent U. S. coin) I can't see myself very wealthy in the French Army.

February 8.

My first experience with French drill. The commands seem difficult to grasp, but I guess they'll be all right with a bit of practice. The movements in handling the rifle are different from our own. Having difficulty to sleep soundly on these hard French bunks.

February 11.

Good day and plenty of drill. Shot at thirty yards range in morning and had first try with French bayonet drill in the afternoon. The French troops are famous for their deadly bayonet charges. . . .

La Valbonne, March 5.

Target practice at 400 metres in early A.M., followed by drill. Did good shooting. Was picked out today as one of the best men in the company, which is gratifying as it makes me feel certain of being one of those who will be picked to go to the front.

March 12.

Was among those picked out this A.M. to go off to the front on Tuesday. Made me feel quite big and important.

March 15.

Leave tomorrow for Lyons. Was issued my *livre militaire* (service book) and my metal identification plate. Most of the French attach it to the wrist with a chain bracelet, but I put it on a string around my neck beside the little gold cross Mother gave to me. Lydon, a very nice young American chap, goes tomorrow so it will be less lonely for me. Lydon comes from Massachusetts.

Lyons, March 16.

When we marched through the streets of Lyons we received a rousing welcome and ovation. People gave us flowers (huge bouquets) and fruit. One woman threw oranges down to us from a third story window. I caught one and ate it as we marched along. Everyone was happy. Quartered in a big barracks. Went out after supper with Joe Lydon. Took along a pair of civilian shoes I've had with me, and sold them for three francs at an old shoe shop. Joe sold a pair for the same price, so, with my five francs we were able to enjoy some wine together; and I bought some necessities as well.

March 17.

Turned in our old recruit rifles. Received two good pairs of shoes—one heavy and strong, with hobnails all over the soles, and another lighter pair for repose. Out with Lydon in the evening and we both indulged in a good warm bath in a public bath house for fifteen centimes each. Then we treated ourselves to a motion picture show.

March 19.

Were issued rifles. Was able to get the first pick, so got hold of an excellent and perfectly good one. It will pay to have a perfect one out on active service. It is our last night here, for we leave tomorrow *au front.*

March 20.

Marched out before noon. Didn't get much of a send-off. Our going seems quiet and business-like, significant of the grim work before us. Lydon and I managed to get together in the train and we both have our canteens full of red wine. We filled them up at the station before leaving and again along the route. Everybody feeling good and happy. Am off for the front exactly two months after sailing from New York.

In the trenches, March 25.

Marched out of village up to steep hill. . . . We were all told to keep strictly silent and march in single file about two paces behind one another. I kept back of a little fellow who hails from Colombia, South America. His name is Louis Ester and he's in my squad. He speaks English very well. . . . Traversing the top of the hill we entered a broad trench nearly two metres deep, and then the tiresome part began . . . I thought my back would break before I reached the first line, but it didn't, and we finally got into the little first line sector where our company was to take its place. . . . Guards were at once posted along the trench, one about every twenty metres. I am quartered in a tiny underground dugout under the outer wall of the trench. Four of us

occupy the one cave, and there's just space enough to curl up and sleep. There is a small coal fire in a rude fireplace to keep us warm and with which to make our tea or coffee and toast bread. . . . We are just opposite the little village of Dompierre, which is occupied by the Germans and is a mass of shattered ruins. The German trenches are scarcely four hundred yards away and just look like a long line of earth with here and there places which look like and must be openings for machine guns. They say the Germans have twice as many of these as the French. A continual rifle fire is kept up by both sides, and all night white *fusées* (rockets) are sent up every few minutes to prevent surprise attacks. They light everything brilliantly for a minute and then suddenly burn out, and the night seems blacker than ever for a few seconds afterwards. It all seems very weird. And the great deadlock of the two lines stretching from the North Sea to the Alps! Am I actually at the very edge of that stretch of dead land that lies between the two opposing forces, in some places from five to eight hundred yards wide and in others but a bare dozen or even less, which we call "No Man's Land"? It seems unbelievable. Tonight while I was guarding from eight to ten, I did what the others do, fired over the top of the trench at the flashes of fire on the other side, and then ducked down to escape being hit by the bullets that would immediately hiss over in my direction. Often one would strike the top of the trench with a loud spat. Others would sing as they sped over our heads far towards the rear. The trench is very irregular, thus preventing cross-fire. At about every hundred metres there is a machine gun emplacement, very strongly protected. The gun is always in readiness for action. Here and there are openings into long subterranean mines leading out deep underground to the German lines. Both sides do this horrible work a great deal. The boys tell me the French have all of Dompierre completely undermined and some day it will be blown sky high. It must be a horrible death to be buried in a mine explosion, perhaps blown to shreds. The fellows have had many such disasters all the winter, they tell me. Dozens have been killed at a time.

In trenches of First Line, March 26.

I had guard from four to six this morning, and swept out the trench along our part of the sector afterward. We get coffee as usual in the morning about six. For that and the soup twice a day, two or three of us of each squad have to go back about two kilometers through the "leaders" to meet the wagon kitchen which comes out from Cappy with its supply of steaming hot food. We carry it through the trenches in fair-sized tin soup receivers. They are about sixteen inches high and several of us have to carry each one with his load. It straps to the back of the sack. They are not heavy, but rather awkward. . . . The French batteries of '75s are wonderful. They've been barking all day and I found it interesting watching the shells break in loud, sharp, pistol-like reports on the German lines. A bright flash, black smoke, flying dust and earth, and the sharp crack of the report—that is all. The Germans have an increasing terror of these little guns.

March 27.

Had guard from two to four and nearly froze my poor feet. Chasing for soup is quite a tiresome task. It takes over an hour, for we have to wait for the *cuisine* to arrive. Soup of vegetables and fat and meat; usually a stew of meat and rice, or meat and potatoes, or macaroni, or all together, and red wine (one cup apiece) and a half loaf of this army bread each day, taste pretty good. The bread is mighty good, and excellent when toasted. Some times we get small portions of good jam or chocolate bars, and occasionally tea with the afternoon repast. One can't kick over the food, even if it is often far from warm and quite dirty by the time we eat it in the line. Half a loaf of bread (the loaf is quite thick and at least fifteen inches in diameter) is never too much for a full twenty-four hours. None of us have any left by the time the next day's ration arrives.

March 28.

Late this morning, a periscope, through which I had just been looking at the German lines, was neatly smashed by a German sniper. The rays of the sun must have lighted up the top glass and he put a bullet through its middle. These German snipers all seem to be crack marksmen. We've got some good ones, too. The Germans blew up a mine under the sector to our right this morning. Rocks, dirt and all went flying high, but only two or three fellows were hurt and none killed. We all rushed to our posts to be ready in case of attack. Early in the afternoon the Germans sent a lot of aerial torpedoes into the trenches above us. They're horrible looking cigar-like things, several feet long, and they explode with a terrific concussion and a cloud of thick, dirty black smoke. They mount very slowly and one can see their big shape as it wobbles up in a big arc over our lines. Woe to the man who isn't safely beyond one's reach when it suddenly drops. A French colonial regiment relieved us this afternoon and we marched back to Cappy. Received letters which dear Mother and Rivers wrote after getting my address. Letters made me feel pretty blue, because they tell me I have really lost my U. S. citizenship by deserting as I did. Will I ever be able to get that back?

En route for repose, March 30.

Found Lydon in evening with two other American fellows, William Dugan and Christopher Charles, who are in Second Battalion with Joe. Dugan is from Rochester and Charles hails from old Brooklyn. . . .

March 31.

Our Captain is a pig-headed German Alsatian. No one likes him, and it doesn't look as though he really was in love with anyone, including himself. Our Adjutant is one of the most gentlemanly French officers I have ever met. Le Farver is his name. He speaks broken English, and today presented me with an English-French pocket translation book. He seems mighty nice.

Hangest, April 2.

Had a jolly little wine party with Joe and the other fellows tonight. There were two other mighty decent American fellows in the other battalion who are

Harvard graduates. The best one is Victor Chapman, and the other's name is Farnsworth. Chapman is mighty clean and straight. Farnsworth has quite a thrilling history. He ran away from home after college days, went to Australia, was later on both sides of the Mexican troubles, in the late Balkan war, and now here since the war commenced.

April 5.

All in company feel delighted tonight over the news that our much disliked Captain leaves us for good tomorrow. He has been found to be pro-German in some way, and is being *excused* from further service. That's the report.

April 7.

Our old Captain took his leave today, and no tears were seen to fall on account of it.

April 8.

Our new Captain arrived today. He's only a Lieutenant but is acting as our Captain. Lieut. John is his name, and he's barely twenty-five and mighty nice. We all liked him on first sight.

Friday, April 9.

Another report is circulating that we are destined to go to Turkey soon. I wouldn't mind that at all. I got pretty nearly soused tonight with the fellows at a little café. Every time I get in any way under the influence of wine I think everything is uproariously funny and just laugh and laugh all the time. I made quite a sensation when I got back to my section and laughed myself to sleep. I got the entire section laughing with me.

April 19.

Got one of my fingers jammed in playing baseball this morning, so went to the infirmary to get it fixed up. Just as I was leaving there, in marched a big bunch of new troops from La Valbonne to join us, and among the first I saw were Dave Wheeler and Elkington and Calstrom, a Canadian who joined with Elkington. Both surprised and very much delighted to see them, particularly Wheeler. They are in the Third Company of my battalion, so we'll be pretty near each other. . . .

Bouillancourt, May 6.

Had rather a pleasing manœuvre of battalion through woods this morning. Spring flowers are everywhere in beautiful abundance, particularly violets in huge purple and white clusters. Had a feed with Wheeler in one of the cafés this evening, followed by delightful stroll through the woods. The sunset was glorious and inspiring.

May 8.

Bathed and washed clothes. . . . It's hard to keep comfortable and clean through this hot weather while marching all the time. All wildly excited over report which came in today's papers of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* by a German submarine off the Irish coast. About a hundred American lives lost and most of them very prominent ones. What will our Government do now? Surely there will be immediate war.

May 9.

Feel greatly excited over the affair of the *Lusitania*. Wrote to the U. S. Ambassador at Paris asking if I could secure my release here in case the States did declare war on Germany, and return to fight for my own dear country. If I can get released in case of war (and war will surely result from this piece of great insolence) I'll go back in spite of my being a deserter. They surely would give me a chance to win back my honor in wartime.

May 10.

It looks very much now as if Italy will join the Entente against the Central Alliance, in spite of the fact that she is one of the Triple Alliance. What is the United States doing now in regard to relations with those cursed Huns? Surely it means war, although the newspapers are very vague. . . .

* * *

Remaugies, May 16.

Attended 8:30 Mass at the little village church with Wheeler and Ester. Was quite crowded. It's quite noticeable how many of the soldiers and officers as well attend Mass at the front, like this, when we get a chance. Religion among the men is accentuated in war times. We feel the nearness and the protection of God and His great love. Here within sound and reach of the enemy's guns, the worship of God is most likely greater, more intense and sincere than where danger is less and unfelt. Big cannon along the line have been booming loudly all day. It sounds ominous, aweing, grim. . . . Going to church has made me feel melancholy and sort of homesick. . . . Will I ever see the dear old U. S. again? Well, cheer up, old scout; why let it worry you? God surely knows best. You're fighting in a righteous cause.

Tilloloy, May 17.

Left Bus at 5:30. Marched through heavily wooded and picturesque country, woods traversed by many lines of reserve trenches and fortification, hidden battery emplacements on all hands, neatly constructed underground camps for the men of each battery—everything perfectly organized and seeming impenetrable. We came out into the beautiful grounds of the Château of Tilloloy, now a pitiable mass of shattered ruins, with a beautiful little chapel beside it all shot to pieces. The lawns are all ugly deep shell holes, the once magnificent garden is terribly demolished, and the little town is a mass of tumbledown houses. How pitiable such destruction is! East of us is a tiny village held by the Germans. It is in ruins like this, and they say it's all undermined by the French. The place is shelled nearly all the time by the German light batteries. Two or three soldiers were killed up near the church. They were buried in rough wooden coffins side by side before we marched out here.

Tilloloy, May 19.

Got feeling sort of blue today, simply thinking of dear little Mother's fine cakes and cooking. Strange things make us sad, don't they? All the same I'd love to have one of her delicious chocolate layer cakes right here!

May 24.

Reply came from the U. S. Embassy giving me little information and less hope of securing my release here should the U. S. enter the war. It certainly doesn't look, by the weak way Wilson is acting, that we will declare open hostilities at all. Italy came triumphantly into the war today, severing her old alliance with the Central Powers. Hurrah for the Dagoes!!! I found twenty-seven four-leaf clovers this morning.

May 26.

The Germans attacked our lines last night amid a glorious bombardment, but were completely repulsed. The crack, crack of the machine gun fire was incessant. We were all on the alert to go out in case they broke through. That's the excitement I like.

May 27.

Out digging trenches. Germans shelled us with a captured *soixante-quinze.* Saw Wheeler and Victor Chapman a while this evening. I like Chapman. He's a mighty clean, straight sort of chap. Another American ship was torpedoed by a German submarine. This time it was a merchant vessel. What now? Another note from our *courageous* President? It's sickening.

Trenches, June 1.

The Germans opened the month by giving us a terrific bombardment, but they were shelling Tilloloy—particularly the hospital where the First Company is located—and the little village where the Ninety-second is posted. They blew up two huge mines here, which must have killed scores. We all sat on top of the trenches and enjoyed the hell. Five or eight shells were exploding every second up at the hospital. Several of the First Company were wounded and killed. The Italians in the regiment all left this morning to go to Italy and fight in their own ranks. There were over seven hundred of them, and as three left our little squad we are very short-handed now for guard duty. . . .

Trenches, June 11.

Came out in the midst of a heavy downpour of rain and arrived to find the trenches are simply waist-deep in mud and water. Our little cave is nearly flooded and the water keeps rushing in. I tried to wade through the trench and sank to my waist in water and ooze. *This is war!* News came today that Mr. William Jennings Bryan, our choice Secretary of State, has at last resigned. We may have war with Germany yet, if Wilson makes good at last, now that he isn't influenced by peaceful Willy Bryan.

Trenches, June 12.

Got mighty little sleep last night, and labored all day trying to bale out the trenches. It was hopeless work. We used our soup pails to bale with, then we got the soup with them and afterwards continued baling. *C'est la guerre.* Am soaked through and through and encased in slime. It's perfectly lovely. Two or three were shot this morning by getting too much in sight while cleaning the trenches, and our Second Lieutenant was wounded badly last night

by an exploding shell. We could hear the Germans pumping the water out of their muddy streams, so it's some consolation to know they are as bad off as we are.

Bus, June 14.

This is U. S. Flag Day, so I've hung up my little silk American flag over my tent. With Wheeler this evening and he shared some chocolate and cigarettes with me. He's a brick. . . .

C. Monchel, June 28.

Left Bus and marched amid songs and whistlings. As we left Mondidier and took the Paris road west, the poor fellows who trudged all the way out from Paris in November up to the Somme front went wild with joy, thinking our destination was Paris, but no such luck for the Legion. French regiments may see Paris before the end of the war, but never the bloody *Légion Étrangère*. The population of Mondidier stared at us in awe without a cheery word when they learned who we were. Most French have a horror of *légionnaires*. They think they're wild animals and heathen.

Fresnoy, July 3.

Have just been told that all Americans in the regiment are to leave tomorrow for Paris to have four days' leave there. Hurrah! hurrah! That's fine! Why, we'll be in clover. It's the greatest news yet. I'm all excited.

July 4.

Up early and fixed everything to leave for Paris. Found out after twelve o'clock that we don't go till tomorrow. Mighty disappointing for all of us. I'm broke and so is Lydon. We'll get some money in Paris, someway; probably the Consul will be the best one to go to for that. With Dugan, Lydon, Chapman, Farnsworth and the rest all evening. Last Fourth of July I spent at Vera Cruz with the Navy.

July 5.

Packed up again, and then found out we've been duped once again. Can't go today, but we've all seen the Commandant of the Second Battalion, who's a pretty good old scout, and declares he has arranged with the Colonel that we surely are to leave *en masse* tomorrow. We'll have only forty-eight hours in Paris, though, but it will be a holiday, anyway. We are all thoroughly disgusted with the Colonel's idiocy.

Paris, July 6.

We left, twenty-nine in all; walked to Hangest, where Chapman and Farnsworth got hold of an old farmer with a big hay cart and we all piled on and drove, in hilarious glee to Hargicourt and took train there. Everybody in jubilant spirits on the way in. Got here at 9:30 tonight and it sure is good to be in Paris once again. Joe Lydon and I being broke, we've taken advantage of the free and decidedly comfortable beds and supper in the dandy canteen which the British Red Cross has here in the basement of the *Gare du Nord*, and we'll have one fine sleep tonight. The people here—particularly the ladies—are mighty nice and agreeable. They can't quite conceive of an American being

in the service of the French. It strikes me as very funny of them to think that. Why shouldn't we?

Paris, July 7.

Lydon and I walked the city nearly all day, taking in the sights. We tried to get some money from the Consul-General, but whoever we saw there was most disagreeable to us, treated us as though we were vagabonds, and we took our leave in genuine disgust. We managed to get a few francs from some American gentleman to whom we were directed by a young woman in the Consulate, who was quite cordial to us. . . . We're too low in funds to risk a hotel, so it's the British canteen again tonight. They are mighty pleasant to us here, though, so we shouldn't worry.

July 8.

At eleven o'clock we met eight of the other fellows and went up to the Embassy where, in behalf of us all, Mr. Chapman, Victor's father, thanked the Ambassador, Mr. Sharp, for getting us in here for the little vacation. The Ambassador seemed very pleased and hoped we would all come out of the war with whole, sound bodies. Some gentleman who was there gave us fifty francs with which to buy tobacco, and we divided it around amongst us all. It's helped Joe and me to have a good feed this noon, and some fun this afternoon. After leaving the Embassy, Mr. Chapman took us all down in taxis to a photographer's shop and had our pictures taken, bought us all excellent cigars, and was perfectly fine to us. A photo is to go to each of us, and some of us are letting him send ours home for us. I gave him dear little Mother's address. I know it will make her happy to get that. I knew the hotel where Mrs. Wheeler is staying, and went round with Joe and surprised her. She was delighted and had lots of questions to ask about Dave, who, unfortunate fellow, somehow was not notified to come in with us, as his company was out on the second line. It's rotten luck for him, for I know how disappointed his wife was not to see him with us.

Fresnoy, July 12.

Everybody up early, preparing to depart. About noon, the entire *de marche* was assembled and our Colonel, who has left us with our Commandant and all the French officers, to join French regiments, gave us a mighty nice farewell address, shaking hands with all our remaining officers. We cheered him heartily when he had finished. The most affecting leave-taking, though, was with our Commandant. He shed tears as he finished his little farewell talk in which he spoke of those who had fallen at Frise, Cappy and Tilloloy, and he ended by crying out "*Vive la France!*" We all responded with a thundering cheer.

At two o'clock we marched out of Fresnoy to the music of our drums and bugles. The Colonel and Commandant shook many of us by the hand as we swung past them. Just before leaving, the mail was distributed. Before we left, it was raining and our bread got nicely soaked. We hauled out for the South, passing through our old friend, Mondidier.

July 14.

France's Independence Day, but we couldn't join in the celebration. We passed round Paris last night. All along the route we sang and cheered from the tops of the cars and all round them. We reached Belfort, France's big eastern city, which held out against the Germans in 1914, and then went on to Montbeliard.

* * *

Plancher-Bas, July 18.

The people here are very nice, far more agreeable than we found in the North Central around Mondidier and Hangest. The country here is beautiful and very peaceful to the eye. Cherries are so plentiful that I've made a sort of dessert of them each meal. . . .

August 3.

Drill and inspection. Our First Lieutenant, Belboze, praised very highly the way I keep my rifle, before all my section, which is very pleasing.

August 9.

Wrote to Mr. Guerquin, asking him what I can do about trying to get transferred to the American Volunteer Aviation Corps, to which I understand Victor Chapman has lately changed. It has been instigated by Norman Prince and several other American fellows. I'd write to Prince if I knew his address.

August 11.

If I can only secure a transfer to our volunteer aerial corps, like Chapman, I'll be mightily pleased. There's a big future in aviation, and it will help me lots in the States, and would mean heaps more individuality for me over here in the service.

August 12.

Saw Dugan and the photograph which Mr. Chapman had taken of us all in Paris last month. It's good of us all. I'm becoming rather weary of this repose we're having. I'd be better satisfied were I seeing more of the active warfare.

August 13.

Wrote a short story for *Life's* Short Story Contest, which if accepted will realize me $131.10 and will also be in competition for a $1,000 prize.

August 15.

Attended service at the church in Plancher-les-Mines with Ester. Enjoyed the service greatly. It's good to be able to go to even a Catholic church. Why worry about the denomination of a church, anyway? All churches are the houses of God, wherein true Christians are free to worship.

* * *

September 2.

Orders came today that all Americans could change into a French regiment. I immediately put in demand to change to the American Volunteer Aviator Corps. Battalion commander sent for me to ask what French regiment I

would go to if I can't get into aviation. After consulting with Wheeler, decided to stick it out with Legion, in that case.

September 16.

Entrained at Champagne for Châlons-sur-Marne. Took northern line after leaving Chaumont. Detrained and marched to place of mobilization. Getting up in that section ought to bring us into some good fighting.

September 20.

Heavy cannonading here practically all the time. Big guns. One beautiful night with fine half-moon. Out all night digging trenches. Expect we'll make an attack in a week or so. Eight months today since I sailed from little old New York.

September 21.

Fixed belongings for attack. All given bath and shave and washed clothes, to be clean for attack. All received metal helmets to protect head from bullets. Like German helmets only without spike at top.

September 22.

Heavy bombardment by French all night and day. Wrote farewell letters to— —and Mother. God grant they'll not be my last to them.

September 23.

Attackwill come tomorrow or Saturday. God grant that I make good at it, and get through alive and well.

September 24.

Allies, English, French, Russians, Belgians, are all going to make one grand, big attack everywhere along the line early tomorrow. God grant them all success and bring this awful conflict to a speedy close.

September 25.

Left camp at 2 P.M.; marched to rear of first line. Attack began about 9 A.M. Regiment not in charge, but in first reserves. Attack successful. Out on field afterward. Sight of German prisoners and wounded sickening. God! what a hell war is, anyway! Restored captured trenches in early P.M. Then, under heavy shell-fire, we pushed the Germans back until 6 o'clock, when both sides entrenched because of darkness. Battlefield a horrible sight of mingled dead and wounded.

September 26.

After practically sleepless night, in rain and wind, we changed our position before dawn. Fight started up very early. In reserve all morning. God! what an experience this is being to me! Nothing much to eat. Partially cleared by noon. Under extremely heavy shell fire all afternoon. Our best officer, Lieutenant Ostrade, was killed by a shell during counter-attack by Germans about 6 P.M. Again and again I thought my end had come. German attack failed after an awful carnage by *mitrailleuse* fire. Rain again by night. Had to go out two miles after dark for food.

September 27.

Under shell fire all P.M. Saw Dave and found he was O.K. A bunch of

men have been lost these last three days. Heavy counter attack by Germans repulsed after two hours' fighting in late P.M.

September 28.

Nothing doing until four P.M., when regiment was called out to make attack. Advanced under terrific fire of *mitrailleuse*, and by time we were starting to leave our own lines there were too few left to continue. Attack a failure, and only fifty left of us. Almost all the officers were killed. Got through unhurt. Wheeler and Elkington wounded. Carried wounded back late last night. Regiment all broken up. God! What is coming next?

September 29.

Farnsworth the only American killed thus far. Sure feel mighty well played out after all the horror and bombardment we've been through the last five days. Third and Fourth companies one, now.

October 1.

Spent morning getting German relics of war from German lines which were taken last Saturday. The dead are just beginning to be buried. Field *d'affair* a morbid sight.

October 26.

Marched about twelve kilometres to where the whole Army corps and Moroccaine Division was reviewed by President Poincaré, King George of England (some honor to be reviewed by King of Great Britain!), General Joffre, and a lot of other big Generals; Prince of Wales and General French also there. Flag of *Étranger* presented with Cross of War. Other medals presented for bravery in last actions we've been through.

* * *

April 28, 1916.

The Aviation corps is my one hope of happiness in these next months of war. . . .

May 29.

Received orders to change into aviation tomorrow. Thank God! Am in the seventh heaven of delight.

May 30.

Bid good bye to Legion in early A.M. with Chatkoff, who is transferring, too, and set off with merry hearts for the Aviation Termination at Dijon. Got off train at Noisy-le-Sec and managed to get to Paris late in evening. Everybody in bed. Got rooms in Roosevelt Hotel and turned in. We'll take train at same place when it passes tomorrow. Just had to surprise the folks in Paris.

May 31.

Jolly dinner with Dave and Mrs. Wheeler, Paul Rockwell and Mrs. Weeks. Left Paris at 2:30, made our way to Noisy-le-Sec, and got train at 6 P.M. *Lucky to get out of Paris without being questioned for our papers.*

And so, "with merry heart," toward the last adventure and the Unknown Dimension.

SELLING OUR GOODS ABROAD

BY LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

For the first century of our national life, the majority of Americans thought about foreign trade—when they thought of it at all—in much the same way as they thought about taking out a life insurance policy or joining the church. It was to them a matter to be put off until the last moment, when they might be in extremity. Only the very exceptional person visualized the truth, that his moral status in the community and some sort of defense against want for the dear ones he left behind were questions meriting careful consideration some time before the extreme moment should arrive. In the matter of life insurance at least we seem to have had a change of heart and mind. As to church membership—that is another story. During the last quarter of a century, our national attitude toward foreign trade also seems to have experienced a right-about-face. Most of us (not all yet) now realize that overseas markets cannot be gained by sitting down at home, and waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up. They must be sought and captured.

As far back as the first year of the century, President McKinley, speaking at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, surprised the American business world by announcing that our period of isolation was over, and that, in order to maintain what we had, we must thenceforth sell and buy in all of the markets of the world. Some of us believed him then. Most of us do now. Even those who do not see the immediate necessity for foreign trade will agree that it will be wise for us to stake out a claim for the future, before other nations and peoples occupy the field to our exclusion.

Today no one denies that the potential capacity of American manufacturing industries far exceeds the demands of the American market. The importance of efforts to secure profitable markets abroad, moreover, may be measured not only by the direct profits therein, but by the steadying influence which

foreign sales exert on domestic living standards. Prosperity is never constant. Eventually, there will be a sag in the line. We have our "booms" and "slumps". A carefully planned export programme, however, has been found to be a practical insurance policy to check the extent and rapidity of the downward slide when it comes. Whenever domestic selling is "meeting the bumps", sales abroad are a great steadier. Not only during dull periods and hard times, but when seasonal inequalities trouble us, export markets form an excellent shock absorber for many branches of our industry. This means not only the big concerns and interests but the shippers and small manufacturers, thus spreading out more evenly the general well being. Foreign trade is a stabilizer of our national prosperity. A healthfully expanding trade with the rest of the world makes our prosperity flow more evenly.

It is not very many years since more than half of the exports of the United States were raw products, chiefly foodstuffs. By the middle of 1924, this proportion had fallen to about one-fourth of the total. Fabricated products, goods made in our mills and factories, had increased to more than sixty per cent. How to dispose of our surplus, so that we may assure a stability in our industrial life and reduce business slumps, that is the question.

Secretary Hoover has demonstrated that if we are to sell abroad, we must also buy abroad, and that a real exchange of goods is the final and inevitable method of settling international balances. The Department of Commerce does not attempt to promote the importation of commodities which we produce at home in sufficient quantities to meet our own needs. But it does aim to develop trade in what may be called noncompetitive products, which are really the raw materials for our industry, and which we must get from abroad just because we do not produce them at home.

The foreign service of the Department of Commerce is carried on under a section known as the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. This has developed out of the small bureau authorized by Congress as far back as 1820, when the Secretary of the Treasury was instructed, through his Division of Commerce and Navigation, to "collect and publish statistics of foreign com-

merce". Congress recognized the value of the work done by this Bureau of Statistics in the Treasury, and on various occasions enlarged and extended its activities. In the mean time, a Statistical Office in the State Department (authorized by law in 1842) had also become a Bureau of Statistics.

In 1880, the monthly *Consular Reports* began to appear, with information of value to business men interested in world markets. Eight years later, an Act of Congress instructed Consuls to furnish to the Secretary of the Treasury "regular reports, as to quantities and values of merchandise exported to the United States" from the countries in which they were stationed. In 1897, this Bureau of Statistics became the Bureau of Foreign Commerce. The next year, the *Daily Consular Reports* were begun. In 1903, Congress transferred the Bureau of Foreign Commerce to the newly created Department of Commerce and Labor, amalgamating with it the Bureau of Statistics from the State Department, and forming the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce. At the same time, a Bureau of Manufactures was established, "to foster, promote and develop the manufacturing industries of the United States". Two years later, Congress authorized the appointment of Special Agents to investigate trade conditions abroad. This brings the story down to August, 1912, when a law was enacted consolidating the Bureau of Manufactures and the Bureau of Statistics into the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in the Department of Commerce.

For more than twenty-one years the foreign commerce service of the Department of Commerce has been developing markets abroad for the products of American manufacturers and farmers. In general, the purpose has been to correct a situation thus described by John M. Carson, Chief of the Bureau of Manufactures, in one of his earlier annual reports to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor: "The American business man is seeking foreign markets, but inexperience makes him enter upon the task somewhat vaguely." Before we can have a prosperous, wholesome foreign trade, accurate, authoritative, and up-to-date information on financial conditions in foreign countries is needed by the American business world. Before the Great War, our

problem was, Can we discover a need for our goods abroad? Today this problem has been solved. We know the need. We are now faced with the question, How can the purchase of these goods be financed? In order to answer this, we must know about all developments—legislative or other—which in any way may affect the purchasing power of our customers abroad.

The foreign trade service of the United States began in 1905 with four itinerant scouts, working under a Congressional appropriation of $30,000. Last year (1926) it had forty-six foreign offices, with an American personnel of one hundred and thirty, and with $3,000,000 to spend on promoting American business abroad. During the first nine years of this foreign information service commercial investigation abroad was carried on by travelling agents. Just a month before the outbreak of the World War, Commercial Attachés were stationed at certain points abroad under a special appropriation of $100,000. Ten attachés were appointed under this authorization and stationed in London, Berlin, Paris, Buenos Aires, Peking, St. Petersburg, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, Santiago and Melbourne. These men took over all of the functions which had been handled by the Special Agents already mentioned, and in addition became the commercial advisers to the embassies or legations to which they were attached. Soon after this, additional officers known as Trade Commissioners were appointed for similar work abroad. These men were assigned to make commercial surveys of entire countries or to report on specific industries, rather than to remain at the capitals as did the Commercial Attachés.

From this beginning the list of Commercial Attachés, Trade Commissioners, and Assistant Trade Commissioners has increased until such officers are now located in forty-four cities in thirty-six countries in all parts of the world. These permanent foreign offices are in charge of business men and economists thoroughly acquainted with commercial conditions in their territory. Information not available in the Washington headquarters of the Bureau can be obtained from them. American business men travelling abroad may call upon them for assistance and advice. Where difficulties arise in commercial transactions, they frequently can be of service in investigating and advising the best

methods to be followed in seeking adjustments. The officers receive price lists and catalogues, which are placed on display in their reception rooms, but they do not handle samples. They play no favorites.

As soon as Commodity Divisions were established the special travelling investigators were no longer appointed. Occasionally, on the initiative of trade associations, experts were sent into the foreign field to make special inquiries. Since 1921 the work of these investigators has been consolidated with that of the permanent offices abroad, although at the big posts, such as London, Paris and Berlin, there are specialists who look after definite fields.

Obviously the field men of the Department of Commerce could not perform the service they do perform unless directed and backed up by an organization in Washington, promptly responsive to the needs and desires of American business life. This brings us to what has been called the Hoover trade formula, a mobile, flexible programme of exports and imports to stabilize both agriculture and industry. An engineer and business man, with a wide and long international experience, upon taking over the portfolio of Commerce, Mr. Hoover set out to obtain and use facts; to serve business, not to harass it; to change the attitude of Government toward business from that of interference to that of coöperation. Such was the motive behind the reorganization of the bureaus of the Department of Commerce, undertaken by Mr. Hoover in 1921, soon after he entered the Cabinet.

The result of accompanying regulation and restriction with services and promotion was an impulse to and a betterment of Government activity hardly paralleled in our history. In the space of a few months, the Department of Commerce was transferred into a genuine service agency, and the transformation was accomplished with the assistance and close coöperation of the industrial community at large. The reorganization was marked with noteworthy success in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. After frequent conferences with foreign trade groups and permanent committees from the different trades, a revision of the character of information sought from foreign countries was made, resulting in a broadening of the character of the work of the Bureau and in rendering more specific and timely its value to

American industries. Twenty-two different Commodity and Technical Divisions were created, dealing with information concerning specific trades and phases of foreign commerce, all organized in coöperation with industries concerned in the expansion of our export trade.

These Commodity Divisions are in charge of men chosen by the trades themselves. They are experts with practical experience in the sale of their particular products abroad, who have first hand knowledge of the problems which confront American exporters in foreign markets. Each of these divisions keeps in close touch with the principal trade associations in its own particular field. The requests for information which are transmitted to the foreign offices are inspired by the needs of the trades themselves, through these Commodity Division chiefs. There are also Technical Divisions, dealing with commercial intelligence, commercial laws, domestic commerce, finance and investment, foreign tariffs, statistics and statistical research, transportation and communication. Finally there is a Division of Regional Information, which receives, classifies, and gives out the data received from the field, through the various publications of the Bureau.

The field service of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce puts a three-fold duty on its representatives abroad. They are, first of all, reporters of everything of any economic significance which happens in the country to which they are appointed. They report facts, tendencies, laws, official utterances, statistics and policies, with such interpretative comment as may seem necessary or desirable, to the Bureau, which in turn relays the information to the American business world. At the same time the Department of Commerce sends a copy of what it receives to the Department of State, which in its turn sends to the Department of Commerce copies of the reports of its Consuls abroad. Some of these reports are prepared in response to requests from the home office; many on the initiative of the field man.

Another task which takes up a large part of the field man's time is that of replying to requests for information and advice, either by letter or in personal calls, from business men. The gathering of information wherewith to reply to these letters of inquiry requires much patience and industry.

Finally, the third important phase of the work is that of assisting and advising the Ambassador, Minister, Chargé or Secretary, on all matters of an economic nature which come before the diplomatic mission for settlement. Such problems are constantly increasing, not only in number, but in the proportion they bear to the total of the activities of our American diplomatic posts abroad.

The journal of a couple of typical days in the field will show the nature and scope of these services. Turning over the leaves of my own diary, and, at the same time, digging into the files, the weekly reports of my office, I find the following:

Warsaw, April 17, 1920.

Although yesterday was Sunday, and weather conditions were very alluring, I spent most of the day working at the Legation. At ten o'clock I had a meeting with the Chargé d'Affaires over a cablegram regarding the plan of the Blank Trust to take over from the Polish Government the entire business of the remittances of money from American Poles. At 10:45 we received the representative of the Blank Trust, and went over the matter with him. At eleven o'clock we hurried to the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, where, by appointment, we took part in a conference over the problem of simplifying business procedure between the United States and Poland. The Minister and his aides were there, and we seemed to come to some conclusions. After lunch, Mr. Blank, representing the Blank Steamship Company, called at my lodgings with the necessary papers to be signed for the establishment of a service between New York and Dantzig. Later, I had a telephone message from Mr. Blank, President of the Polish Textile Union, who seemed very much excited at the failure of his concern to get sufficient raw material on credit from the United States.

Bucharest, May 7, 1923.

While I was in the midst of preparing a cablegram to the Bureau, about the affair of the Blank Tractors, held in the Custom House here, the Minister telephoned, asking me to help him prepare a dispatch to the State Department which would recount a good deal of recent Rumanian history.

Two newspaper men called at the office today, one from Chicago, and I corrected a number of misapprehensions which seemed to be getting him into trouble with the Rumanian Foreign Office.

The British Commercial Secretary wanted to know what we were doing to arrange the settlement of private merchants against Rumanian debtors.

The Director of the Blank (American Oil) Company telephoned that he must talk with me over the new Rumanian mining law.

Mr. Blank (General Director for Southeastern Europe of the Blank Type-

writer Company) came in in a great state of excitement, asking our assistance in straightening out some trouble with his local representative.

Finally, the agent of an American rubber company dropped in to announce that, due to our help, he had succeeded in collecting $3,000 which had been owing him.

It looks as though we would be of assistance in helping the Blank Locomotive Works to collect their claim also.

July 16, 1924.

During the week there have been so many callers at the office that I am beginning to feel like the physician who looks into his anteroom and always finds there at least a dozen patients waiting his attention. Our Minister is going to the United States next week, and our office has been rushed, getting up summaries of political and economic conditions here, including a résumé of the debts owing by the Government to foreign Governments and to private individuals, and the obligations of Rumanian men and firms to private citizens in other countries.

Among those who called was Mr. Blank who wants to buy several vessels which he understands the Shipping Board is willing to sell. There was also a delegation of three or four representatives of American business firms who wanted me to intervene with the Rumanian Government so that they might use well known cable codes in their messages to the United States. This is now against the law.

Vice-Consul Blank called, and I congratulated him on his report on the Rumanian walnut crop. Then there were a lot of others, some of whom wanted to engage in business here, and we advised them to keep off at present.

The Department of Commerce does not expect its foreign service to limit its efforts to giving information regarding conditions. Difficulties arise, and their adjustment offers a large field for Government service to importers and exporters. It is often highly desirable for the Government representative to make clear to American business men that the conduct of foreign buyers is quite in accordance with the business practices of their country, even when such conduct is perplexing to Americans. As a result of the World War, there were all sorts of combinations and shifts, all sorts of political, social, economic and legal changes in the new nations, that were bound to affect business. These peoples were developing new attitudes toward their resources. It was highly desirable for American business to know whether they could support themselves by what they produced at home, or whether they must import largely from abroad. If they needed substantial

quantities of imports, how could our American shops and factories compete with those of other industrial nations?

It would be out of place here to recount—it has been done so many times before—the manifold services of the Consul to American citizens abroad and in protecting American business already established. The promotion of American trade and the counselling of the Ambassador or Minister is, *par excellence*, the work of the Commercial Attaché. The Consul deals with his own district. The Attaché surveys the entire field. The Consul prepares lists, keeps records, and transmits texts of laws and translations of treaties. The Attaché travels about his territory and observes, records and interprets tendencies, policies, legal trends and changing market conditions. The two services have quite distinct fields. One is engaged primarily in the protection and defense of American interests abroad, while the other is engaged in the promotion of trade, economic investigation, and the seeking of commercial intelligence that will be of service to our export and import trades. The coöperation of the two renders both services more effective.

From the standpoint of personality, the Commercial Attaché must be a picked man. He must be at one and the same time economist, diplomat, author, banker, linguist, business man, general mixer, with at least some of the social graces, trade adviser, and soother of ruffled feelings. You cannot make a Commercial Attaché by rule of thumb. The secret of success with him lies rather with personal and individual qualities, "clear intellect, balanced imagination, and earnestness of purpose". To discover potential markets for American manufactured goods, is one of the most fascinating and useful tasks of the Commercial Attaché. This breaking of new ground, indeed, is one of the highest functions of the office. If one has vision and what has been called informed imagination to grasp the situation clearly and fully, and perceive future possibilities, the opportunities are really boundless.

Commercial Attachés now have an official status and a rank in all activities of the legation. This fact is of considerable help in the work in approaching officials of foreign Governments and private business interests of foreign countries. Abroad, the

terms "official" and "diplomatic", whether applied to a person, an act or a passport, have a particularly ingratiating and at the same time dignified significance, quite lacking in the United States.

Business men generally as well as Secretaries of Commerce have long realized that the foreign service of the Department of Commerce has not been on a proper administrative basis. It has lacked a definite legislative status, having its authorization only in certain general phrases included in appropriation bills. There was a general law, to be sure,—the original act creating the Department of Commerce,—authorizing the Secretary to "promote" the overseas commerce of the United States. But such wording in an appropriation measure might not prevent the abolition of the service if the Appropriations Committee should be unfavorably minded. While Congress has always been well disposed to the foreign trade promotion work of the Department of Commerce, it has, nevertheless, been felt that a firm and recognized standing in law was necessary. Several years ago, the Department of State had its foreign service regularized and modernized through the Rogers Bill. It was necessary, according to business judgment, to do the same with the foreign service of the Department of Commerce.

By the terms of the Hoch Act (so named because Congressman Hoch, of Kansas, was chiefly instrumental in piloting the measure through the House), this service is now placed on a regular statutory basis. The new law, which was signed by the President on March 3, and went into effect immediately, establishes the "Foreign Service in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, in the Department of Commerce." It provides for four grades of foreign service officers and clerks, the number of which is to be fixed by the Secretary. These officers are to be known as Commercial Attachés, Assistant Commercial Attachés, Trade Commissioners, and Assistant Trade Commissioners, with salaries fixed by law. These officers are to be charged with the duties of promoting the foreign commerce of the United States; investigating and reporting upon commercial and industrial conditions and activities, in foreign countries, which may be of interest to the United States; and performing such other duties as

the Secretary may direct, in connection with the promotion of the industries, trade or commerce of the United States. It is provided that these officers shall be appointed by the Secretary of Commerce, through the Department of State, and that they shall be regularly and officially attached to the diplomatic missions of the United States in the countries in which they are stationed. Such officers shall have diplomatic standing, but shall not be considered as "having the character of a public minister". Other but important provisions of the new law remedy certain weaknesses and injustices which have heretofore retarded the service.

To sum up, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce can now legally send out its expert trade representatives to any of the markets of the world, to investigate officially into the possibilities for American business, and to receive, from the representatives of other government departments, recognition of its agents when on such missions. The Commercial Attachés and Trade Commissioners, at their posts all over the world, watch the economic development of the countries in which they are stationed and send a constant stream of letters, reports, and cablegrams to Washington. This information is classified and organized and sent out through the press and the publications of the Bureau itself, to business men all over the country. To assist in this distribution, the Bureau maintains a series of district offices in the United States in fifty-one different cities and towns. What was formerly an undigested, haphazard stream of data is now an organized and directed service. Today American business can follow the state of foreign markets almost as readily and satisfactorily as that of the domestic markets.

By the acid test of dollars and cents, the Commercial Attaché service has paid very satisfactory dividends. The Director of the Bureau (in his report to the Secretary, for the year 1925–1926) states that the business known to have accrued to American exporters and importers as a result of the work of the service was more than $33,000,000. The taxpayer spent $1,200,000 to support this service. His dividend, therefore, was highly satisfactory.

PERILS OF RACE COLOR

BY GEORGE WINTER MITCHELL

When advocating the universal brotherhood of man as the *summum bonum* of all human endeavor, the majority of English and American writers proceed on the assumption that this ideal is to be accomplished under the tutelage of the white race. At the same time they point out that, if the white race is to hold its dominant position in the world, it must take drastic measures to arrest race suicide, which they affirm is rapidly reaching alarming proportions.

While history seems to show that the goal, at which mankind is consciously or unconsciously aiming, is a world-wide unification, it by no means follows that this unity is to be brought about wholly through the white race. Such an assumption seems unwarranted when it is observed that, even among the English-speaking peoples, a difference of accent alone is a potent cause of irritation and estrangement, while differences in race and language cause so wide a breach between the white and the dark races that it cannot be bridged at all.

Proceeding on the opposite assumption, that the white race will not be successful in its endeavor to abort race suicide and maintain its dominant position—an assumption which is as justifiable as the other—the object of this treatise is to point out the probable course which history will take in the centuries to come. And such speculation is not altogether idle, for if the conclusions which we reach seem in the remotest degree justifiable, it should serve to make the white race more tolerant of the darker races, which in itself is an end to be desired, even if we are looking to a world peace in the immediate future only.

There are almost as many theories of history as there are historians. There is first the naïve and very ancient theory that the gods have foreordained whatsoever comes to pass. Almost as naïve is the stock-breeder's view, that advance in culture is due to race. This view simply assumes that the white race, to

take his favorite example, has by its very nature a greater capacity for upward progress than the yellow, brown, or black race. In other words, the whites are the favorites of the gods, the chosen people. It is still to be proved, however, that a white skin provides a better receptacle for heavenly gifts than a black one, but the point may be conceded to the stock-breeder, that the stocks which have made history are those which have conserved their vitality and adaptability, and by their taboos, exclusiveness, and pride have prevented that over-hybridization which in the long run leads to decadence. To say that the Nordic race was possessed of a higher capacity for civilization than any other modern stock is to leave out the significant fact that the Nordics came early in contact with Mediterranean culture which they partly assimilated, and by rejuvenating it with fresh energy were able to make further progress in some respects than their teachers. But if the Nordics in the early migrations had met only peoples as barbarous as themselves, there is no reason to suppose that they would have made the phenomenal progress of which they are so proud today. "Precisely," says the geographical historian, "but the configuration of Asia and Europe and the routes of travel are such that the Nordics were compelled to move southward into Greece and Italy. Therefore the first cause of historical achievement is to be found in the configuration of the earth, the position of mountains and forests, the natural routes of travel, climatic conditions and so forth." This view explains a great many things once migrations have started, but it does not explain what started migrations in the first place. An attempt has been made to explain the origin of migrations by asserting that certain parts of Asia became periodically desiccated, and so, periodically, the inhabitants came westward in the waves of migration which swept over Europe in historical times. In answer to this explanation it may be pointed out that great masses of mankind have remained static, and have perished amid the desiccation of their native habitat, and it should also be noted that great migrations have taken place in tropical countries which cannot be explained by desiccation. In rebuttal of the whole environment theory of history we may cite the case of Japan. The Japanese have been

living in the same environment for centuries, yet it is only in the course of the last few years that they have sprung to the front of civilized nations. It is the mind of the Japanese which has brought about the recent transformation in their culture. On the other hand the lower animals have enjoyed the same environment as mankind from time immemorial but they have not progressed to civilization. Man may have learnt from bears to live in caves, but bears have not learnt from man the art of masonry.

Then we have the hero-worshipper who ascribes our advancement in culture mainly to the agency of the individual. According to this view an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon is the maker of history, the masses are but lifeless clay in the hands of the potter, while environment and every other factor are subservient to his overmastering will. Here it may be sufficient to point out that for centuries the Romans made a considerable amount of history with inefficient generals and mediocre statesmen.

Still another view is the technological, which maintains that man's upward progress depends on his tools. As in the previous case the real factor is not the tool but the mind which designs or uses it. If the operator has not a certain amount of intelligence behind the tool, he may only succeed in destroying himself.

Again there is the cynical or economic view, which holds that man's behavior springs from the belief that it is more blessed to receive than to give. Thus the predominant motive of the British people in building the British Empire is their desire to snatch bargains from the benighted heathen. And yet such a philosophical people as the Germans claim that the British Empire is not the result of a settled and constructive policy. It is but a chapter of accidents. It just growed like Topsy.

And so we might take one theory of history after another and show that each merely gives one or more of the conditions which have helped men to do the things they have done, or prevented them from doing those things which they have left undone. The question still remains. What is it that has driven men to make history, to do what they have done and to be what they have become? The answer to a question so fundamental must be sought in the conduct of the earliest men, and if we cannot be

said to have precise knowledge of primordial man's behavior and attitude of mind, a working hypothesis will be worth while, even if, like the theory of evolution, it cannot be proved, yet accounts for the facts so far as we know them. Adopting then the hypothesis of evolution that man is descended from an ape-like ancestor, a study of the habits of the Anthropoids and of the conditions under which our ape-like ancestors must have developed into man, may perhaps reveal to us a working hypothesis which will explain much of man's subsequent behavior in historical times.

Our knowledge of the habits and abilities of the higher Primates is limited, but the following points are sufficiently well established. They are the most intelligent of all the mammals. Their habitat is the tropical forests and they have sufficient control of their environment to satisfy their needs. By piling branches together they construct dwellings not much inferior to the "lean-to" of the Australian aborigines. They are not aggressive and usually retreat at the approach of man, though, when attacked, they defend themselves with great ferocity. Their food is chiefly fruit and tender shoots, and it is for this reason that the spirit of aggressiveness is undeveloped, since they do not prey on other animals. As a rule they are not found in larger aggregations than the family, probably because they do not need to combine for defence, since they can defend themselves with ease against all other animals.

Primordial man, we are entitled to suppose, must have been similar in nature and habits, but man is already a hunter when first we have direct evidence regarding him. He has become a carnivorous animal, has left the jungle, and has spread over a considerable part of the globe. The hunting life changed his nature and habits in many respects. It developed in him an upright carriage which gave him swifter locomotion and more control of his environment by setting his hands free for the manufacture and use of tools. As a carnivorous hunter his disposition changed and he became the most aggressive of animals. The qualities and capacities required for his new mode of life as a hunter were developed through a period of half a million years. His subsequent stages of development, the pastoral,

agricultural or industrial, are restricted to the last few thousand years. The qualities and capacities acquired in the hunting stage must be indelibly fixed in our nature, and it is therefore in this stage of our development we are most likely to find the key to the subsequent behavior of our species. These qualities and capacities are the spirit of aggressiveness, the impulse to roam abroad, the absolute disregard for life even of our own species, if the taking of it is of any advantage. This is the spirit which is the prime cause of history. Instances of it are forthcoming from every quarter of the globe and at every stage of recorded history. The aggressive hill tribes of Attica slaughtered and pillaged the agriculturists of the plains, Athens was built as a place of refuge and Athenian history began. The hillmen of Latium descended upon the agricultural ancestors of the Romans, Rome was built for the same reason as Athens was built, and Roman history began. In the East "the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold", and another phase of history developed. But while the spirit of the hunter is the prime cause of history, another factor soon made itself felt. After a certain stage on the way to civilization is reached, the mind of man becomes obsessed with a craze for unity. This characteristic of the human mind begets philosophy. It is demanded by the Arts. In the statesman and warrior it takes the form of empire-building. One reason for the phenomenal success of the Roman Empire was that, being an expanded city, so to speak, it could and did provide for unity of a sort by the bestowal of citizenship upon all its subjects, whereas an empire like that of ancient Persia was much less durable, since it could not make its subjects Persians, and so maintained itself by force alone. Many individuals, it should be noted, and sometimes whole nations, *e.g.*, the ancient Greeks, have directed their energies mainly to conquering the realm of knowledge rather than to building a territorial empire.

In the industrial world the same spirit finds its expression in trusts and monopolies. In the literary world it is the same. The writer of this article is no exception to the rule. The spirit of the hunter is evident in his desire to knife every theory but his own, and his obsession for unity will be clear from a perusal of his conclusions.

So too in religion. Neither Mohammedan nor Christian will rest satisfied till the world is Mohammedanized or Christianized. Thus the inner world of the spirit ever strives to keep pace with the outward march of progress. In his religious experience man has passed from the belief in many gods to the belief in one god for his particular nation, and from that to the belief in one god for all nations, together with the conviction that all mankind must be brought to recognize the one and only God. Yet in *morality* we have hardly advanced beyond the primitive stage.

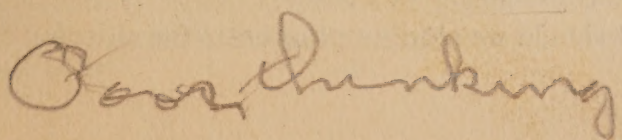
If then the spirit of the hunter is ingrained in our very nature by the habits of half a million years, and if an obsession for unity is a fundamental characteristic of the human mind, how is it that certain races have remained static and have not gone forth to make history? The answer is simply that those races as well as those individuals who have been satisfied to remain quiescent in a circumscribed territory are examples of atavism. They have reverted to the ways of their anthropoid ancestor, who, before he became a hunter, never left his native jungle, felt no urge to adventure abroad, and whose mind was not sufficiently developed to become obsessed with the idea of unity.

In modern times the same qualities are seen applied to the arts of peace. The leaders of our Western civilization have pledged themselves to unification through a league of nations, and the democratization of the world is the dream of many. The white races will doubtless accomplish this end for themselves in the fullness of time, but the yellow, brown and black races have made no such pledge and democracy is not yet a gospel with them. Before the brotherhood of man can become a reality, these "inferior" races must have their day.

The yellow races, at first under the hegemony of Japan and later under the leadership of the Chinese, will overrun Europe. These nations are fast learning all the military and industrial methods of the West, and in time will beat the whites at their own game. Even if the future should see a universal disarmament, it can only be a question of time until the Mongoloids have established themselves all over Europe by means of peaceful penetration. Already the yellow race almost equals in number all the branches of the white races combined, and at the rate at

which they will breed under favorable conditions they will, in a century or two, outnumber the whites by many millions. In time, then, Europe will be overrun. Europeans who have not been exterminated will for the most part flee to America. Those who remain will be bred out, for the older race is always prepotent and dominant when it comes to a matter of breeding. The last stand of the whites will be made in the Americas, but it will be only a last stand, for the yellow races will then have them in the jaws of a vise.

In the mean time the brown races, whose education in the arts of the whites is already under way, will begin in their turn to make history on a grander scale than they have yet attempted. For many years they have been moving into Africa and have proved themselves highly successful, not only in proselytizing the blacks, but in amalgamating with them. Unlike the whites who are willing to admit the blacks into heaven but not into their families, the browns have no repugnance to intermarriage, and in course of time a real fusion will take place. By the time this fusion is complete, the yellow races in Europe and the Americas will have gone through the same process as the whites, who will then be no longer in existence. Democracy, pacifism, and race suicide will have placed them in their turn at the mercy of the brown-black race, for even now the brown and the black races equal the yellows in number. The subjugation of the yellow race will then proceed in the same manner as the yellow race overcame the white. And these dark races have already arrived at a race consciousness and are forming world-wide leagues. So slow will the process be that the brown-black race, gradually changing both in color and other physical characteristics, will have time to adjust itself to northern climatic conditions, and the whole world will finally be of one race and one color. Then at length man's obsession for unity will be satisfied, for differences in race, language, institutions and laws will no longer exist. Then and not till then can there be a universal brotherhood of man and a lasting peace.



THE HIGH COST OF LEISURE

BY EARLEY VERNON WILCOX

In a recent attempt to read a book on methods of measuring intelligence I came upon a set of recipes or directions for adjusting "the mental physics", "the mental chemistry", "the machinery of thought", and "the dynamics of mental process" in the case of a child "with a Binet IQ of 74 and a Block-Design IQ of 150". At first I was uncertain whether the author's scene was laid in a repair shop or a school room. Laboring under the handicap of certain old fashioned notions about the nature of education, I was unable instantly to dramatize an educational problem in word pictures borrowed from the realm of mechanical engineering. Being unprepared in technical engineering phraseology to prescribe appropriate treatment for the poor child, I could merely suggest that the teacher might have to use the crank in case the child were not provided with a self-starter.

But I am wondering just what is expressed by such formulas as BIQ=74 and BDIQ=150? Is it the measure of the normality of the pupil's sensory apparatus, or of his chance for becoming a United States Senator, or of his prospects as a plumber, or of his capacity in the use of logarithms, or of his temperamental qualifications for parenthood and citizenship, or of his ethical code, or of his appreciation of the value and meaning of history, philosophy, art, music and literature? Can such formulas express the pupil's capacity for a rational use of his leisure time as well as of his working hours?

Unless your formula can measure the child's aptitude in entertaining himself and in using his leisure in a sensible manner, it fails miserably as an intelligence index, leaving us without clear indication whether the child will become an asset or a liability to the Nation. For, however important a steady job at a fair wage may be to the individual, what he does in his spare moments is of far more consequence to society.

To what should we attribute this craze for reducing everything

to formulas, charts, graphs, curves, diagrams and statistical tables? Is not the great vogue of economics largely responsible for it? In my college days the sciences were beginning to encroach upon the realm of literature and the humanities in the curriculum. The professor of zoölogy assured us that a correct knowledge of the homology of the second gill slit in a rat embryo was of much greater cultural value than the ability to conjugate Greek and Latin verbs, that it was of more practical value to know the number of segments in the thorax of a cockroach than the number of cantos in Dante's *Inferno*, and that we might profitably substitute *The Anatomy of Invertebrates* for *The Canterbury Tales* in our incidental reading. Then came the professor of economics with his bludgeon of normal curves, bristling with abscissas and ordinates, and widened the breach in the walls of the temple of education. He loudly proclaimed that nothing is really known until it is reduced to figures, charts and pie-graphs. And for two decades we have had to live, however unhappily, under the incubus of statistics.

"I am sick of economics," said an old classmate at a recent reunion. "Economics is the apotheosis of force, greed, volume, speed, selfishness, efficiency, quantity, noise, violence, arrogance and vulgarity. It arrays man against man, class against class, nation against nation. Knowledge has no significance in economics except as a weapon to beat an enemy or overcome a rival. To the economist literature may be worth considering in the course of an education if it can teach the student how to make two limousines grow where only one grew before. If history is able to suggest a way for us to get the better of our European competitors in securing South American trade, it may win a place in the curriculum. Even science is useful in so far as it helps us to become independent of German dye manufacturers, the French lace makers and the English woolen mills. A speaking acquaintance with Portuguese may help us in selling American merchandise to the Brazilians. And so on through the whole gamut of possible subjects for study the economist measures everything with the yardstick of immediate practical utility."

"But chemistry," I interrupted, "might possess permanent educational value in addition to teaching us how to make gases to

poison Germans and mysterious pink soda water for ourselves. Conceivably a man might be a better citizen on account of his love of trees, as well as originate a new variety of apple. Zoölogy, rightly conceived, may reveal to us new beauties in the animal world as well as show us how to produce the 300-egg hen. And from geology we may learn something of the drama of Creation as well as how to locate an oil well."

"Yes, but the emphasis is on the wrong notes," retorted my classmate. "The champions of economics are trying to dominate the whole educational programme. To them the only bright side of anything is its economic aspect. These blatant advocates of efficiency speak of students as 'raw material' which is subjected to a 'processing' operation in an 'educational plant' and finally turned out as a 'finished product'. And graduates from such workshops are rated according to their output of product. The prize member of the class must outstrip all others in the quantity of his output. Life is portrayed to students merely as a rough-and-tumble contest for physical supremacy, with prizes graded by the volume of product. And on the banner which these young knights of efficiency unfurl is inscribed the slogan 'produce more, faster, at a smaller cost and at a greater profit than the other fellow'. I refuse to admit that life consists wholly of speed, noise, volume and cheapness."

But does the recent noisy prominence of economics really mean that the essential cultural foundation of an adequate preparation for life is being crowded out of our school curricula and out of our home reading?

In order to test this matter I secured a copy of a carefully considered list of one hundred names of the greatest figures in the fields of art, music, painting, poetry, fiction, philosophy, science, politics and other lines of human achievement from ancient to modern times. My next step was to show this list to a number of acquaintances, including fourteen well known scientific and economic experts in the Federal Departments in Washington, asking each man for a critical opinion on the worthiness of the one hundred names to be included in such a list of honor. The answers were more shocking than I had anticipated. The best informed of the fourteen experts had heard of only seventy-one

of these hundred famous names and one man had never heard of but twenty-five of the list.

A few details of one of these cases may be interesting. A mature man between forty and fifty years of age, with a wife and growing family, a graduate of two colleges, with a record of special studies in three other institutions and widely known for his fifteen years or more of service in the scientific and economic investigations of a great Federal Department, informed me that he had never before heard of Æschylus, Bergson, Brahms, Bach, Beethoven, Dante, Ibsen, Ibanez, William James, Kant, Leonardo da Vinci, MacDowell, Molière, Nietzsche, Rousseau, Sophocles, Tagore, Yeates, Rodin, Matisse, Joseph Conrad and Amy Lowell. Continuing my chat with this expert, I learned incidentally that he had never read a page of Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Goethe, Dumas, Cervantes, Stevenson, Washington Irving, or Poe, while philosophy was but a name and history a mere nebulous assumption that the world had probably enjoyed a past.

Now, it would, of course, be unreasonable to require that a departmental expert in economics be prepared to discuss the relative merits of Beethoven and Wagner, in the peculiar jargon of the musical critic. But even this concession does not help me to understand how one can so carefully watch his step through the halls of five colleges, and down life's course almost to the half-century mark, without stumbling upon Beethoven and Molière. He should at least be able to say positively that Beethoven was not a peanut vender nor a movie impresario, and that Molière was not the Frenchman who failed to take the heavyweight championship away from Jack Dempsey. Moreover, I feel quite certain that to have failed to read any and all of the world's masterpieces of literature is an intellectual calamity of which the asperity can hardly be softened by a study of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, or even the latest statistical analysis of the fluctuations in the price of hogs.

Indeed, I will go so far as to say that, in my opinion, there are things which are neither comparable nor interchangeable. For example, I cannot see how a study of curves of normal frequency

can be substituted for the reading of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. In what way can an acquaintance with the formulas for calculating probable error take the place of the pleasure derived from *Gulliver's Travels*? How would one balance the law of diminishing returns against *Sartor Resartus*, or the foreign demand for bacon against Wagner's *Parsifal*, or the latest theory of railroad rates against the canvas of *Mona Lisa*, or the basis of the three mile limit against *Huckleberry Finn*, or plasterers' wages against Barrymore's *Hamlet*, or the demand for chewing gum against *Paradise Lost*, or collective bargaining against Shelley's *To the Skylark*, or even the Farm Bloc against MacDowell's *To a Wild Rose*? To pretend that economics can take the place of literature in a college course smacks too much of the tactics of the garrulous salesman who tries to show us something "equally as good".

But what have been the effects of this furore over economics and consequent neglect of literature? One need not look far to find them. The symptoms are painfully conspicuous. They indicate a diagnosis of intellectual pellagra or psychic malnutrition due to a one-sided diet of figures, curves, charts, tables, graphs, formulas, diagrams, norms, modes, means, averages and other parts of the skeleton without a sufficient proportion of the real meat of wisdom. Men who, like some of my economic acquaintances, grope their way across the stage of life from entrance to exit in a long night of color blindness to everything except economics, are missing a large part of the fun.

Perhaps the worst of it all is that economics is concerned merely with the efficient employment of one's working hours at his regular job, and provides no help in the pleasant and profitable use of leisure. The significance of this fact may be better appreciated if we remember that our annual expenditures for movies is one billion dollars, for feathers, furs, and chewing gum another billion, for candy and ice cream a third billion, for tobacco two more billions and for automobiles two and one-half billions. Most of this seven and one-half billions annual expenditure is used in buying amusement for our leisure time. We seem to be losing the art of entertaining ourselves, and must hire professional entertainers to keep us from suffering too much ennui and

peevishness during our idle hours. The fact that five million persons attend the movies daily indicates that too many of us do not know what to do with ourselves outside of the regular working hours. I have acquaintances who, like the spoiled infant that must be constantly tossed up and down or have something shaken before its eyes, are unhappy unless they are whirling around city blocks in a car, or watching pictures flash across the screen, or sipping fountain drinks in a drug store. Our devotion to economics has become a nation-wide dissipation, or rather a veritable debauch, in which we have forgotten how to amuse ourselves, and we must now pay the fiddler to make our leisure endurable.

But seven and one-half billion dollars or even half that amount is a good round sum to pay for a year's fun. And I have mentioned only the big items of amusement expense, the billion dollar items. There remain the bridge parties, the fat subsidies to bootleggers, ladies' evenings at the clubs, exposure to jazz music, endless dancing (particularly "anæsthetic" dancing, as a friend of mine calls it), watching bulletin boards for racing results or baseball scores, and many other earnest efforts to prevent leisure from becoming boredom. It's a big price we are paying for this amusement. I wonder if the results justify the price?

Moreover, the problem of leisure is steadily becoming more serious. Apparently the ambition of all labor organizations is to reduce the hours of work to the economic minimum. I have listened to many heated arguments that two or at most four hours should be the limit of a standard day's work. And recently scientists and economists, not to be outdone by the labor agitators, have been indulging in dreams of the time when all food will be produced by chemical synthesis, leaving the farmer nothing to do but pitch horse shoes and whittle sticks.

Then too, we are told, manufacturing processes will be so refined and efficient that no one will have to work more than thirty minutes or an hour a day at most to produce all that human beings need to eat, wear, drink, smoke or otherwise consume. Evidently then the old song to the effect that "every day will be Sunday by-and-by" will come true. But what will the people do on an unending Sunday? Just try to picture the task of converting our 6,500,000 farms into polo grounds, golf courses and

aviation fields, and finding something for the idle farmer to do with his leisure. And what might become of the Farm Bloc and the surplus bugaboo? Plainly we should be confronted with an appalling situation. For if a correspondingly violent attack of efficiency should light upon Congress and the horde of Federal, State and municipal employees, thousands of them might be turned loose upon an innocent public, already suffering under a heavy burden of leisure time.

But may there not be simpler, less expensive but equally enjoyable ways of using leisure, ways that make leisure a period to be eagerly awaited rather than a dreaded incubus? The first way that opens out to my vision is the pleasant pathway to good literature. Earth has yielded no gems and man has fashioned no other treasures comparable in value with great literature. No regal diadem equals the first folio of Shakespeare. Horace with a pardonable egotism was merely speaking the plain truth when he announced in the familiar triumphant Latin verses that in his odes he had builded a monument more lasting than brass and overtopping the Pyramids. Horace made the whole world richer for all time by a few strokes of his pen, a miracle which no economist has achieved. Faust, Hamlet, Ivanhoe, Don Quixote, Falstaff, Portia, Uncle Remus, Sam Weller, David Copperfield, Becky Sharp, Jean Valjean and the thousands of their comrades in the pages of literature stand ready to welcome all visitors to their realm, and to fill with joy, amusement, comfort and soothing satisfaction all the leisure time available for such visits. And all this feast is spread for the price of a street car fare to the public library.

Why, then, is this supreme and inexhaustible source of pleasure so often overlooked in the frenzied search for entertainment to fill up spare time? Well, thereby hangs a tale. Our neglect of English in homes and schools is becoming a national scandal. We have created huge subsidies and endowments for the study of insect habits, fecundity in hogs, heredity in rats, the trend of prices, the eradication of barberries, methods of canning peaches, pruning grape vines, manufacturing nitrates, controlling the feeble minded, raising blue foxes, broadcasting news of market doings, in fact every subject that human beings could study,

except English and literature. Isn't it about time that as a Nation we began to give encouragement to the universal and systematic study and enjoyment of the medium through which all our joys, griefs and other experiences must find expression? To college trustees, who for the most part are of the boiler factory, captain-of-industry type, English literature is the least important thing about a college. "What we want in our students is more pep, more of the go-get-'em and do-it-first spirit," is their motto.

You may remember that on his gloomy journey with Virgil through the Inferno, Dante came upon one of his former teachers away down in the seventh circle of hell. Perhaps Andrew D. White of the Yale class of '53 had a similar purpose in mind when he said: "At Yale in my day there was never even a single lecture on any subject in literature. In the English literature and language every man was left to his own devices." Is English becoming a dead language like Latin and Greek, except for telegrams, baseball news and movie legends? The youth still need some training for citizenship as well as for plumbing, plastering, pork packing and prune production. A mastery of English provides another needful ingredient of life. But on this point parents, school trustees and teachers seem to need an awakening. Too often the trustees' exhortation to the teacher is: "Cut from the curriculum, so far as feasible, all useless frills such as English, literature, history and similar stuff, and bend every effort with all possible speed to transform the raw material which comes under your care into efficient taxi drivers, wireless operators, stenographers, bookkeepers, barbers, cooks, manicurists, and other useful members of society."

And many teachers, cowed and discouraged by such bullying tactics, are being driven perilously near the limbo where Dante found his old preceptor. Only a few days ago, in an article by a teacher of English on English courses in schools, I read the amazing statement that Homer, Plato, Horace, Chaucer, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Lowell have no more value or relation to the modern world than the footprints of a Dinosaur in the mud of the lower Cretaceous Age. I wonder what this man does with his leisure hours, and, more particularly, how he contrives to

avoid meeting at every turn of the road and in every corner of his study these same immortal spirits that he so unceremoniously exorcises from the class room? Fortunately most of our teachers of English literature have kept the faith. In my travels through all of our forty-eight States during the past four years I have embraced such opportunities as presented themselves to inquire of literature teachers how they were getting on. Naturally many are somewhat discouraged, working in an unfriendly atmosphere. It hurts a bit to see emphasis placed on almost all subjects except literature. In literature virtue is its own reward, particularly in the State colleges and universities. The honor man in the swine husbandry course gets a substantial prize as the best hog critic. But literature is an unnecessary frill, a useless habit which one must acquire at his own risk.

Moreover, I listened with much interest to remarks about efforts in various institutions to teach "business English", "agricultural English", and "scientific English". Why not add courses in cowboy English, baseball English, negro English, New York English, and pidgin English? I find it hard to understand how a reputable institution can be misled into the adoption of such a worthless remedy for a fundamental defect. Business English and scientific English are not English, but mere special jargons. There is only one kind of English and that's plain, unqualified English, spoken in one form or another by nearly five hundred million people in various parts of the globe, a language in which you may speak to the American business man, farmer, scientist or economist with confident expectation of being understood. But English is not a mere phase of botany or bookkeeping or stock judging. Nor should it be taught by the zoölogist, the accountant, or the veterinarian. Since I have dogmatically asserted that there is but one English language, I may as well go further and say that there is only one way to teach English, and that is as a cultural art subject in the hands of men who know and love good literature.

In the meantime, our educational programme is failing to prepare the youth for a rational use of leisure. Social and political ills are not cured by studying the economics of engineering, agriculture, railroads and commerce. Machine efficiency, industrialism, com-

mercialism, speed mania and the rage for material progress or supremacy are the chief causes of social unrest. And more mere mechanical efficiency and material prosperity will entail still more unrest. Economics boasts its ability to analyze and solve all the ills of industrial relationships. But I have searched economics in vain for a remedy applicable to our educational muddle. On the other hand, I have merely to consult my copy of *The Hunting of the Snark* to find a suggestive formula. There I learn, apropos of serving up a jubjub bird, the paramount importance of

> Still keeping one principal object in view,
> To preserve its symmetrical shape.

That expresses our whole duty to the school curriculum—to restore and preserve its symmetrical shape by placing the right emphasis on literature as the best and simplest means of preparing every boy and girl for the efficient employment of working hours and the wise and profitable use of leisure.

Seven great endowments—the Peabody Education Fund of $3,000,000, the John F. Slater Fund of $1,000,000, the Carnegie Institution of Washington with $22,000,000, the General Education Board with $53,000,000, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching with $15,000,000, the Russell Sage Foundation of $10,000,000, and the Anna T. Jeanes Foundation of $1,000,000—have been established to educate former slaves, to encourage the study of farming, science, economics, and living conditions and to provide pensions for teachers. And the Government has contributed its millions for the same purposes. We have millions of federal funds for the study of coyotes, chinch bugs, flax, rubber and hog cholera, but not a cent for literature.

And the problem of the wise use of leisure is still screaming for help. Many of the machine jobs can be learned in three weeks' time. In fact the majority of youths who enter the trades receive big wages after a month's apprenticeship. Thus they are provided with a generous living. But what will they do with their leisure? Machine education cannot replace the thoughtful, constructive use of leisure. Education should develop the ability to use spare time profitably to oneself and to society. Does our present school programme strengthen that capacity? Ask the

5,000,000 who daily visit the movies. It might be well for educators and school boards to apply to their own work Hamlet's instructions to the players on the art of acting: "O, reform it altogether." For in these roaring times of industrial efficiency working hours make up but a small part of the day. And the idle hour programme is a far more important matter.

The upshot of the whole matter seems to be, then, that we need more literature in the schools and less talk about literature, and that there is room for a keener appreciation of literature in the home circle from grandfather down to the four-year-olds. In no other way can the recreation hour, the idle moment, the vacation time or the leisure period be so easily filled with pleasure and profit. By a strange irony of fate the biggest present-day economic problem is one with which economics cannot deal, viz: the right use of the increasing periods of leisure time, brought about by modern industrialism. We make generous financial allotments for education, spending in fact almost half as much for that purpose as for cigarettes. But our standard system of education helps prepare us for only the few working hours and leaves us to our own devices the rest of the time.

An educational system which prepared pupils only for the wise use of their leisure hours would be no less symmetrical, and, incidentally, would give a larger return for the expenditure of time and energy. But no one wants it to be all literary. We still remember the admonition of Lewis Carroll: "To preserve its symmetrical shape." Neither does it need to be all forge work and cabinet making. Some teachers are trying to assume unnecessary responsibilities. School teachers cannot possibly instruct all their pupils in all the mechanical arts, sciences, professions and trades. The Creator, with more modesty, left something for the individual to learn in his own development and experience. But the teacher may inspire the pupil with a love of good literature. If he succeeds in so doing, the pupil in his later life will rise up and call him blessed. Is it too much to expect of the schools that they may make a more determined effort to prepare the student for the business of life as a whole and not merely for the hours he is to spend in the shop or office?

A DRAMATIST OF NEW BORN IRELAND

BY P. S. O'HEGARTY

In literature and drama, English people have always been peculiarly susceptible to newness, strangeness, picturesqueness, and apt to fancy they are encountering genius when they are only experiencing astonishment. The classic example of this is Synge's *Playboy*, the wild, riotous extravagance of which so carried English critics away that they hailed it as genius, ignoring the fact that they had already seen, with cold eyes, Synge's two masterpieces, *Riders to the Sea* and *The Well of the Saints*. Much the same thing has happened, in a minor degree, to other Irish writers and dramatists who brought to the English mind something fresh and, so to put it, queer, something enshrining an attitude of mind completely un-English, or giving glimpses of a civilization which they would feel as "quaint". On the other hand, we in Ireland have suffered from the opposite fault, in that we have been suspicious of any impulse to hail anybody as a genius. We throw brickbats readily, and compliments with difficulty, and I am not sure that it is not, when all is said, better for men of talent or genius to get more than a fair share of brickbats at first—we invariably recall them eventually—than to get more than a fair share of compliments. To that general rule, Sean O'Casey is an exception, and he is in other respects a sufficient phenomenon in Irish drama to merit consideration.

Dramatic art is now a vastly different thing from what it was thirty years ago. Then it was lifeless, bloodless, and formalistic, obsessed with the idea that there were certain rigid rules of construction, of treatment, of subject, which it must follow. There was Ibsen, of course, who seemed to be new and very revolutionary, but whose method was the traditional method, and whose real influence on the drama was slight. He brought ideas and realism into it, but he did not change its form or widen it, and had it not been for other influences he might well have passed and left it intrinsically the same, except for a little better construction,

since the old methods could never have come back after so masterful a construction as *Rosmersholm*. But the men who liberated drama were really Wilde and Shaw, Irishmen both; liberated it from the idea that there was something fixed and immutable in its form, something limited in its choice of subjects. Wilde's influence was not apparent then, and is not now, because the tragedy which ended his career drove his plays off the stage until after Shaw had taken up the work where he stopped. But although his first plays conform to the mould of his time, they are restive under it, and he was feeling his way toward the play of ideas, the play wherein ideas and nothing else really mattered, the sort of play so brilliantly done afterward by Shaw. In *The Importance of Being Earnest*, his last play, the characters and situations are of relatively little importance; what matters are the ideas, the wit, the brilliancy. The play is compounded of and for these. In short, the critics would have been telling him in a little while, as they told Shaw later, that his plays were not plays. Shaw, as we know, retaliated by calling his next play "a discussion", and liberated drama. He widened its bounds and enlarged its horizon. He established the proposition that a play need not necessarily be, in the old rigid sense, a play, so long as it gets over the footlights. It can be a discussion, a tract, a morality, anything; it can just tell a story. A propagandist play may not be as good a play, artistically speaking, as an art-for-art's-sake play, but that fact will be to some measure independent of its subject. It will be conditioned by its plot, its characters—in fact, by the same things which determine the value of any other play.

Sean O'Casey, in his plays, is dealing not so much with men and women as with his epoch. His characters are there only to illustrate the life he knows and the forces that environ that life. He is propagandist in two senses; in that his characters are subordinated to his thesis, and in that his thesis itself is a partisan one. His whole soul feels violently, a soul in eruption, and so his characters are spiritually, and often physically, violent and eruptive. He has been known for a great many years as a man in the Irish Movement, to use a vague but well understood term; but as a dramatist he came only after Ireland had known three terrible and changing things—the Insurrection of 1916, the

Black-and-Tan War, and the Civil War. And he attempts to show the reactions which these three things had upon the common people of the City of Dublin, the heart and centre of the whole business.

Mr. O'Casey's first play, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, deals with the Black-and-Tan War, or War of Independence. It deals with it, not as it was seen and felt by those who were taking part in it, but as it appeared to those who most suffered from it, that is to say, the mass of the common people. The play has practically no plot, and its characters are puppets—the only character that one really remembers afterward is the realistic Black-and-Tan, who is on the stage only about ten minutes. But it puts on the boards Dublin people to the life, and Dublin conversation, and Dublin tenements in actuality. It shows the other side of the heroic medal which to many is the whole of the war; and it does it all with a naturalness, a humor and a bite which have proved quite irresistible. The keynote of the play will be found in this bit of dialogue:—

SEUMAS.—How peaceful the heavens look now with the moon in the middle; you'd never think there were men prowlin' about tryin' to shoot each other. I don't know how a man who has shot anyone can sleep in peace at night.

DAVOREN.—There's plenty of men can't sleep in peace at night now unless they know that they have shot somebody.

SEUMAS.—I wish to God it was all over. The country is gone mad. Instead of counting their beads now they're countin' bullets; their *Hail Marys* and *Paternosters* are burstin' bombs—burstin' bombs, an' the rattle of machine guns; petrol is their Holy Water; their Mass is a burnin' buildin'; their *De Profundis* is *The Soldiers' Song*, an' their creed is, I believe in the gun almighty, maker of heaven an' earth—an' it's all for "the glory o' God and the honor o' Ireland".

DAVOREN.—I remember the time when you yourself believed in nothing but the gun.

SEUMAS.—Ay, when there wasn't a gun in the country; I've a different opinion now when there's nothin' but guns in the country . . . It's the civilians that suffer; when there's an ambush they don't know where to run. Shot in the back to save the British Empire, an' shot in the breast to save the soul of Ireland.

The characters are all voices, and nothing more than voices. But they give, in ensemble, an authentic social and historical

background to the time, and lay bare what was happening, and what was being thought, behind the ambushing and the shooting. Ireland, in the years of that war, began to see the other side of heroism, began to see the excesses of a popularization of force. And this play, dealing wholly with the common people, and in their familiar vocabulary, came right out of the midst of them and put them on the stage as they were and as they thought. That was why it at once achieved popularity.

Mr. O'Casey's second play, *Juno and the Paycock*, is also a document of his epoch. It deals with the Civil War, but whereas the Black-and-Tan War was the whole of *The Gunman*, the Civil War is not nearly the whole of *Juno*. The main interest in *Juno* is in the characters; in Juno, her husband, and the wastrel Joxer. Yet the atmosphere of the Civil War is worked in so cleverly with the characters that they fit in, and do not spoil each other, which is also perfectly true of the actual time. Nobody could get away from the Black-and-Tan War, even in thought, but the people at large took no real interest in the Civil War. It was there and they could not stop it, but they detested it and were reaching out to other interests. The bite of the earlier play has been softened, and instead of the hard, riotous, political bombs we get this:

> Mother o' God, Mother o' God, have pity on us all! Blessed Virgin, where were you when me darlin' son was riddled with bullets, when me darlin' son was riddled with bullets? Sacred Heart o' Jesus, take away our hearts o' stone, and give us hearts o' flesh! Take away this murdherin' hate, an' give us Thine own eternal love!

That may read crudely. It is crude. But in the play it is noble and pitiful and right, and it says justly and accurately what ought to be said about the thing with which it deals, and what many people were saying at the time.

But the triumph of the play is in the three characters I have mentioned; the idle, drunken father, the heroic mother, and the wastrel hanger-on and boon companion. Juno is a real tragic figure, not of ignoble but of high and ennobling import. She is true metal, true mother and true woman, and true to actual life, from the first to the last line. The others are true also, the

drunken but not evil father, the drunken but not evil hanger-on. They are recognizable and true types. The two wastrels, one feels, cannot help being wastrels. It was in their blood, or in their circumstances. There they are. But you cannot hate them, or feel disgust at them, any more than Juno can. They have no special virtues but also no ugly vices, and when they are drunk they are maudlin perhaps but not brutal or vicious. Juno is the high test of the play, and stands it triumphantly. She is there to do her daily work, her daily round, for husband and children, however unworthy they may be, and she does it, unchanged by good or by ill fortune. Fate deals its heaviest blows at her, but she meets everything with courage and fortitude, and at the end is nobly undismayed.

There are, of course, minor characters, also true and illuminating in their way; and there is one bad blunder in the play. The whole episode of the betrayal of the daughter, and especially the portrayal of the seducer, is unreal and false. If it were not for that it would be a perfect tragedy, but it carries even that.

The third of Mr. O'Casey's plays, *The Plough and the Stars*, is the earliest in point of time. It deals with the Insurrection of 1916, and attempts to show that episode against the background of the Ireland of its time. There is a better attempt at characterization than in *The Gunman*, and there is one perfect comedy character, Fluther Good, worthy to be put with Captain Boyle and Joxer or Juno; but the characters on the whole are unimportant and the play depends upon its subject. It is an unequal play. The first act is bad; the second act, taken by itself, is the most brilliant and most moving thing Mr. O'Casey has written; while the third and fourth acts, while in full keeping with Mr. O'Casey's thesis, are not a true picture. They contain truth. It is a fact that there were drunkenness and looting among some of the Dublin poor in Easter week, but it is an untrue picture which gives nothing else but that. And I think the rôle assigned to Mrs. Clitheroe, that of holding back her man, is quite untrue. The end of the fourth act does perfectly give you Ireland immediately after the Rising; but to the extent that the third and fourth acts do not do justice to the Rising itself, the play is an untrue, or rather an incomplete, picture. But the matchless second act!

When the play was produced, a small minority of people objected to the second act, and created a disturbance, which, was not repeated and did not interfere with the performance. I can only surmise that their minds were quite blinded to beauty. The second act is in a public-house, with the glasses and bottles, the barman, the drinkers, and the prostitute—this latter a gem of observation, marvellously acted. The conversation, the arguments, are those of Dublin of the time, petty, squalid, not ennobling. Into the bar come two men, an Irish Volunteer and a member of the Irish Citizen Army, carrying flags. They come from a meeting outside. They are worked up, enthusiastic. Their talk is of fighting for Ireland, dying for Ireland. There is the background, an actual, true, artistic presentation of the background which was Ireland on Easter Monday of 1916. Across that whole scene comes in flashes, a sentence now and a sentence again, a voice from outside, the voice of the orator at a meeting, and the words are the words of Pearse in that most unforgettable and most classic utterance of his, that speech at the grave of O'Donovan Rossa which is one of the great Irish national orations. It cuts like a trumpet call, like the sword of the Lord, like a gleam of beauty, right across the squalidity, the maudlinism, the spinelessness, which was Ireland at the time; just as the Rising itself came, suddenly and like a sign from Heaven. It is a true act, a perfectly beautiful act, true humanly and true historically, and to it I take off my hat.

Mr. O'Casey has written also a couple of one-act plays, but they are of no importance, and the three plays I have dealt with form, so far, his output. They will be found, I think, to constitute the first phase of his development. He has dealt with his epoch, and in the future he will have to find other subjects. I have no doubt he will find them, for clearly he has the root of the matter in him. But, even if he never wrote another line, he has contributed nobly to the Irish Theatre and to drama, more weightily perhaps than any other of the younger dramatists.

To the Irish dramatic movement itself he brought the people. He came from the people and he brought the people. In all the thirty years of its existence, and for all its fine and individual work, the audience of the Abbey Theatre was mainly an eclectic audience, a select audience. It was composed of people who

wanted to see plays about Ireland. Mr. O'Casey brought in the people who wanted to see plays, who were in the habit of going for that purpose to what is miscalled the commercial theatre, and who did not particularly want Irish plays. They came for *The Gunman*, to see the life they led and hear the things they thought, but having come they remained, remained for Mr. Robinson's *Big House* and *White Blackbird*, for Pirandello, for Mr. Yeats's moving version of *Œdipus*. The old habitués, who spoke with scorn about the new Abbey audience laughing at the wrong things and generally disgracing itself from an eclectic standpoint, forgot that the new audience was the people, and that it is more important to have the people than to have a merely select audience. Moreover, not alone have the people discovered the Abbey, but they have learned to appreciate the Abbey, the plays, and the acting. The tremendous tragedy of *Œdipus* was played recently to full and appreciative audiences, who were held from the first word to the last by the vital mould and mood of the play and the magnificence of the acting.

In another sense also Mr. O'Casey is significant in the evolution of the Irish dramatic movement. He breaks the long line of peasant dramatists and peasant plays. He is the first modern Irish dramatist to come out of brick and mortar and write about brick and mortar. All the others have come from farms or from small towns and villages, and they have written about town life, when they did write about it, at second hand. The contrast between that sort of writing and the writing of the man who knows, as exemplified in Mr. O'Casey, is very remarkable. Mr. O'Casey not only knows the life and the people, but he is one of them, still one of them, and he writes out of a passionate need to express certain things, and not from a desire to find good copy. Other writers will show you slum life as a thing of gloom and horror, but that is only the writing of a District Visitor with an obsession in favor of believing the worst of everybody. Mr. O'Casey never leaves out the humanity, good feeling, and humor that make life worth living even in the slums.

His future is an unknown quantity. But on his three plays his place in Irish drama and Irish history is secure. These are chronicle plays, which set down his epoch and show how it met its three upheavals, plays of the utmost importance historically and

socially. They show *plebs* articulate in time of revolution—and what would we not give to get that for every upheaval, national or universal? The politicians have been very vocal as expounders of the people's thoughts, but here is something right out of the people, a self revealing of their thought and life and attitude. I venture to think that, in years to come, when these times are being written on, people will turn rather to these plays, and plays like Mr. George Shiels's *The Retrievers* (an illuminating play on rural conditions in time of disorder), rather than to the ponderous historian who counts nothing but what he calls facts.

Mr. O'Casey, at any rate, must go on. He has a rich and virgin field, and he has courage, pity, good observation, and a kindly feeling for illusions. The danger before him is that he might become "literary". There is visible in *The Plough and the Stars* a dangerous tendency to manufacture a sort of slum Kiltartan, and in some interviews which he is alleged to have given among the English he is said to have talked about "the mission of the artist". Well, that, to him, is only jargon which he does not understand and which he should not use. Let him never bother his head about phrases of this sort, but write, and go on writing. He is not an artist, but a propagandist, a man within his brain a queer jumble of half forgotten, half repudiated, but still remembered, rags of various political and social formulas, all of which have been thrown overboard by his sincere and passionate feeling for the common people, the *plebs*, their fine people and their drunkards and their wastrels, their humor and their resignation, and by his sense of the futility of mere political or social upheaval. They are his people, all of them, and he does not know yet what he can do with them. He can only wait, and go on writing when the surge is on him. He is a young man, and as yet an unspoiled one. There is no reason why he should not go on, and give us in the end, judging by his beginning, a very considerable addition to the world's dramatic literature. But if he is to do that he must cut loose from London and go back where he belongs. The cosmopolitan Irishman often makes literature in England and in America. But not the Irishman of his sort. Ireland is not alone his mother, but his life, and his future depends upon his maintaining due contact with her.

NOTES ON SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY ELISABETH BROWN CUTTING

BIOGRAPHICAL RE-ESTIMATES

JAMES BRYCE. By H. A. L. Fisher. Two Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

GEORGE ELIOT AND HER TIMES. By Elizabeth S. Haldane. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By Michael Sadleir. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"In the present day, no one can take up any book intended for general circulation without clearly seeing that the writer supposes most of his readers will be ladies or young men; and that in proportion to his judgment he is attending to their taste." True indeed; and where more truly than in the welter of biographies and biographical fiction which the mode of the recent past and immediate present has called forth in such large quantities? "The Rewrite School of Biography," Mr. John Carter aptly calls it, with its hastily assembled facts, and intelligentsia diction, and so little regard for the intimate interrelations between the subject of a biography and his period. The "present day" referred to, however, is not as of 1927, but of the year of grace 1856, and Walter Bagehot, the eminent English political economist, is writing in *The National Review* on Edward Gibbon, and contrasting the literature of Gibbon's period with that of his, as one "in which authors had ceased to write for students, and had not yet begun to write for women".

But what seemed to Bagehot a critical defect in the writing of his day, seventy years ago, may be stressed as sound criticism for some of the writing of ours, and one hopes if this biographical vogue is to stay with us there may be more of the masculine tone, to use another Bagehot phrase, and less prettifying of the writing of biography. There are, however, some notable exceptions, in the field of biography, to this feminine and adoles-

cent school. A virile piece of work beyond question is that of the Warden of New College in his *James Bryce.* Although scarcely to be classed as a great biography, an estimate doubtless that Mr. Fisher would be the first to disclaim, it is a staunch and scholarly piece of writing. Mr. Fisher has restricted his narrative, notably in recording some of Bryce's twenty-six years Parliamentary experiences, and in omitting accounts of some of his multitudinous activities. But his aim was to give the personality of the man, and in that he has met with a real success, and also to underscore Lord Bryce's interest in the furthering of Anglo-American relations.

Competing for a scholarship at Trinity, Oxford, in the spring of 1857, this young Scottish Presbyterian faced the challenge of signing the Thirty-Nine Articles as well as being expected to attend chapel. A profound conviction that to sign the Articles would be "treason to the faith of his ancestors" led him to refuse to do so, even at the cost of relinquishing his scholarship. Ultimately he was admitted, receiving a B.A., and later a D.C.L., but the M.A. degree, which could only be conferred if the candidate had signed the Thirty-Nine Articles, was never given. He won many academic honors while at Oxford. Goldwin Smith and Dean Stanley were the outstanding professors to him, and much of his interest in History was furthered by them. In the spring of 1862 he was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel, and in that same year won the Arnold Prize with the now famous essay, later expanded into a small book, *The Holy Roman Empire,* of which Freeman wrote: "Mr. Bryce's essay may seem ephemeral in form, but it is not ephemeral in substance. He has in truth by a single youthful effort placed himself on a level with men who have given their lives to historical study." And a young historian had thus come among the scholars of Oxford.

Bryce was connected with the movement for women to have a university training, and supported the effort throughout his life, while at the same time remaining a confirmed anti-suffragist. He aided in the founding of Girton College; was, in fact, "an original member" of the college to which George Eliot contributed one hundred pounds as "from the author of *Adam Bede*". His connection with educational problems began with his ap-

pointment on a Royal Commission to examine into secondary education in all its ramifications. In this as in all matters relating to education Mr. Fisher finds the interest of a fellow specialist, and therefore the biography is rather over-weighted on this subject.

Inevitably, beginning with Mr. Fisher himself, must Lord Bryce be likened to Herodotus, for travel and history, combined as only the trained student can make them, were as vital to the one man as to the other. And they visited and commented on the same places. "Even down to my time" was as easily the phrase of the Greek as of the Briton. So we have annals of visits in Transylvania, Ireland, Spain and Portugal, the Caucasus, Tiflis, Erivan, with the climbing of Ararat, then back through Constantinople, where the Near East question was rushing to one of its periodic heads. Gladstone came back into office and Bryce made his entry into Parliament. Notwithstanding his twenty-six years there, he was not regarded as a success. Undoubtedly he was too academic for his fellow Commoners; his digressions, based on his stupendous knowledge, could lead him far afield; and he was not a debater. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone invited him to become an Under Secretary of State, so thus he became a Minister of the Crown, although for barely six months' duration through the defeat of the Liberal Party on the Irish Question. But this overthrow, brought about by the Home Rule Bill, secured to Bryce the nominal leisure which advanced the work on *The American Commonwealth*, that breviary for all students in these United States. His Ambassadorship to the United States, a mission he filled with affectionate success to the minds of Americans, his work on the Committee of War Outrages, and later for the League of Nations, are recently familiar. A frequent criticism of the biography is that the letters selected are too similar, and from the same sources, mostly American. Perhaps another volume is in contemplation, which would include those from Englishmen among his intimates.

When *George Eliot's Life* by her husband, J. W. Cross, appeared in 1885, the critics found in it a new plan of biography. Henry James said it was a plan "without precedent . . . of conjoining in the same text selected morsels of letters and journals, so as to

form a continuous and multifarious *talk*, on the writer's part, punctuated only by marginal names and dates," and "that the form Mr. Cross has chosen or invented becomes in the application, highly agreeable." John Morley, recalling that George Eliot herself condemned the practice of literary biography, although admitting that "autobiography, at least saves a man or a woman that the world is curious about from the publication of a string of mistakes called 'Memoirs'", applauds the work of Cross, saying: "He found no autobiography nor fragment of one, but he has skillfully shaped a kind of autobiography by a plan which, so far as we know, he is justified in calling new." And from across the Channel, the eminent French critic, Edmond Scherer, commented on the newness of the plan, notably in that the letters are never given entire, and that he (Cross) "has not let slip any of those involuntary revelations, of those blessed indiscretions, which rejoice the reader and edify the psychologist"!

Now again, after forty or more years, we have this volume of *George Eliot and Her Times*, by Miss Haldane, sister of Lord Haldane, who has done her work competently and compactly, one might almost say as a revaluation of the critical estimate of this engrossing Victorian figure, who Lord Acton said was "the most considerable literary personality that had appeared since the death of Goethe". And perhaps the most important part the book will serve is that it starts anew discussion of this personality, outstanding even in an age of literary giants.

George Eliot was a master in the interpretation of the lives of the common people. Here her best realism is to be found. In religion she would be called, Miss Haldane thinks, a Modernist; but in the days when science and religion were really in violent antagonism, her calm, secured by a deep sense of the rights of the mind, gave her poise in the conflict. Her humility in regard to her own work, her love of children, of whom she invariably wrote with more spontaneity than of other people, with none of the inhibitions modernity would think it had to demand of a childless woman, came perhaps from her renunciation of the creed of her forefathers, and her belief that all that life itself could mean dwelt in the heart of man. Yet the *Tales of Clerical Life* are "reckoned as amongst [her] best writing."

The realism of her art tested by modern standards will invite consideration. But there is scarcely likely to be a return of the hot discussion of the 'nineties, as to how much of Maggie Tulliver is George Eliot, how truly was Romola a Florentine type, or as to the brittle quality of Rosamond Vincy, or the priggishness of Daniel Deronda.

Will the volume result in creating an urge to reread the novels, to make a study anew to see if George Eliot's art may be compatible with the "twentieth century problem"? On the whole we think not. George Eliot's life will stand apart always, always engage profound interest, as a study of a human soul, and as a brilliant contribution to an amazingly brilliant group. But the novels will not appeal to modern youth, perhaps in part because they will be academic requirements, and in part because the type is notably that for the middle-aged. The whole content is based on the reflection of maturity. There was, too, a restricted emotional range.

So she will remain, great in her own greatness with its limitations, but a compelling study; and the middle-aged and academic may reread the novels and will always find interest in her life, partly, as Miss Haldane says, because a study of her life typifies the struggles and aspirations of a very distinguished woman, partly because it typifies the struggles and aspirations of a generation.

Another student of clerical life was at work at this same time, who permitted himself, however, enchanting digressions in the hunting field as well as into the business world, and who set himself to a daily task of writing his novels with the same zeal, and practically on schedule, as he hunted three times a week and served Her Majesty's Government daily in the Post Office Department. Anthony Trollope outlived George Eliot by two years, but their friendship was a very real one. On one occasion when he was dining with her and the subject turned upon the modes of writing, and he told of his habit of writing even in winter "from half-past five till the breakfast gong", George Eliot groaned and said, "There are days together when I cannot write a line." "Oh, well," replied Trollope, "with imaginative work like yours that is quite natural; but with my mechanical stuff

it's a sheer matter of industry." Industry played a large part, as the formidable list of his writings testifies, but it was not the whole, and his work was wide of the way of being "mechanical stuff"; evincing imaginative force, a zest for living, all the more remarkable when one recalls the early struggles the *Autobiography* reveal. His ability to overcome obstacles was undoubtedly derived from the mother, Frances, whose own domestic manners seem to have been scarcely more alluring than those she found and reported on her visits to America.

How much of importance his mother was in the Trollope family, however, may be judged by the space given to her and her inveterate travelling, by Mr. Sadleir in his new and admirable biography of *Anthony Trollope.* Here we find some fresh material relating to this other notable Victorian figure and the familiar and always delightful things for the Trollopians assembled and arranged in a way to provoke reading. In our day of exploiting the bourgeois, it is arresting to read Oliver Elton's saying that "George Eliot is apt to be hard on the upper bourgeois, and Trollope's light, unassuming way is really sounder than hers". Trollope's realism, on the other hand, made his pictures of social matters simply variants of the commonplace every day concerns, and he was not reclaiming a world, nor philosophizing about it, whether he viewed it from a Cathedral close or the Essex Downs, or the murk of London, but he was telling a story because he had a story to tell, which, as he said, was the novelist's business. But as Mr. Sadleir remarks of the novels, "their monotony is the monotony of ordinary existence", and they "violate the modish canons of good fiction, as constantly and as shamelessly as does life itself".

Again the question, as in the case of George Eliot, presents itself: Are not all Trollopians middle-aged? Will the younger generation read the novels? We rather think they will. And perhaps a subtle reason may lie in the fact that there is such a word as "Trollopians"! Mr. Sadleir's opening chapter on "The Voice of An Epoch" is an admirable restatement of Mid-Victorian England in terms of the twentieth century problem, and Mr. A. Edward Newton's Introduction indicates our indebtedness to him for this new Life.

SOME NOVELS IN BRIEF

THE OLD COUNTESS. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

SHULE AGRA. By Kathleen Coyle. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press.

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Edmond Scherer, to whom I have referred elsewhere, had this to say about women writing novels: "Women may write novels—novels better than those of men, but not the same. Genius in their hands meets with, 'Thus far and no farther'." And Elizabeth Drew in *The Modern Novel*, says: "The creative genius of woman remains narrower than that of man, even in the novel. . . . In spite of equal education and equal opportunity, the scope of woman remains still smaller than the scope of man." A span of forty years lies between the writing of the first and the second criticism, but accepting this broad general principle which has, one must say regretfully, so continuously stood the test of time, the task of casually reviewing the random volumes before me simplifies itself.

In brief, then, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, master technician that she is, barely averts an artistic catastrophe in *The Old Countess*. This venomous old Frenchwoman, whose senile love for the young English artist taxes credulity, the while it flicks and flays around the loves of Jill, his wife, and Marthe Ludérac, carries on through the book till only the merciful Dorgogne rising to its flood furnishes the escape—for Mrs. de Selincourt! The French country none knows better than she how to describe; nor the peasants of the villages; they are always deeply bitten in, as the etchers say. The mountainside village of Buissac, with the river "winding in majesty between its vast grey cliffs, its wooded gorges—it was to the earth what an eagle is to the sky; a presence; a power; possessing what encompasses it." This power below and the "menacing sky" above—menacing is the Old Countess's word—are almost Greek in their brooding over the book from cover to cover. It is, perhaps, straining a point to

force this symbolism. The novel has a certain distinction, of course, but not such artistry as Mrs. de Selincourt brought to *The Little French Girl.*

Ireland, the country round about Dublin, is the setting of Kathleen Coyle's new novel, *Shule Agra,* with all the implications such a frame suggests: A tale of the Young Intelligentsia,—the English title for the book is *Youth In The Saddle,*—centered about the Hassan family, beginning with the death of the father in an asylum. "I really cannot understand you young people!" exclaimed Mrs. Hassan petulantly. "Don't you feel anything?" There are all the familiar episodes, but the characters are rather finely drawn: Shule Agra, the girl; Roderick, her favorite brother, killed by the Civic Guards; Shanad, Shule's lover, the father of her unborn child, from whom she flees in the end after Roddy's death; a man called Lewis Roncus, a friend of her brother's, one of the best drawn, unless it be the old grandmother who makes the fine contrast. The style of writing is often confused, as the country of the writer, but there is a certain quality, half poetic, that makes for a sort of beauty.

With Miss Warner's "small book out nice and new", as Catullus put it, *Mr. Fortune's Maggot,* and with the memory of *Lolly Willowes,* we can say further with the Latin poet that we have "upon her trifles set some store". *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* is a fantasy of an imaginary island of the South Seas, where the missionary efforts of the Reverend Timothy Fortune resulted in the conversion of but one soul, the boy Lueli. He is temporarily converted, one may say; indeed the adjective applies to the Reverend Timothy as well; and the book is delightful in its whimsicality and delicious humor. The long, unvarying days on this Polynesian island, like the roll of the Pacific's swell itself, provide the missionary with a new leisure. That and the fact that there was but the single convert, when he had fancied that, like sorrows, they would come in battalions, give him special opportunity to work upon the education of the lovable Lueli. The

while the home life of the inhabitants goes on undisturbed, save only for the earthquake, which in its finality ends the Reverend Timothy's faith, his collar studs, and the second hand harmonium, "that domesticated instrument" with which he hoped to ensnare the islanders, and sends him back to the Archdeacon because he has been an unprofitable servant. All this but briefly outlines this Crusoe idyl.

Genius in this most recent novel of Mrs. Virginia Woolf finds us in different case altogether. Here one parts with Miss Drew's view, certainly, for there is scope in this novel *To the Lighthouse* as wide as the sea itself, which beats its "listless chime" all through the pages, and makes the rhythm of this strangely moving story. The Ramsay family live by the sea. James Ramsay, aged six, the youngest of eight children, is promised by his beautiful mother that the next day they will go to the lighthouse, a day's sail away. The father, a sort of male Cassandra, says it will rain. This is his view about everything, except his own books on metaphysics. Two-thirds of the book is given over to the evening, already spoiled for James by that insistence about rain, wherein one learns by most delicate traceries of this family of Ramsays and their guests. The next part, Time has passed. Changes have come. The family have not been back to the sea. At the end some of them do come. James, indeed, now a lad of sixteen, sails his father to the lighthouse. Scarcely more than this, out of which Virginia Woolf, with stroke after stroke, has fashioned such a fragment of beauty. At random one could choose passages that are like bits of still life:

> Now eight candles were stood down the table, and after the first stoop the flames were stood upright and drew with them into visibility the long table entire, and in the middle a yellow and purple dish of fruit. What had she done with it, Mrs. Ramsay wondered; for Rose's arrangement of the grapes and pears, of the horny pink-lined shell, of the bunch of bananas, made her think of a trophy fetched from the bottom of the sea, of Neptune's banquet, of the bunch that hangs like vine leaves over the shoulder of Bacchus (in some picture) among the leopard skins and the torches lolloping red and gold. . . .

In *The Common Reader* we learned of Mrs. Woolf's critical gift. In *Mrs. Dalloway*, as well as in *To the Lighthouse*, we find

that proper use of the economy of means which, however, in the hands of some novelists, so easily becomes parsimony in literature. Mrs. Woolf is an artist, and a rarely gifted one.

REFLECTIONS

GROTESQUES AND OTHER REFLECTIONS. By Mary Cass Canfield. New York: Harper and Brothers.

If one were to indulge oneself in playing with the numerous definitions of the grotesque, and then in turn apply them to this interesting grouping of Miss Canfield's critical estimates, one would on the whole find the summation in Ruskin's analysis, that it is the art, generally, of the wayside. That is, the art of recreative moments as opposed, as he says, to that which is the business of men's lives. This at least is the definition which we have chosen to fasten upon these delightful appreciations, pressing another point of Ruskin, that the noble grotesque involves the true appreciation of beauty; and that, indeed, Miss Canfield has. But her real concern is in the tragi-comedy of life, for those who find in the grotesque fear, the ironic laughter implicit in caricature, and she is, of course, quite right in asserting that "many caricatures do not reach the stature of true grotesque."

The intention, in the architect's sense, is sound and sustained throughout this little volume, which touches in this wayside art so various subjects as "Mrs. Asquith in Person," "Eleonora Duse," "Augustus John," "*Mon Ami Pierrot*"—an arch-grotesque—and, to us, the most imaginative and most tightly held together fancy, "Aphrodite—B. C. 400." In them all are sharpness of line, a hint of wistfulness, stark humor, and an accuracy of observation that she transmutes into the aptest of words. What one prefers most to remember is Miss Canfield's definition of good taste, "the aristocracy of the mind," which she so easily offers.

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

That "there is nothing new under the sun" is strikingly exemplified in the early numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *in discussions of matters almost identical with those now engaging public attention. Thus the state of Europe after the Napoleonic Wars closely resembled that following the World War; as shown by the eminent international publicist* THEODORE LYMAN, *in his review of Malthus's book on the Corn Laws in the issue for July, 1815:*

It would seem as if the eternal curse was again gone abroad—"And I will put enmity between his seed and thy seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." On the tranquil shores of our country we fondly, but perhaps falsely, cherish the maxim that we make war to obtain peace. But in Europe this humane principle unhappily appears to be reversed—they make peace to renew war. What if these mighty masters have removed, or enlarged, or narrowed, the lines and boundaries of kingdoms? They have not rooted out or softened away the black and bloody propensities of the human heart. The fiery and rancorous passions of revenge, jealousy and ambition still remain, and will it not hereafter be seen that the subjugation of a powerful nation has made it regard with a deadly hate a large portion of Europe that before it only despised?

Sectional rivalries and jealousies in the United States, such as have today been unhappily developed, were deprecated by WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *in the second issue of the* REVIEW:

The mind is dazzled in considering the advantages of our situation. The vast extent of the United States is open to industry, to establish itself in the most favorable spot for its peculiar pursuits, to exchange its produce with distant States, without duties, monopolies, or prohibitions. Every year witnesses some new manufacture in one district, some new product of the surface or the interior of the earth in another. The manufactures of the North and the rich products of the South exchanged without restriction; without jealous rivalries to depress, counteracting duties, prohibitions, and personal restraints, to force this district to produce what another can do more advantageously; how rapid, how great, must be the prosperity that will ensue!

The advantages of our situation are so obvious, the general effect is so genial, that we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that local prejudices, mean jealousies, base political intrigues, and shortsighted impracticable attempts of one section to trample on the feelings and interests of another, will ever be suffered to destroy this fortunate national condition.

That the present tendency to lessen the number of church meetings and to substitute musical and liturgical services for long sermons is no new thing, is attested by a letter to the Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *in May, 1815:*

There are some points of practice in religious worship, nearly similar in all the States of the Union, so far as my experience extends, which it has been sometimes thought might be altered advantageously. . . . The first alteration I would propose is in the hours of worship in the afternoon. It would be better that this service should commence at a later hour. The fatigue and effort to a clergyman, who officiates twice after so short an interval, must be greater than it would be if the second meeting were later in the day.

In the next place, are two discourses necessary, or, all circumstances considered, advantageous? Is not delivering two sermons a week a greater task than most or even any clergyman can well perform, in addition to other parochial duties? Would not a single discourse, which, it may reasonably be inferred, would be composed with more care and ability, produce more good than is now usually done by two? Does not the multiplicity of sermons in some measure weaken their effect?

Allow me then to suggest, for the consideration of the clergy and all reflecting men, whether the time of the second service may not be changed for the better, so that it should become what it was originally intended to be, an evening service; that the sermon should be delivered in the morning; and the evening service should have the vacancy of the sermon supplied by larger portions of the Scriptures, and of sacred music.

The prominence of the Kingdom of Serbia in world affairs today contrasts strongly with its obscurity a century ago, as remarked upon by JARED SPARKS *in October, 1827:*

If we run our eyes over the map of European Turkey, we shall discover in its northwestern borders a small province called Servia, laved on the north by the waters of "the dark rolling Danube", and on the south separated from Albania and Macedonia by ridges of lofty mountains. History has recorded little to acquaint us with the origin, government, and character of the inhabitants of Servia. Gibbon leaves them, as he had found them, nearly in the dark, and comforts his readers with observing that the country which they inhabit is one of the most hidden regions of Europe.

EDWARD EVERETT *indicated, in the* REVIEW *of October, 1827, that in the golden age of* WEBSTER *and* CLAY *popular esteem of Congressional oratory was little different from that of today:*

The Congressional eloquence of America is, we think, in no high repute among ourselves. We do not refer merely to the habitual sarcasm or ridicule thrown upon it, mostly for purposes of personal satire or party detraction. To this kind of reproach every part of the machinery of a free government is ever obnoxious. Where the press is free, men will joke their political opponents, and the English Parliament is as sadly quizzed as the American Congress. If classical authority be wanted, Pericles was the great butt of the satirists of his day. But we apprehend that in America the matter goes a little farther than this. The debates in Congress appear to us to be spoken disrespectfully of by many of the judicious portion of the community; of that portion who really say less than they feel and think, and whose censure deserves to be listened to.

The confusion of clock time which in many places exists under our mixture of "daylight saving" and "standard" systems was paralleled a hundred and twelve years ago, according to a writer in September, 1815:

I address you on a subject which causes some inconvenience here, and probably the same difficulty exists in other parts of the United States; this is the irregularity and diversity of time. There is no common standard, and every district is regulated by a clock of its own. The difference between the time in Boston and the villages about it is always considerable, and in some instances it varies upwards of half an hour. There is this difference at least between Salem and Boston; this often interferes with appointments in business, and in certain circumstances a criminal might be able to prove an alibi on this very ground.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, *the distinguished historian, in his review of* DISRAELI'S *"Vivian Grey" in July, 1827, indicated that "best sellers" were then proportionately as numerous as they are today:*

This is, emphatically, the age of novel writing; and as such will be undoubtedly characterized in the annals of English literature. We of the present generation can hardly estimate our own good fortune, in having lighted upon this prolific and entertaining epoch. Thrice blessed is the man who first devised these agreeable fictions; which so sweetly soothe the dull ear of sickness; exalt the fainting spirit with draughts that "cheer but not inebriate"; brighten the horrors of a rainy day; dispel the tedium of a winter's evening; and even give

zest and animation to that saddest of all earthly formalities, a family party. Who has not witnessed the instantaneous effect produced on the dull, invariable visages of such a circle, by the appearance of the novel; the muscle dilated into the sympathetic smile; or the eye, as the plot deepens, suffused with the tear of sensibility; while the reader, animated by the magical effects of his own voice, secretly imputes to himself half the merit which belongs to his author. . . . The press daily, nay hourly, teems with works of fiction, of no contemptible quality; the dry precepts of morality are seasoned with the sallies of a lively wit; barren historical fact is adorned with the graceful coloring of taste and sentiment; the muse of history, indeed, has condescended to take this part of fiction under her especial care; characters, modes of thought, and habits of society, are depicted with singular fidelity; novels and romances, no longer unprofitable, become the pleasing vehicles of truth; and thus, in spite of the old adage, a royal road has been opened to much genuine and substantial knowledge.

The recent determination of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to resume the old practice of naming locomotives after Presidents of the United States and other eminent men recalls the circumstance that just a century ago PETER HOFFMAN CRUISE, *Editor of "The Baltimore American," wrote in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1827, concerning the inception of that pioneer American railroad:*

A charter was obtained from the States of Maryland and Virginia for a Company called the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, with a capital of three millions and the power of extending it to five, in shares of one hundred dollars each; a million to be subscribed by the State, half a million by the corporation of Baltimore, and a million and a half by individuals. On the opening of the books in March, more than the total amount was subscribed in a few days, by individuals alone.

Little known as railroads are in America, and their more extended use not fully proved in England, the scheme is certainly a bold one, of constructing a road of this sort, not less than two hundred and fifty miles in length, and surmounting an elevation of three thousand feet.

The substitution of railroads for canals, which appears to be generally contemplated in England, is rendered by some circumstances of climate still more advantageous in this country than in that. . . . While the cost of construction and repair is less the facility of transport on a railway is greater (than on a canal) as regards both expense and time. It is computed that the time saved by the railroad on each trip from the Ohio to Baltimore would be one hundred and fifty-two hours, and that even at the rate of four miles an hour (which, it is believed may be doubled) the whole distance may be performed in sixty-two hours and a half.

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Veteran Socialist and able writer, **John Spargo,** born in Cornwall and resident at "Nestledown", Old Bennington, Vermont, expresses the view of many in the Republican Party that Calvin Coolidge should again run for President regardless of personal wishes (*Coolidge in Spite of Himself*).

Senator Alice Pattison Merritt, of Connecticut, pleads her cause in type no less eloquently than in legislative halls. Of the article *Why Women "Choose" Coolidge*, she says: "If I could only adequately express how deep my own appreciation is of the President's clear vision and wise action, it would *really* be worth printing."

No man in America has been more continuously at the centre of aeronautic activities in this country, and in touch with more history-making airmen here and abroad, than has **Augustus Post** (*Columbus of the Air*), who beside having the "history of the air" in his head has personally participated in some of the most thrilling adventures of aviation.

In view of the death of General Leonard Wood, *What Next in the Philippines* by **Norbert Lyons** is timely material. The writer has secured his information through long experience and observation in newspaper life in the Islands; has been consulted at various conferences as an expert, and is now President of the Affiliated Publications of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

Although not intent upon proclaiming himself, **James Truslow Adams** (*The Burgoyne Expedition*) admits that he is author of the Pulitzer Prize Winner, *The Founding of New England;* also of *Revolutionary New England*, and *New England in the Republic.* He has for the past few years been sitting on boards which adjudge historical awards, and is a member of various distinguished historical bodies.

The Slovene question in itself does not interest the whole world, but in the event that Austria should decide to throw in her with Germany, the resulting *Anschluss* constitute a dominant problem. Before coming Managing Editor of *Foreign Aff* and while serving as Attaché in Ser **Hamilton Fish Armstrong** became so t oughly imbued with the point of view of Southern Slavs as to write with excepti authority of their difficulties (*Where T Races Meet*).

Long, full life dulls the minds of some whets the minds of others. Few writer our time have lived more richly and f than **Elizabeth Robins Pennell,** who was only the wife of the late Joseph Pennell, his collaborator in the writing of *The Li Whistler* and *The Whistler Journal*, as we a long shelfful of travel books and mem For proof of the enduring vitality of M Pennell's mind, and the charm and humo her writing, turn to her consideration certain phase of contemporary life, *Fashion's Sake.*

In *The Invasion of Privacy* are unveile newspaperman's confessions of what glaringly committed in the name of ne gathering nowadays. **Silas Bent** needs introduction to justify his writing on topic, of which more will appear in his fo coming book, *Ballyhoo: The Voice of Press*, which he expects to bring out fall.

Edmond C. C. Genet's death (*Leaves f a War Diary*, edited by **Grace Ellery Ch ning**) came tragically upon his stirring exploits in the Aviation forces of the A. E and marked the exit of a hero. Nothin more fitting, therefore, than that his cou should have restored the citizenship whic so courageously jeopardized when he serted America's service to aid France in hour of need. On November 13, 1919, Secretary of the Navy addressed a lette the mother of this boy, outlining the ac of the courts in holding that "a man

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

le in the status of a deserter at large, ılists in the military or naval service and sequently honorably terminates that ɔnd enlistment, shall be decided as having ɔrably terminated the original enlist-ıt".

rofessor Jean Broadhurst, of Teachers' lege, Columbia University, has taught ils "from five years of age to sixty-eight".) she writes books to mark her holidays, always has a garden even in New York ". That she is poet as well as scientist is losed through reading *New Miracles for*

forthcoming book by **Stewart Edward** ite is presaged by his contribution, *The hnique of Life*, which will herald a suc-or in his long list of productions since the ning days of the present century. Many welcome an analysis of the philosophy of from this son of Michigan who now les in California.

Villiam Lyon Phelps (*Unmusical Non-ıedy*) is Professor of English Literature at e, a critic of drama and literature, and author of *Essays on Modern Novelists*, *dern Dramatists*, etc., beside being an ɔstle-at-Large of general culture to the erican people. He takes refuge during summer months in a town delightfully wn as Grindstone City, in which he antically occupies "Seven Gables".

. L. Mégroz (*Revolt*) is a poet and critic) resides in London. He is known for his graphy of Walter de la Mare, and his ical study entitled *The Three Sitwells.*

Iuriel Kent (*Personality in Letters*) is an glishwoman of Glenfield, Torquay, in the charming confines of Devonshire. One cannot doubt that this contributor is a keen and appreciative reader of the best collections of English letters, and a devotee of that fast disappearing art of polite correspondence which knits up the bonds of friendship. She has contributed to *The Hibbert Journal*, *The Bookman's Journal*, and other leading periodicals.

In reply to our request for biographical data we have in the words of **Professor Burges Johnson** (*The Cracker Barrel Philosopher*) the following: "As for the biographical paragraph, I do not know what to suggest, since you can find me in that 'wilderness of mediocrity', *Who's Who*. Perhaps you might say of me that I am an editor and writer who crawled under the fence into academic pastures. I prefer to be serious, even profound, but toastmasters are forever introducing me as 'a former editor of *Judge*'. It is my greatest ambition to form a business partnership with a New England stonecutter and write epitaphs."

For the past five years, with the exception of a twelve-month spent in surveying the European literary scene, **Herschel Brickell,** who begins in this issue to spy out *The Literary Landscape*, has contributed a daily column on books to *The New York Evening Post*. Mr. Brickell came to New York from the South, after serving newspapers of that section in every capacity from cub reporter to editor. He was associate editor and foreign correspondent of *The Literary Review* of *The Evening Post* for two years.

Alan H. Temple has been for years Managing Editor of *Commerce and Finance.*

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

BY HERSCHEL BRICKELL

The Bed's Head Bookshelf

(In this place will appear each month a mention of one or more books which have been winnowed from the thousands published in the last few years —books of more than passing interest and books that belong properly at "the bedde's head" of true bibliophiles.)

A revival of interest in Thomas Carlyle may be expected this fall, for David Alec Wilson's monumental biography has reached its fourth and climatic volume (Dutton, $5), and Mary Agnes Hamilton has supplied us with a fresh, brief new biography and study called "Thomas Carlyle" (Holt, $2.50). This gives even keener interest to the first choice for The Shelf, which is "Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to Her Family, 1839–1863," ($5) edited by Leonard Huxley and published in a handsome volume by Doubleday, Page in 1924. Here we have one of those inexhaustible books, a self-portrait of a great woman, a picture of a period; a book to be enjoyed in a spare moment or in a spare evening or a spare month.

THE publishing business tends to become less and less seasonal. Spring and fall are still the two peaks of the year, but no more than a glance at the number of important books that have appeared since early August is needed to convince any observer that the presses keep spinning now regardless of heat and humidity or mid-winter's chill.

Because the late summer and early fall of this year have been unusually active in the book business there is not sufficient space to go at length into the aims and purposes of this new department. Perhaps it will suffice to say that its editor hopes to make it each month as timely and comprehensive a survey of the contemporary literary output as the demands of space and his own human limitations will permit.

It is designed to be helpful to the reader who appreciates assistance in the selection of the books to which he is to give his limited time. An effort will be made to describe the books mentioned thoroughly enough for the reader to decide for himself whether he will find them worth trying.

This is a legitimate phase of criticism, although by no means all of it, and the editor will add his own opinion of the merits or demerits of the volumes under consideration, which judgment will take on—or lose—weight as we grow to know each other better.

Miss Cather in New Mexico

Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (Knopf, $2.50) has an eager audience waiting for it, as any novel by Miss Cather is certain to have by this time. It represents Miss Cather in a story-telling mood, offering none of the complicated pattern of "The Professor's House," for example, and few "problems" to vex the critics and the public.

It is the fictional biography of a French priest who went to New Mexico in the mid-Nineteenth Century as a Vicar Apostolic and remained until his work had won him a post as Archbishop. With wholly admirable simplicity and economy, Miss Cather has done this priestly portrait against a pioneer background rich in many elements, a living tapestry to be seen through the limpidity of her prose without blur or distortion.

This is the sort of historical novel-writing that looks easy and is just the opposite. Weeks after one has closed the book, the story is there in sharp, clean outline and the personality of Father Jean Marie Latour

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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COOLIDGE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

BY JOHN SPARGO

I

THAT Mr. Coolidge will be the candidate of the Republican Party in 1928 seems to be inevitable, notwithstanding his much discussed statement that he does not "choose" to be. To forecast his nomination, by a practically unanimous Convention, is not to indulge in political prophecy but simply to apply the rigid logic of realism to the present political situation. He does not choose to be a candidate for reëlection, but he cannot refuse to be chosen.

Unquestionably, Calvin Coolidge is incomparably the strongest man in the Republican Party. He is so far ahead of all other possible aspirants for the nomination in the popular regard, so far remote in the rear is his nearest rival, that to speak of him as a competitor is almost silly. There is no personal reflection upon, nor criticism of, any individual implied in this statement. There are abler men than Mr. Coolidge in his party, men who possess more of the qualities of statesmanship, but they do not command his great influence over the minds of the great mass of the people. Coolidge is first and foremost. There is no second. The sandy-haired Vermonter commands the situation in manner and fashion almost unprecedented. There are few parallels in our political history to Calvin Coolidge's position as the year 1927 wanes.

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Those who were believed to know Coolidge the politician more intimately than perhaps anybody else, and whose opinions were respected accordingly, have long intimated that he would not be an active candidate for the nomination; that he would use none of the enormous power inseparable from the high office he holds to promote the movement for his renomination. For this attitude Mr. Coolidge has been hailed with a mighty chorus of sincere praise. A host of people regarded it as a generous and noble renunciation of personal advantage, inspired by a high sense of rectitude and political righteousness, rarely experienced by politicians; the instinctive expression of a New England conscience, uniquely sensitive, dominated by an extraordinary sense of social obligation.

Whether these self-appointed interpreters have really known more about Mr. Coolidge's attitude than the rest of us, or whether, as is more likely, they have been just guessing, is of no importance at all. All that matters is that they have been almost certainly, even demonstrably, right. The "I do not choose to be" statement proves that. But there is no virtue in the Coolidge attitude. There is no renunciation of personal advantage under the urge of a domineering sense of righteousness. That interpretation of his motives is simply another illustration of the ease with which romanticism displaces realism in the mass mind. Of course, the illusion is a political factor of significance: the pæan of praise it evokes will be of no slight influence in the Republican National Convention and in the campaign. Mr. Coolidge is too astute a politician to overlook its import, and too practical to find it unwelcome or to decline to profit thereby. He is under no obligation to discredit the romanticism.

II

The dour Vermonter who so greatly resembles the hills among which he was cradled, and the rocky soil which nurtured his boyhood,—though his dourness is obscured in public in large measure by the benignity and charm of Mrs. Coolidge,—is very human. If I know anything at all of humanity, that stern visage masks a sensitive nature. He may look like a graven image, but in fact

he is very human. If, wanting the nomination, he believed that using the vast influence of his office, and of the system of political patronage by which it is buttressed, would insure his renomination, which would otherwise be uncertain, he would use them to the limit, as all his predecessors have done, though with greater adroitness than most of them have shown. He is intensely human; he is not quixotic.

With his uncanny political insight, almost clairvoyant, Mr. Coolidge knows that he does not have to exert himself in order to get the nomination. He does not need to decide to be a candidate; that will be decided for him. He shrewdly perceives that an ostensibly passive rôle on his part is dictated by the political situation, and the political outlook as far as it can be envisaged to date. He does not "choose" to be a candidate, but I believe that he will be chosen and that he is superbly confident that the nomination will be brought to him on the proverbial silver platter. He will not volunteer, but expects to be drafted. In the vernacular of his native State, all that he has to do is "just set". If people interpret his attitude as a virtuous renunciation, and shower upon him praises which presage votes, he will not repudiate them or correct them, but continue to "just set", awaiting the call that admits no refusal. There is no deception in this, no taint of dishonesty. There is a political shrewdness, to be sure, but it is not incompatible with complete honesty of an austere quality. As serenely as generations of his ancestors and their friends waited patiently for the long winters to pass, confident in the promise that "seed-time and harvest shall not fail", so he is content to wait in patience for the fulfillment of his clearly-visioned destiny.

III

Those in both the great political parties who so loudly and confidently predict that the traditional prejudice against a third term in the Presidency will prove an insurmountable obstacle to those who would renominate Mr. Coolidge are, in my judgment, doomed to bitter disappointment. The great mass of the electorate will either ignore it completely or laugh it to scorn as an objection that is inconsequential, immaterial and irrelevant.

The American people are not fools. There are fools a-plenty in the electorate, of course, and the perils of the herd mind are undeniable, but there is not among all the vociferous protesters against the "third term peril" anything like the strength of the other side—the skeptical, the indifferent, the thoughtful minority that has probed and penetrated the hollowness of the protest. This latter element is destined to prove Mr. Coolidge's invincible defense, an effective bulwark preventing the spread of the anti-third term idea as a factor in the campaign. This powerful minority is made up of patriots. They hold in honor the decisions and admonitions of Washington and Jefferson against the perils of repeated nominations to the Presidency over a long period of years. They know the circumstances under which those admonitions were uttered, the peril to a republican and representative form of government which those admonitions challenged and denounced. They honor the doctrine that has become so important a part of our political tradition and heritage.

These patriots know that neither Washington nor Jefferson, nor any of the Fathers, had in mind the case of a Vice-President called upon under the Constitution to assume the duties of the Presidency in the event of the death or disability of the elected incumbent of that office. None of these revered Fathers ever suggested that the Vice-President, to whom death or other disaster brought this duty prescribed by the Constitution, should be penalized for the faithful discharge of his duty, and debarred from the right accorded to all other persons to seek election for the Presidency for two terms upon the basis of his own appeal to the electorate. There is something revolting in such an interpretation of the rule as that. It is demonstrably and grossly unfair to any man who happens to be Vice-President to deny his right to election and reëlection to the Presidency, simply because the President dies in office, or is rendered incapable of performing his duties, requiring the Vice-President to assume the task of "Acting President" for the unfulfilled part of the term, whether that be longer or shorter.

That interpretation of a salutary and wholesome rule of practice is contrary to the instincts of fair play, the sense of sportsmanship that is part of our Anglo-Saxon heritage. It

would be a dangerous innovation, a menace to our constitutional integrity, to erect a rule having all the force of a Constitutional provision, limiting any man's right to the Presidency to a single elective term. That is the practical effect of stretching the rule formulated by Washington and Jefferson to such a case as that of Coolidge.

As a matter of fact and of law, Mr. Coolidge will have been President only four years when his present term expires. During the nineteen months of the term for which President Harding was elected, when he discharged the duties of the office, Mr. Coolidge was not President in law or in fact, but simply Acting President in conformity with his Constitutional duties as Vice-President. That, in accordance with established precedent, he was sworn in as President, does not alter the fact. By the clear terms of the Constitution, as Vice-President he had already sworn to assume the duties of the President in the event of such an emergency arising. It was his duty as Vice-President. There is not in the Constitution any suggestion of warrant for a new oath in such circumstances. This point, made in the United States Senate in the case of W. H. Harrison's successor, Vice-President Tyler, has never, I believe, been challenged by any Constitutional authority.

Suppose that Mr. Coolidge in that tragic hour, looking forward with a single eye to his personal political fortunes, had declined to take a new oath, upon the solid and unchallengeable Constitutional ground that the oath he had taken as Vice-President was ample and, precedents notwithstanding, the only oath required or recognized by the Constitution. Suppose, further, that he had signed all documents "Calvin Coolidge, Acting President". He would have moved into the White House; Congress would undoubtedly have voted him the President's rate of salary and expenses—fear as to which seems to have been Tyler's great incentive. In a word, in actual fact he would have done all that he actually did do and exercised every power he exercised during those nineteen months of Harding's term. Yet in such circumstances the third term issue would not have existed, and any attempt to raise it against him would have been greeted with Homeric laughter. The status of Mr. Coolidge was in nowise

changed by the fact that, following precedent, he went through that meaningless ceremony at Plymouth and took an unnecessary, irrelevant and unauthorized oath, administered by his father by the light of a kerosene lamp. Our over-vigilant defenders of the national tradition need to be reminded of these things, and of the dangerous and revolutionary discriminatory rule they are attempting to establish with all the force of the Constitution itself.

IV

Mr. Coolidge is the only man in his party of whom it can be confidently said that his nomination is practically equal to his election. There is no mystery at all about his unapproachable supremacy as a candidate. It is a curious thing that his admitted limitations actually add to his power as a candidate, and therefore to his availability. That can be said with truth, I think, of no other man in his party. He has not been particularly or notably successful in dealing with Congress, for example. He has been defeated on issues of cardinal importance. He has failed to get the unanimous support of his own party in the Congress on administrative policies of high import. He has had his veto of an important measure overridden. His nominations and appointments have been held up and rejected. All this, however, does not lessen the regard in which he is held by his countrymen. One explanation is, of course, that there is no respect for Congress in the country. Both branches of the Congress are held in contempt by millions of citizens, contempt that has no parallel or precedent in our history. Times have changed. Time was, and not so long ago, when the failure of the President successfully to lead Congress, especially when the majority was of his own party, subjected him to severe criticism. It was held to be a weakness. Today the attitude of the public is changed. The opposition of Congress enhances popular esteem for the President.

The greatest strength of Mr. Coolidge as a vote-getter, which is the test of his availability as a candidate, is his commonplaceness, his lack of intellectual or other distinction separating him too far from the average man. Both in his mentality and his

temperament he is closer akin to the ordinary citizen than any of his recent predecessors. I do not forget President Harding in saying this. For all his apparent simplicity, there was in Harding something which always subtly suggested the words "sleek" and "slick". He was self-conscious, the perfect Rotarian and glad-hander. Mr. Coolidge is far otherwise. Incapable of the promiscuous intimacies, or the illusion of intimacies, which came so easily to Harding, he does inspire millions of people—Lincoln's "common people"—with the feeling that he is one of themselves. They feel that they understand him, and that he understands them. The President's language, homely and direct, but not without a certain charm of simple dignity, is their language too. Similarly, his thoughts and ideas they recognize as their own. When you estimate his strength as a candidate, bear in mind that ours is a Government by representation, and rate this quality high.

The leaders of industry and of business have supreme confidence in Mr. Coolidge and their confidence is shared to a remarkable degree by the leaders of Organized Labor. Something like a revolution, albeit a silent and bloodless one, has been taking place in the relations of these groups, particularly Organized Industry and Organized Labor. The old class-conflict philosophy, with its practical expression in reliance upon strikes, has been abandoned by present-day Labor to a far greater degree than is recognized. It is in fact almost obsolete. There has developed between these two groups a sense of mutual interest and interdependence that is steadily growing. This leads, of course, to a larger tolerance, a desire for better understanding and for the replacement of conflict by coöperation. True, this new spirit is very far from being universal and dominant as yet, but it is growing. An almost incredible distance separates Samuel Gompers and what he stood for from his successor, Mr. Green, and what he stands for—and the distance does not indicate reaction but assured progress, a leadership that is splendidly alert, keenly intelligent and superbly courageous.

Leaders of both these important groups agree that national progress and a higher standard of living for the worker can only be attained through increased per capita production. They agree, too, that this result requires a steady development of the

policy of increasing the horsepower behind each worker, in other words uninterrupted enlargement of electric power in industry. These things, in turn, require resistance to any encroachments of Government in the industrial field; the largest possible freedom for industrial enterprise and expansion with the smallest interference by Government that is compatible with social safety. Government must be kept out of industrial enterprise. Regulatory devices must be conceived, not in a spirit of hostility to private or corporate enterprise, but in full sympathy with it. Both groups are equally at war with all schemes of Government ownership and nationalization, which Organized Labor so often espoused in the past as a menace to Capital.

Of this view of the industrial situation among all the possible candidates, in either party, Mr. Coolidge is the most dependable champion. Resistance to economic short-cuts and ready-made solutions is instinctive, bred into his very fibre. Individualism is not an acquired intellectual concept in his case; it is the foundation of his intellectual and moral life. It is in the warp and woof of his heritage and his training, handed on by his Vermont ancestry and favored by all his kind. That individualism, let me hasten to add, has nothing in common with the reckless and oppressive individualism of certain well-defined social groups and types. It bears no likeness to the arrogant and domineering individualism of certain upstarts and newly rich. Neither does it bear resemblance or relation to that early industrial individualism which "ground the faces of the poor" and crushed childhood for sordid gain. It is the individualism of the Vermonter, holding nothing anti-social, involving neither envy nor hatred nor malice; its roots are the glowing pride of men in their conquests of wilderness and forest, pride in their strength and independence, pride in their contemptuous rejection of charity or any other form of buttressing.

On this dominant quality in the intellectual and moral being of Calvin Coolidge, the ablest and wisest leaders of both the groups under discussion rely, with a measure of confidence they can feel toward no other individual whose name has even been mentioned as a possibility. There is no equal assurance that even the most conservative of these will not at some time be

swerved by some illusion. For example, a desire to find a short-cut to relief for the farmer may lead to an acceptance of dangerous experimentation at the expense and peril of the hydro-electric industry. Mr. Coolidge alone of the possible and available candidates in both parties is regarded as being absolutely immune against this romanticism. The enormous importance of this attitude is self-evident.

V

Even in the difficult domain of foreign policy, where he has been subject to the intensest and bitterest criticism, and where, if the truth is to be told, he has exasperated many of the most sympathetic of his well-wishers, Mr. Coolidge has earned a notable popular vindication. His critics have cried "Wolf!" too often. They have repeatedly proclaimed the imminence of war in Mexico, have viewed the Administration's Mexican policy with alarm and denounced it in unmeasured terms. The obvious fact is, however, that, notwithstanding the defects of that policy, our relations with Mexico are better than they have been for a long time. The alarmists have been discomfited by the results attained. The same thing may be said of Nicaragua, that land of habitual revolt, where revolution is the normal state of being. How madly the Coolidge Administration has been denounced! With what certitude we have been assured that war attended with the peril of a wide-spread conflict involving most of our neighbors to the South and ourselves was the inevitable outcome of our policy in Nicaragua, which, be it borne in mind, has been the long established American policy! In fact, nothing of the sort has happened and the policy so assailed has been amply justified by the outcome thus far.

The serenity with which Mr. Coolidge and his advisers have ignored the persistent propaganda for the reversal of our Russian policy, and the recognition of the present Russian Government, has commanded the confidence of the American people as well as stirred their pride. It has demonstrated both courage and stability, admirable qualities in any department of government, but particularly so in the regulation of foreign relations. Moreover, the policy has been completely vindicated by the sensa-

tional reversal of the British attitude toward the Soviet régime which had been held up as an example for America to copy.

It is when we come to the great issue of over-shadowing importance, our coöperation with the European Powers to insure world peace and to prevent further wars, that the foreign policy of the Coolidge Administration is seen at its worst. Even Mr. Coolidge's most ardent admirers can hardly claim that he has shown any brilliant leadership here. There is no note of moral enthusiasm or inspiration in anything that Mr. Coolidge has said or written or anything that has emanated from the State Department. Over-cautiousness suggesting timidity and the lack of a realistic conception of the problems inhering in the war's aftermath are features of this phase of our foreign policy.

When all this has been said, no matter with what emphasis or feeling, it remains to be admitted, by whoever would be credited with combined candor and political perception, that the Coolidge policy, notwithstanding its serious defects, would on a test vote, if that were possible, receive the endorsement of an overwhelming majority of the American people. The explanation of this is simple enough: the immediate practical effect of the Coolidge policy, here at home, is to maintain tranquillity. It averts the disturbance and the need for quick readjustments, particularly in the financial world, which any considerable changes in our policy with respect to the issues enumerated must make inevitable and imperative, as every candid advocate of such changes must admit. It is that tranquillizing effect, on our domestic affairs, of a policy which without unfairness can be described as essentially a policy of non-action, that satisfies the mass of the American people and can be relied upon to get their abundant vindication whenever and however the issue is raised in such manner as to make a test possible.

Moreover, things have drifted in Europe so that the danger of fresh outbreaks of war now looms ominously on the political horizon. Our past inaction is, many of us think, partly responsible for this condition and the drifting that has led to it. Be that as it may, the foundation of foreign policy must always be present reality, not past events. Our national interest, and even duty, is to avoid being drawn into any such European war. So,

on the basis of present realities, the foreign policy of the Coolidge Administration receives new vindication. The worst and weakest phase of that policy has become its best and strongest.

VI

Finally, it must be frankly admitted that a potent, and possibly a determinate, factor is the wave of reaction which has swept over the greater part of the civilized world. The tragic experiences of Russia with Communism and Bolshevism and, to a lesser extent, certain other countries, have set up in nearly all industrial nations a defensive force that has inevitably become aggressively reactionary. Rarely indeed in modern times has there been such wide-spread reaction, so completely entrenched beyond challenge, so fiercely determined to resist change at all cost and preserve the sacred *status quo*. The Reds have produced reaction with a vengeance.

That this widespread and resolute opposition to political and social change, to social and economic experiments of all kinds, will add enormously to the strength of Mr. Coolidge and his chances of renomination, cannot be reasonably doubted. This does not mean that either Mr. Coolidge himself or his Administration is to be classed as reactionary. That charge cannot be truthfully brought against either. Mr. Coolidge is conservative, to be sure, and so is his Administration, but both are tempered by a certain humanitarianism, a keen appreciation of the need of constantly raising the standard of comfort and the economic security of the people. It is a conservatism modified by a sense of the need of progress that is far from reactionary. All that is implied in my argument is that the prevailing temper is against change and for the maintenance of the *status quo*.

Partly because of certain admirable qualities of mind and character, yet scarcely less because of limitations which under other conditions would have weakened him, and perhaps made his renomination impossible, Calvin Coolidge is practically assured of renomination and reëlection. This is my belief as a political independent. Honesty requires me to add that I see in the prospect nothing unwelcome or calling for regret.

WHY WOMEN "CHOOSE" COOLIDGE

BY ALICE PATTISON MERRITT

"I DO not choose to run for President in 1928."

The "adequate brevity" of this sentence, coupled with the time and method of its delivery, reveals many of the reasons why the women of the Republican party choose President Coolidge as the candidate of their party to succeed himself as Chief Executive. By keeping his own counsel, a life-long attribute of Mr. Coolidge, he held a great advantage over any possible candidate of either party. Why did he declare himself at this time? The answer is open for all to read in his record as a public servant, and in his ideals and beliefs as to the conduct befitting one chosen to serve the people.

When he was President of the Massachusetts Senate and his friends urged him to become a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, he would not commit himself until the Senate adjourned. Asked why he did not announce his candidacy earlier, he replied:

> I could not have acted like myself if I had announced my candidacy during the session. No matter what I did or said, it would have been misconstrued, and there would have been thirty-nine candidates to succeed me as President of the Senate. It would have interfered with the public business of the Senate.

It is obvious that had President Coolidge maintained his silence at the present time, the jockeying for position and the endeavor to make political capital out of every public question during the coming session of Congress would have practically paralyzed the public business of the Nation, and would have subjected the President's every action to possible misconstruction.

Later, in January, 1920, soon after his inauguration as Governor of Massachusetts, he made another unsolicited announcement, which throws light on the present situation, in fact, clearly explains it. Friends, supporters and the public press had placed him before the eyes of the nation as a possible candidate for President. Surprising his friends and embarrassing his self-appointed campaign managers, he said:

The people are entitled to know that their office is to be administered not for my benefit, but for their benefit, and that I am not placing myself in any position where any other object could be inferred. There must be no imputation, however unfounded, that I permit their office to be used anywhere for manipulated purposes. . . . I have not been and I am not a candidate for President.

In that clear presentation, there was no political adroitness, but an unmistakable sincerity. But it is illuminating to note that the National Convention "chose" him as their candidate for Vice-President, and he bowed to the will of his party. It is logical to assume that had the delegates expressed in convention their choice of Calvin Coolidge as candidate of the Republican Party for President, he would have accepted that mandate as superior to his own personal desires.

Just as clearly and unmistakably in this announcement that he does not "choose to run", i.e., be a candidate for President in 1928, Mr. Coolidge has taken his administration of the great office of Chief Executive of the Nation out of the realm of political manipulation, which enables him "to counsel not with desire, but with duty". It leaves the people free to express their choice, and the party free to pick the candidate best fitted to be their standard bearer.

Surprising, unexpected and dramatic as has been this decision of President Coolidge, it has already become an added and powerful reason why Republican women will enthusiastically urge his nomination.

Upon what acts of President Coolidge's Administration, what phases of his career, or what qualities of mind and person, do women base their ideas and judgment of his fitness? Answers to these queries reveal as many reasons as there are individuals; in the main, however, two fundamental reasons stand out, and upon them all the women agree in substance, though not in order of precedence.

Women in politics, i.e., definitely identified with the party organization or serving in public office, state that his record as Chief Executive reveals so high an order of statesmanship, seconded by his uprightness of personal character, that his candidacy must follow in the natural course of events.

The average woman, more or less averse to politics in the present day acceptance of the term, points to his ideals for the moral and spiritual leadership of this country, which have been so conclusively shown to be the motive power for his actions that it is highly desirable the President serve four more years in the White House.

Among the many qualities of President Coolidge which make him the choice of the women for candidate next year, are cited the respect and confidence he has inspired, his patriotism, good judgment and statesmanship, added to his programme of sound economy and constructive conservatism, both in domestic and foreign affairs. Women having experience in party organization and public office admire his record of efficiency in the legislative branches of government, as well as the distinction with which he served as Mayor of Northampton, Governor of Massachusetts and Vice-President of the United States, before Destiny took a hand and placed him in the White House.

Politics has been described by the President as the "art of government," and it strengthens and justifies the loyalty of women to the Republican party to know that a man of his character, with so long and so varied an experience in party organization and in public office, believes in and is willing to uphold Republican principles as a party candidate. If women are to continue as members of the party, they must be able to respect not only its history, but the citizenship and principles lived by its candidates for public office. In this respect the President is an extremely valuable asset to his party, for to him loyalty to Republican principles simply means the best brand of government possible to be administered in the interests of the whole Nation. When the rank and file of American citizens, as well as all candidates for office, recognize this principle as the true interpretation of that much abused slogan "stand by the party," the better will be the brand of government we receive as a product of our bi-partisan system.

Women approve the thorough study and careful consideration given, and the good judgment displayed by President Coolidge in the various crises which have arisen during his Administration. These range from settlements of war debts to disturbed relations

with our neighbors on the South, and from the disputed question of tax reduction to the even more troublous and complicated matter of farm relief. Only after the fullest research and deliberation did he come to a final decision in some cases, and in others recommended instead initial steps looking toward ultimate solution of problems too complex to be remedied by any immediate executive or legislative action.

The succession of dramatic and unforeseen events, which brought into the "white light" of publicity not only his administration as Governor of Massachusetts, but his nomination to the Vice-Presidency and later his promotion to the White House, unquestionably captured and held the imagination of the public. So ably, yet simply, did the Vice-President carry on that the people became possessed of as strong a belief in him as that which he has always had in them. In this greatest test, both of his ability and character, two qualities of the man stood out clearly and attractively. One was the simplicity with which he assumed the unexpected burden; the other was the loyalty shown in carrying out, with amazing and self-sacrificing exactitude, the programme laid down by the elected servant of the people. In not one instance did he swerve from the known intentions of President Harding, unless convinced that the one who made the programme would have changed it under existing conditions. His every action revealed his conviction that he was still Vice-President "serving in the place of" his Chief, who was unavoidably and tragically absent.

To the average woman, not deeply interested in the party viewpoint, President Coolidge's leadership in the programme of economy which he preached to the Business Organization of Government, and which he insisted on carrying out to the letter, is a strong recommendation, for it resulted inevitably in more funds remaining in the family purse. The same approval met his insistence on reduction of taxes, and, coupled with the effective education of the public through the press as to the resultant benefits of such action, brought home to "the lady of the house" the knowledge of his large share in securing the unusual blessing of lower Federal taxes.

The two facts just cited point unmistakably to another un-

usual, but satisfying, attribute of the President, i.e., his belief in the essential simplicity of government. This contrasts pleasantly with the habit of mind usual to the sterner sex, which causes them to quench the thirst for information displayed by the recently enfranchised female by saying: "The principles of government and finance are too complicated for you to understand, even if I tried to explain them to you." Is it unkind for those so rebuffed to feel that the cloak of complexity covers a possible lack of understanding on the part of the individual questioned? However, the President's messages and speeches have made his theory and practice of government understandable by the common people; and being understandable, they are appreciated.

While he does not possess the brand of personal magnetism which hypnotizes the public mind momentarily, he undoubtedly has that greater hold on the heart and imagination which is lasting. He has the faculty of grasping the fundamental truth in a situation, and the greater gift of so presenting it that the people understand and accept it. No one ever stated the vital need of America so simply or so vividly as he did in an address, from which the following quotation is taken:

> We do not need more material development, we need more spiritual development. We do not need more intellectual power, we need more moral power. We do not need more knowledge, we need more character. We do not need more government, we need more culture. We do not need more law, we need more religion. We do not need more of the things that are seen, we need more of the things that are unseen.

His record proves that his performances are based not on promises or pledges, but on knowledge of the need and the remedy; his judgment is not stampeded by petitions or pressure, but determined by facts; his decisions are not swayed by considerations of loss of prestige or of votes, but by a will to secure justice and to promote righteousness.

His character shows a steady consistent growth from boyhood to manhood, revealed alike in speeches, writings and actions; his honesty, courage and devotion to duty are exceptional; his ideals sound a spiritual tocsin to our souls to be up and doing.

We choose him as our candidate in 1928, not only for what he has done, but for what he is.

COLUMBUS OF THE AIR

BY AUGUSTUS POST

I

ONE night in May, a tall, good-looking American boy stands in line unnoticed before a New York moving picture house, like anyone else; a few hours later he drops from the sky in Paris, and the theatre before which he stood is crowded to the roof to see the world's hero upon the screen. No man since men began to make history has risen so swiftly to world wide fame as this young American, Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh. The man, the deed and the hour combined to make this the event most quickly and widely known to the greatest multitude of rejoicing human beings. He had just come from San Diego, California, alone, in twenty-one hours, the fastest air time across the Continent, and a record that would have put him on the front page of the newspapers in quieter times than these. But this was only tuning up for the flight that he was about to make; crossing the Atlantic on a sandwich and a half and a few swallows of water; landing at night, on unknown ground, in a machine with not a spot of oil on it nor a sign of having come from across the globe. It seems to be the peculiar attribute of Lindbergh to do the formidable, the fantastic and the incredible, in the simplest and most everyday fashion, and to keep this everyday simplicity through the fire of the most intense and exhausting publicity that has ever been turned upon a single individual.

It was eight years ago, while Lindbergh was still a schoolboy, that Alcock and Brown made the first air crossing of the Atlantic, linking America with England. This fired Raymond Orteig, of New York City, a passionately patriotic Frenchman, with the determination to do something not only to advance aviation but to bring France into these new world-relations. I was at that time secretary of the Aero Club of America, and it was to me that he telephoned to ask my assistance in formulating plans.

It was clear that the best way would be to link Paris with New York by air. This would require a machine to do double what had ever been done before, new instruments, and scientific navigation in addition to piloting. Naturally Mr. Orteig thought the French would be the first to do it, and so did I; he drew up a deed of gift for twenty-five thousand dollars, and I drew up the rules to win this prize that was a challenge to aviation. Five years passed, however, without a start from either side. The general public did not take it seriously—indeed, up to the very day of Lindbergh's starting, Mr. Orteig was berated in letters to the press, for instigating men to go to their deaths for a deed not only impractical but impossible of accomplishment.

Mr. Orteig, however, extended the time, when an entry came from the foremost French flyer, René Fonck, and an attempt was made. In the following year, 1927, several entries were made from this side, and from France two of the most intrepid flyers of the world, Nungesser and Coli, flew out into the unknown and disappeared. Finally, on May 20, in the mist before morning, Lindbergh rose alone from Roosevelt Field, Mineola, Long Island; was sighted along our coast to the tip of Newfoundland; surprised a fisherman in Dingle Bay by asking from the clouds, "Is this the road to Ireland?" and before the day ended, was in Paris.

The keynote then struck was soon to swell into a world symphony of homage; as he passed from France, to Belgium, to England, kings and commoners joined the acclaim and expressed, each in his own way, the long-waiting joy of humanity at the coming of the first citizen of the world, the first human being truly entitled to give his address as "The Earth", the first Ambassador-at-Large to Creation. Brought home in an American warship, he received the official welcome of his Nation at the hands of the President at Washington, was greeted in New York with a demonstration to which that of Armistice Day alone might be compared, and set sail for home in the plane that he had always recognized as part of himself and partaker of his glory.

The reader of this survey of events, reviewing the great day of Le Bourget from the perspective of even a comparatively brief interval, may be permitted to ask, why all the excitement?

Just what is the significance of Charles Lindbergh's achievement, that a world no longer looking on the aeroplane as a marvel, a world that had already acclaimed the crossing of the Atlantic, the circumnavigation of the globe by air, and the traversing of the North Pole by aeroplane and dirigible, should thrill to this exploit as if life were in some way beginning over again? The answer is that the world is right. Aviation is beginning over again. An epoch in air history was closed by the flight of Lindbergh, and with it an epoch begins.

II

Before the hero of the New York to Paris flight had regained New York on the *Memphis*, another American youth had crossed the Atlantic, this time with a passenger; Clarence Chamberlin with Charles Levine. Steering for Berlin, their gasoline supply had lasted to within a comparatively few miles of their destination, when they were forced down. Chamberlin is another type of American airman in time of peace; he was a "gypsy flyer", the picturesque phrase for a picaresque way of life. The gypsy flyer owns his plane and picks up a living by it however and wherever he can; taking up passengers, buying and selling second-hand machines, taking photographs, and especially stunt-flying at fairs or other open air assemblies. The gypsy flyer has been quite naturally looked down upon by the profession as a sort of aerial acrobat and camp follower, but he furnishes some of the most interesting and significant types of young Americans. The country is, if not full of them, at least well sprinkled with bronzed and competent youths, who may drop from the clouds almost anywhere over the countryside and earn a living by their skill, their courage and their often brilliant resourcefulness.

III

While all this was going on, a scientific expedition, headed by Commander Richard E. Byrd, was waiting suitable weather conditions for an Atlantic flight in the giant monoplane *America*. The crew consisted of Bert Acosta, chief pilot; Lieutenant

George O. Noville, radio operator; and Bernt Balchen, reserve pilot. They were not competing for the Orteig Prize, but intended to chart the weather at various altitudes and generally to accumulate scientific data in regard to storms and air currents that would be of value to aircraft plying between America and Europe. Commander Byrd is yet another type of American airman; engineer, naval officer, scientist and explorer, intrepid and devoted. His flights over the Pole and Arctic Regions were made in the interests of exploration, and he is at this writing arranging an expedition to the South Pole. He not only sustains the tradition of the American navy, but represents a family that has been prominent in the councils of the American Nation since the time of Washington.

After waiting, like a good sportsman, for the return of Lindbergh to this country, the *America* took off from the very field from which the other two flights started, kept in touch with shore stations all the way by wireless,—which neither of the other planes did,—but was exceptionally unfortunate in running into dense fog which obscured the ocean for the greater part of the course. When the voyagers reached the coast of France the weather was so thick that they were unable to determine their position, and their compass went out of commission for some unaccountable reason; but in spite of these disheartening difficulties they were able to return to the seacoast, and by the best of airmanship made a fortunate landing at Ver-sur-Mer, in the ocean, coming to shore in their collapsible life-raft.

IV

Brief as the time has been since 1903 when the Wright Brothers rose from the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk and opened the era of aviation, it is already divided into clearly defined periods, with each of which everything may be said to have started all over again. A man still in middle age might have lived through them all; it has been my good fortune to be so placed that I could watch all these developments at close hand. The first division was the period of the Inventors and Builders, such as the Wrights and Curtiss in America, the Voisin Brothers and Blériot in France; it

would be hard to separate builders from inventors, for though the arch-inventors approached the subject by way of laboratory experiments in aerodynamics, and others of their type sought results by elaborate calculation, there were yet others who made valuable contributions to the changing machine by empirical methods, approaching the subject by trying one thing and then another, working "by guess and by gosh," as the farmer built his bridge, and acting as developers in the building process.

Immediately after this came the era of the Demonstrators, the age of "aerial jockeys". At first these were the inventors and builders themselves—Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, France; Orville Wright at Fort Meyer, and Glenn Curtiss elsewhere in the United States. But soon this duty of demonstration fell to a generation of pupils, who did not add a nut or a bolt to the construction of the machine, who flew what was given them, but who by their intrepid use of what they had, constantly set the constructors new tasks, and constantly required of them new machines that would respond to their abilities and fulfill their demands.

It was this generation that by concentrating on flying proved possibilities undreamed of by the public, and only remotely hoped for by the builder. Pégaud's feat in looping-the-loop was reviled by the unthinking as foolhardiness, serving no good purpose; a reproach that has never been withheld from any stage of development of air flight, and from which even Lindbergh himself has not been free. But by Pégaud the aeroplane builder was challenged to provide for all future flyers a machine that would withstand the strain of this new manœuvre, to the general improvement of the plane and to the vast enlargement of the possibilities of flight, especially in warfare. During this period these expert demonstrators developed the plane by races and contests in reliability and speed, and carried it to undreamed of altitudes. They were enlarging the pattern: already by the close of this era, the Atlantic Flight was on the horizon as the greatest possibility of all in the way of demonstration.

V

But this period was to come to a violent end. The World War intervened. Only to compare the little, light machine that went

into the war with the deadly efficiency of the engines that emerged from it, is to see for one's self that this period brought about developments in aviation comparable only to those in surgery and in chemistry. The vital necessity that made surgeons and chemists take chances that a century of peace would not justify, sent men into the clouds to perform the impossible and make it the commonplace of a flyer's day. This period added armament to the plane and made the gun its *raison d'être*, with flying only a means to this end instead of an occupation for all the powers and energies of hand and brain, as heretofore. It not only developed a type of flyer who could run his machine almost automatically, reserving his darting intelligence for the exigencies of conflict, but it laid upon the builder the necessity of providing him with a plane whose mechanism would respond at once to the most sensitive control. When the war stoppped, the Ace had been evolved, a creature whose personality extended to the tips of its wings and in whom mind and motor were one.

Opportunity for the Ace stopped with the war, and with the coming of the fourth period, Commercial Aviation, the machine began to take first place in the public mind—the machine and the organization that made its operation possible on a large scale. Air lines opened in every direction in Europe, and became in a short time a valued method of transportation, not only in respect to speed, but for the even more important qualification of safety. The Channel as a barrier had crumbled under Blériot and disappeared during the war; it was now to be crossed daily by steady airgoing craft used by tourists no more freely than by staid business men desiring conservative and speedy methods of transportation for themselves and for fragile merchandise. From every airport of Europe lines crossed and recrossed the map. The globe was circled, Australia linked to the mother-country, the Sahara opened and Darkest Africa illuminated; the Atlantic, North and South, was crossed no less than fifteen times by airship and aeroplane; the islands of the Pacific, Hawaii and the Aleutian Islands were joined to the mainland, the flights depending in each instance not only upon the skill of the pilots in flying and navigating, but upon long preparation, organization and team work of their supporters, in some instances of supporting Governments.

But although our Government took some part in this procession, the peak of our activity in this period was the air mail, a fine example of organized support of individual bravery and skill.

VI

The actual achievement of Lindbergh is easily set down. In a monoplane named for the city of his financial backers, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, built for him in sixty days, he flew on May 20–21, 1927, 3,610 flying miles, without stop or deviation from a determined course, in thirty-three hours and twenty-nine minutes. His only new instrument of importance was the earth-inductor compass; this he constantly watched, and in order to fly, as he flew, on the arc of a great circle, it had to adjust about every hundred miles. He had continually to judge the side-drift of his machine and allow for it, and also to use his judgment in manœuvering around fog and storm centres. The distance he covered constituted the world's record for non-stop flight, at the time, but this was never emphasized in the popular mind, and I doubt if one man in a thousand who cheered Lindbergh could have told offhand the number of miles that he had flown in those memorable hours above the ocean.

There are some flights that make records and some that make history: this was a history-making flight. As with all the other periods of flying history, everything is beginning over again with it. Attention is again directed, not only to the machine, but to the man, as in the first days, when aviation was a matter of great individuals. Old and young share in the thrill, for youth acclaims the young hero and to those who lived through the pioneer days, the days of pioneering begin anew. In 1926 Commander Byrd's magnificent feat in crossing the North Pole roused the admiration of the world, but once done it was, so far as the public mind was concerned, done with, while Lindbergh's flight, almost immediately followed by Chamberlin's and then by Byrd's, seems even to the unimaginative the opening of a new era of transportation. As important as its being done was the fact that it was done on time, and again, it was the aspect of ambassadorship that loomed large in the public imagination. America is a long way off from

Europe, and, with the best will in the world, professional diplomacy does not always tend to diminish the distance. Radio—whose development has progressed step by step with aviation, as the telegraph accompanied the railroad and the telephone the automobile—was doing much to bring the two hemispheres together in thought, but it needed the actual crossing at a single step of this level-headed boy, bringing a greeting no more official than his first words "I'm Charles Lindbergh", but with a smile that carried with it those assurances of good will that words are more apt to obscure than to explain. There is no doubt that Europe took his coming in this spirit, and Lindbergh was fulfilling a sacred trust to humanity when in his brief speech to the multitudes at Washington and to the thirty millions of radio listeners, he spoke only of the affection for America that he had seen and felt everywhere displayed, in France, in Belgium and in England, and of his sense of obligation to bring back with him the impression of this frame of mind, undimmed by time, and transmit it to his countrymen.

VII

People appreciate what comes within their experience. Though the public thought the flight was great, it was even more impressed by the flawless tact with which Lindbergh met the kings of the Old World and the crowds of the New, and the unerring judgment that steered him past the two storm centers of sentimentality and commercialism. He conveyed far more by his actions than he did by his words, well chosen as they invariably were; he brought new power and vitality to diplomacy by the addition of the dramatic element.

His actions the public could see, but what it could only faintly envisage was, after all, the flight itself. This, strictly speaking, not more than a dozen men can really appreciate; these are the aviators who have had at least a similar experience; who have made, or partly made, a transoceanic flight. They know the fierceness of the forces that block the road through the unknown, the icy mist that may reduce the lifting power of the wings and in a moment change success to failure, life to death; the swift springing storms or blinding fog that may, as they did for Byrd, blot out

land and sea for nineteen hours together, and the immeasurable waste of waters whose very thought pulls down the mind, the waters that hold somewhere the secret of Nungesser and Coli. But aviators in general, given even a slight amount of imagination, can appreciate all this indirectly, and it is from them that the praise most valued by Lindbergh has come. It is they also who can value the exploit of Byrd as it should be valued. With the public at large the disposition has been to regard it as a flight that failed only in its avowed objective; though it was beset with incidents of dramatic grandeur. The superhuman skill and the highest science of aerial navigation on the part of Commander Byrd, and the cool bravery and heroic courage of each member of the crew, brought them through imminent dangers in safety to a well earned ovation from the nations of the world as well as of all their fellow citizens of America. Chamberlin, heading for Berlin, found himself in a cucumber-patch in Kotbus; the fact that this was some miles further than Lindbergh had flown did not count with the crowd in comparison with the fact that it was some miles short of the spot he had expected to reach—though he had carefully refrained from making official announcement of this expectation. Byrd, in the *America*, carried three times the weight, chanced three times the motor difficulties, and, with four times the human risk, completed a tremendous scientific experiment, and revealed the possibilities of radio communication almost as remarkable as those of the aeroplane, and demonstrated, against almost inconceivable dangers and difficulties, that it was by no mere lucky fluke that the others had made the flight, and that the crossing could be made in almost any weather.

The trans-Pacific flight of Maitland and Hegenberger, which took place with brilliant precision at almost the same time as Byrd's, was but another proof to the public of the marvelous state of accuracy to which the navigation of aircraft had reached; such small objects as the Hawaiian Islands, after a flight of twenty-five hours and fifty minutes, could be hit "plumb on the nose", although they were a distance of twenty-four hundred miles away over water. But long distance flights are becoming of everyday occurrence and the public no longer complains that human life is being risked for only a brief moment of glory. The mortality

rate has always been lower for aviation than people generally believed, for the emphasis has been not upon the man that flies but the man that falls; now the expectation is that the pilot will win through, just as the traveler on the railroad train believes that he will reach Chicago on time. If there is a train wreck the papers do not at once complain that the steam engine is an affront to Providence.

Lindbergh's perfect flight revealed the highest and noblest characteristics of man: daring, skill, calculation and genius. It brought into the limelight of public knowledge the vast height of attainment and the tremendous possibilities even now at our command in the aeroplane of today; and as a flash of lightning illumines the landscape for a moment so that we see the mountain peaks upon the horizon, so this brilliant deed revealed to the imagination of man a clear vision of the future. He had faith not only in his motor but, what is still more important, in himself, and he was upheld by the wishes, the hopes and the prayers of the whole Nation.

VIII

Today not only the airmen but the earthmen are planning and prophesying. In 1914 I wrote an article called *Columbus of the Air*, and I said:

> A man is now living who will be the first human being to cross the Atlantic ocean through the air. He will cross while he is still a young man. All at once, Europe will move two days nearer; instead of five days away, it will be distant only thirty hours. . . . It would seem out of keeping with the general economy of weight, when even the parts are not duplicated, that the pilot should be carried in duplicate. . . . As for keeping awake and alert for the whole time of the flight, every aeronaut knows that this is possible. I myself have kept alert for longer periods than this several times in international balloon races. Whoever crosses the ocean through the air for the first time will be too busy to be lonesome.
>
> . . . Imagine then, the welcome that awaits the Columbus of the air! The cable warns of his departure, before him flies the wireless announcing his progress. Ship after ship, waiting the great moment, catches glimpses of the black dot in the sky; ocean steamers bearing each a cityful of human beings, train thousands of glasses on the tiny winged thing, advance herald of the aerial age. The ocean comes to life with gazing humanity; above all he rides,

solitary, intent. There will have been no time to decorate for his coming; flags will run up hurriedly, roofs in an instant turn black with people, wharves and streets white with upturned faces, while over the heads of the multitude he rides in, to such a shout as the ear of man has never heard. No explorer ever knew such a welcome, no conqueror, as awaits the "Columbus of the Air".

To say that within less than a decade America will be covered with commercial air-lines is only to remind the public that America is now far behind Europe, where timetables for air routes are at this time as much a part of a business man's equipment as those for land or sea. Landing devices must be improved; this is most evident in the case of airships. Indeed the main reason for the lagging behind of the dirigible is that it must be pulled down to earth by a swarm of men. Imagine the *Leviathan* being warped into her dock by an army of men each pulling on a rope, and you have something like the present anachronism in the working of the dirigible. That this will be overcome there can be no doubt, nor that the landing devices of aeroplanes will be made safer than they are at present. The parachute as an emergency measure with the aeroplane is of comparatively recent date, and in its present improved form provides something like that "sky-hook" the old-timers used to declare every aviator needed. Platforms over city blocks and piers will make every city a port of the air and bring to pass the famous predictions of Kipling's *With the Night Mail.* There will be "floating islands" in the ocean and moored ships for weather reports with *ballons sondes* and kites for high altitude data; mail and passengers will be flown to shore from Atlantic liners, cutting two days off the passage. New and better instruments will come, a capacity indicator to show how high you are above the surface of the ground will make crossing mountains less perilous, and an instrument will measure distance traveled over the earth's surface, and an automatic pilot keep a predetermined course as set by an earth-inductor compass, as is done now on ocean liners by what is known to seamen as "Metal Mike". We will have devices to dissipate and to guide through fog, the greatest enemy of all craft, especially to assist pilots to land; neon lights and wireless beacons and powerful radio direction stations to transmit meterological information and give bearings must be generally established with observation stations

in the Polar Regions, on the ice-cap of Greenland and in the Antarctic. In the course of these investigations and discoveries, great flights must soon be made. No spot on the earth will be unseen by man. The Pacific will be crossed in a single flight, the world circumnavigated in fifteen days. Heights of 50,000 feet will be reached, and it may be possible to utilize the vast possibilities of speed at very great altitudes. We may see "superterranean" machines with apparatus for supplying passengers with air under pressure mixed with oxygen; Bréguet built such a machine in France; and on account of the reduced resistance of the air speeds of five hundred miles an hour might be attained, according to some authorities. Experiments are now in progress in the use of the reactionary principle in propulsion, doing away with the propeller and motor as used in the present plane and substituting the exhaust of liquid air through nozzles. Wireless transmission of power is still distant, but not below the horizon. Machines have been re-fueled in the air, enabling them to make continuous journeys of indefinite duration. By the time the earthbound reader has reached this point in this conservative forecast, his mind may be preparing to let go, and it is time to round off this survey of reasonable possibilities of the future of air transport.

It may not be amiss, however, to warn the inexperienced in aviation that ideas like these have already gone to the heads of a type of promoters, who can persuade themselves and a section of the public that far more improbable developments are not only possible in the future but actually here already. The investing public should be on its guard against the wildcat schemes that are bound to be brought forward at this time and for some years to come, for the looting of the credulous, and keep closely to the advice of air authorities whose knowledge is as undoubted as their integrity. It is fortunate that the Daniel Guggenheim Aeronautical Foundation, one of the most important organizations for the encouragement and strengthening of aviation that this country has seen, has arranged a countrywide tour of the world hero in the interest of present day safe and sane commercial development of the world's greatest dream, the flight of man.

WHAT NEXT IN THE PHILIPPINES?

BY NORBERT LYONS

THE heart of General Leonard Wood has ceased to beat. Our great Proconsul has gone to his last reward. He died just as he was bringing to fruition six years of almost superhuman labor in the service of his country in the Philippine Islands. When he took the oath of office as Governor-General in Manila on October 15, 1921, he was a robust, well-preserved man of sixty-one. The long battle with native ineptness and chicanery, political indifference at home and an energy-sapping, tropical climate, have laid him low before his time. He truly made the supreme sacrifice on the altar of duty to his fellow countrymen.

General Wood's almost single-handed, self-abnegatory achievements in the Philippines are indicative of the difficulty of the problem confronting our Nation in those far-away Islands. While no single figure in American public life seems at the moment big enough adequately to fill the place of General Wood, the Philippine problem is still with us and is likely to be with us for a long time. General Wood's work has established a sound basis for further constructive effort. How to deal with the problem from now on is a question strongly clamoring for an answer from the American people.

The past few years have witnessed a recrudescence of interest in Philippine affairs, due largely to the growing importance of the whole Far Eastern area as an economic factor in our national life. Trade in the Far East has been rapidly increasing and the United States has been able to utilize her Philippine base as an aid to securing her share of this commerce. Contemplated large-scale production of rubber in the Philippines would free us from the British monopoly in this important raw material. Hence the country has evinced a sharpened interest in the Philippines, while our political relationship with the Islands has become a subject of extensive public discussion. The Filipinos, in the mean time,

have been carrying on a well-organized campaign for independence and have drawn public attention to internal affairs in the Islands by a continuous legislative battle with General Wood. The obstructionist tactics of a handful of political leaders, coupled with continued uncertainty as to the political future of the Islands, have discouraged the investment of American capital, with the result that economic development, and hence political and social progress, have been halted. Signs are not wanting that Congress will be called upon in the very near future to deal definitely with the problem. The question to be decided will then be: What is the best national policy to pursue with respect to the political status of the Philippines, and how shall it be carried into effect?

Until now our basic Philippine policy has been one of gradual extension of autonomous privileges to the Filipinos in preparation for their independent national existence. There has been no abjuration of this policy since it was first laid down by President McKinley in his instructions to the First Philippine Commission, more than a quarter of a century ago. By progressive stages, the Filipinos have been given a Government which to all intents and purposes is autonomous. The Governor-General, the Vice-Governor, the Insular Auditor and the Supreme Court Justices are the only Washington appointees. The American record in the Islands is eloquent of the sincerity and honesty of the American Nation in its policy of preparing the Filipinos for complete self-government. Nor need there be any recantation of this policy. It is thoroughly American, faithful to our best traditions and in accord with the most liberal democratic ideals. No authoritative American spokesman has ever renounced it, and both great American political parties have formally endorsed it.

Nevertheless this policy has not been wholly successful; not because it is fundamentally unsound, but because it has been applied too rapidly. Yet every step in our Philippine experiment has been motivated by the most praiseworthy intentions, by an altruism which of itself constitutes the best earnest of our good-will toward the Filipinos. We took an optimistic chance that our Malay wards would make good in the duties and responsibilities so rapidly conferred upon them. Since partial disappoint-

ment has been the result, we are now faced with the necessity of re-orienting our course in the Islands and bringing our fundamental policy in line with the lessons of experience.

Our Philippine experiment has now been carried on long enough to indicate quite clearly the weak spots in the present colonial structure and the measures that must be taken to strengthen them. Moreover, in the interests of good government and economic progress, these measures ought not to be delayed, for a virtual impasse has been reached in the political and economic development of the Islands.

Since 1916 our political relationship with the Filipinos has been founded upon the organic act known as the Jones Law. This is a Congressional measure patterned after our own Constitution, with its Bill of Rights and its system of checks and balances among the Executive, the Legislative and the Judiciary.

Now there are those who maintain that the American constitutional system of government as transplanted to the Philippines is not suitable to the genius of the Filipino people, that a parliamentary system patterned after that of Great Britain or Canada would prove more satisfactory for a people who during three centuries of Spanish rule acquired a predominant European complex. They would substitute for the Jones Law a new organic act under which the department secretaries, who are now under the control of the Governor-General, would be directly responsible to the Legislature. The Governor-General would be a Filipino and the sovereign power would be represented by a High Commissioner whose functions would be largely advisory or tutelary. The new act would also provide for a plebiscite in twenty or thirty years by which the people would decide whether or not they would accept an independent status. This, in substance, is what is known as the Fairfield Plan, named after former Representative Fairfield of Indiana, ex-chairman of the Committee on Insular Affairs.

The theory back of this plan is that the virtually complete autonomy which it confers upon the natives would prove so satisfactory that the plebiscite would result in a defeat of the independence alternative; also that such a measure would set at rest the trouble-breeding immediate independence agitation.

However, there are a number of arguments which attack the soundness of this plan and theory. In the first place, the whole scheme is based on the assumption that the Filipinos are prepared for an augmentation of their autonomous powers, an assumption which is not warranted by their record under the measure of autonomy already granted them. We need not go into this record in detail. Suffice it to say that during the Harrison régime the Filipinos were accorded an excellent opportunity to demonstrate their capacity for greater autonomous responsibility, and that they conspicuously failed to meet the test. Any further concessions of this nature would only be inviting unnecessary disappointment both for them and for us.

Furthermore, the hypothesis that the Fairfield Plan would quiet the immediate independence agitation is hardly tenable. The Filipino political leaders today are loud in their advocacy of immediate independence despite the unquestioned benefits and advantages that have accrued to their people under the American ægis and which they themselves recognize. Though many of them will tell you privately that they are convinced of the folly and danger of immediate independence, they feel that in public they must maintain the "Give me Liberty or give me Death" pose, for the simple reason that it is their chief political asset, the one and only issue which has carried them into office and which can always be counted upon to evoke the plaudits of the masses, to whom they have pictured "Independencia" as a veritable Utopia in which the proletariat will live on milk and honey without working and without paying taxes. Is it reasonable to suppose that a mere Fairfield Bill will eliminate this issue from the native demagogic bag of tricks, of whose contents it constitutes about ninety-nine per cent.?

Before the Jones Bill was enacted, these leaders assured Americans that enactment of that measure would satisfy the people for many years to come; but hardly had the President's signature dried on that document when they began clamoring for immediate independence with renewed vigor and redoubled enthusiasm. Experience has shown that each yielding to the importunities and demands of the native politicians has served only to encourage further and more insistent separatist agitation

on their part. Moreover, they have found in this agitation the royal road to political power and preferment. There should be a lesson in this for those who think that the Oriental can be brought to terms by conciliatory tactics.

Another serious objection to the Fairfield Plan is that it would definitely commit this country to a course of action in the relatively distant future, a very dangerous and unwise policy, for no one can with any degree of certainty foretell what the conditions will be twenty or thirty years from now and what action will then be wise or proper.

On the other hand, the Jones Law, as a whole, is regarded as an excellent and serviceable instrument by many competent authorities, including General Wood and Sir Frederick Whyte, former President of the Legislative Assembly of India. Speaking at the Williamstown Institute of Politics last year, Sir Frederick asserted that, in his opinion, the American constitutional system of government, as embodied in the Jones Law, is better suited for colonial administration than is the parliamentary system implanted in India. Like General Wood and other authorities who favor the present basis of Philippine Government, he thought that judicious and timely amendment of the Jones Law would in large measure eliminate some of the more troublesome anomalies and difficulties that have developed in the course of its functioning.

One feature of the Jones Bill which has been the source of many of our Philippine worries is the famous Preamble, which, while it is not an integral part of the law and thus lacks statutory force, has been regarded by Filipino leaders as morally committing the United States to the concession of immediate independence. This claim is based on that portion of the Preamble which declares that "it is, as it has always been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable Government can be established therein." Inasmuch as the present Government in the Philippines is "stable," these Filipinos argue, this country is in honor bound to recognize the independence of the Islands. The framers of the measure, of course, had a concept of the phrase "stable Govern-

ment" quite different from that now advanced by the Filipinos. A Government which could not maintain its independence without the protection of a stronger power, or which would be financially incapable of carrying on its proper functions, was certainly not visioned by those who wrote the Preamble as the sort of Government entitled to an independent status. According to Filipino interpretation, the very Government which existed at the time the Preamble was enacted was a "stable" Government entitled to immediate independence, and consequently the statute itself was nugatory or redundant. This is a patent *reductio ad absurdum*. Besides, the Preamble ventures on debatable historic ground when it asserts that "it has always been the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty," etc. Certainly the result of the national election of 1900, when Philippine independence was the major issue, would tend to throw grave doubt upon the validity of such an assertion.

It would seem, therefore, that one of the first duties of those charged with the task of bringing our Philippine relations into line with the lessons of the past should be the amendment of the Jones Bill Preamble so as to clarify its language and make its intent unequivocal—if its elimination *in toto* were deemed inadvisable or impracticable. Such action would remove one of the principal sources of nationalistic agitation and would go a long way toward encouraging investment of capital in the Islands. Capital, it may be said in passing, cannot be blamed for refusing to expose itself to the possibility of overnight independence founded on no firmer basis than the materialization of antiquated shibboleths as exploited by demagogic native chauvinists; and as long as the present Jones Bill Preamble remains on our statute books such an occurrence must be deemed as within the realm of possibility.

The Jones Law proper could be improved by a more explicit and more categorical definition of the powers and prerogatives of the Governor-General. This is needed because the Filipinos have assumed the stand that Governor-General Wood violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the Jones Law by vetoing an inordinately large number of measures passed by the Philippine Legislature and by exercising functions which properly belong to

the Legislature and its lawful leaders. General Wood's actions were repeatedly sustained by the President, the Secretary of War, and in some instances by the Supreme Court of the United States, yet the Filipinos insist that he overstepped the legitimate boundaries of the executive domain and encroached upon the legislative.

This Filipino grievance is the natural outgrowth of extra-legal political experiments sanctioned by a former Philippine régime when a Council of State, a Board of Control and various enterprises of a quasi-Socialistic character were created while the Governor-General gratuitously abnegated his legal powers in favor of the Filipino legislative heads. While General Wood succeeded in restoring the governmental functions to their lawful channels, the Filipino leaders refuse to accept the letter of the law as the basis for political coöperation with the sovereign power. They insist that certain "dearly-won" political prerogatives have been taken from them arbitrarily. One can sympathize with them under the circumstances, but at the same time one cannot help but recognize that General Wood took the only honest and conscientious course possible.

This clash between the personal ambitions, or *amour propre*, if you will, of the Filipino leaders, and the Governor's corrective but necessary executive performance, is the real crux of the present difficulties in the Islands. The charge of "militarism" lodged against the Wood régime was nothing but a clever native manœuvre designed to bring about General Wood's retirement. As a matter of fact, he and his military associates treated the Filipinos with exemplary courtesy and consideration. No civilian officials could have behaved more civilly or more discreetly. The suggestion has been made that the direction of insular affairs be transferred from the War Department to the Department of the Interior; but such a step would not necessarily bring about any fundamental change in the situation, any more than will the change in the incumbency of the gubernatorial post. Such measures merely affect the mechanics of the situation, not its determinating principles. Unless the powers of the Chief Executive are clearly defined and the Filipino leaders firmly given to understand that the law must be obeyed and that

the dispositions of the sovereign power must be respected, no measurable improvement in the situation need be expected.

General Wood suggested a step which would be very helpful to the Chief Executive of the Islands and at the same time obviate any grievance over "militaristic rule." He proposed that the money collected in the United States as duty on Philippine tobacco imports be employed for the purpose of supplying the Governor-General with a civilian personnel of expert advisers and assistants. At present he has no choice but to make use of such Army officers as may be assigned to him by the War Department.

Revision of the Jones Law along the lines indicated would doubtless evoke opposition in Filipino political circles and among Americans strongly sympathetic with the Filipino cause. The proposed steps are likely to be characterized as "reactionary", "imperialistic" and "backward." The Filipino opposition, however, would not be as formidable or fraught with as dire consequences as might be anticipated. General Wood since his last return to the United States repeatedly made some very significant statements which should be given deep consideration by all Americans concerned with the practical settlement of our Philippine difficulties. He told his interviewers time and again that the Filipino people are happy and contented, that they are appreciative of what America has done for them, that they have the lowest per capita tax rate in the world, and that General Aguinaldo and many other Filipinos are loyal friends of America. These statements will be substantiated by every American who has been in the Philippines recently and has had the opportunity of sounding the hearts of the Filipino masses. These people have not a single deep-seated grievance against America or its official representatives. Under these circumstances a serious revolt against the sovereign power is unthinkable, no matter what veiled or open threats individual native firebrands may make. Our statesmen and lawmakers should not take the oratorical outpourings of Filipino politicians too seriously.

Unfortunately the Philippine question has been injected into American politics and has its partisan aspects. A sinking of these partisan considerations in a national, statesmanlike treat-

ment of the question is devoutly to be wished, but perhaps is difficult of realization. Moreover, any suggestion of a reversal of our past optimistic course with respect to Philippine autonomy is almost sure to be greeted with wholly irrelevant cries of "Imperialism" and "Rubber." It will require courage to overcome the influences opposed to the adoption of a revised, less conciliatory programme, but unless such a course is adopted, the Philippines will become an increasingly troublesome national problem.

Our Philippine position may be likened to that of a guardian over an ambitious and obstreperous minor who has been spoiled by too much kindness. The youngster requires firm corrective handling, both for his own good and for the good of those who come in contact with him.

Let us hope that those in whose hands will lie the final disposition of this very complex and difficult problem will not permit sentimentalism, pseudo-liberalism and hyper-altruism to swerve them from the course which the true facts in the situation, common sense and reason shall dictate. By giving the problem impartial, conscientious study and consideration, according due weight to the suggestions of those who by experience are best fitted to advise, and courageously facing any unpleasant though necessary alternative that may arise, they will be rendering both their own people and the Filipino people a real service, one whose value will perhaps be better appreciated by future generations than by that of today. And such a course need not involve the slightest departure from our time-honored American traditions or ideals.

THE BURGOYNE EXPEDITION

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

October 17 is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne. Looking backward through a century and a half to that event, it can now be seen as one of the turning points of history. It did more than greatly assist the gaining of independence by the United States. It caused a realignment of European international relations and brought into being one of the most curious but lasting of international friendships. Incidentally, the expedition, planned and boggled by the British Ministry and followed by an act of bad faith on the part of the American Congress, is one of the most damning illustrations of the meddling with military affairs by civilian statesmen.

Lord George Germaine, the Secretary for the Colonies in the English Cabinet, three thousand miles from the sphere of military operations and ignorant of the geography and character of the American wilderness, conceived the idea that by marching the British contingents in Canada southward to New York the General in that city, Sir William Howe, might receive some of the much needed reënforcements which could not be sent in sufficient numbers from England. It was also hoped by the scheme to isolate the New England States. The plan, clumsily complicated considering the terrain and other difficulties, called for three columns to move simultaneously toward Albany. A force made up mainly of Tories and savages was to advance from the West along the Mohawk Valley under Colonel St. Leger. A second, under Burgoyne, was to come down from Canada by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George; while a third, commanded by Howe, was to march up the Hudson from New York. It is somewhat uncertain just which objective was uppermost in the minds of the Ministry—the reënforcing of Howe or the severing of the Confederacy by control of the Hudson. The latter, however, caught the imagination and was highly approved in London.

It found a strong advocate in Burgoyne, whose personal bravery and honorable treatment of men and officers had to atone for certain minor defects of character.

Apart from incompetence in high quarters, the management of American campaigns from London had to encounter two serious difficulties. One of these was the length of time involved in communicating with officers in the field. Always many weeks and sometimes months elapsed between the forwarding of a dispatch and its receipt or answer on the other side of the Atlantic. Another was the extreme ignorance in England of the character and even geography of the American sphere of operations. In a country where the roads were for the most part only trails through the forest and where trees must be quickly felled every few yards across the way, the woodsman's axe became almost as valuable a weapon of defense as the sword.

Badly conceived, the campaign was mismanaged even from the start by the Minister in Downing Street. General Howe at New York had written home advising that he be allowed to make a descent on Pennsylvania, and to this Germaine had consented. A dispatch which was to have been signed and sent by him ordering Howe to advance to Albany to meet Burgoyne was never forwarded, whereas the attack on Philadelphia had been sanctioned. On June 5, Howe did, indeed, receive a copy of instructions for the Canadian expedition sent to Carleton, the Governor-General of Canada, but without a word addressed to himself. Meanwhile, having obtained some reënforcements from England, he proceeded on the Pennsylvania campaign, embarking about fifteen thousand of his twenty-seven thousand troops. It was not until the last week of August when, after a voyage of over three weeks, Howe was in Chesapeake Bay, that he received a dispatch from Germaine expressing mildly the hope that the Pennsylvania operations would be over in time for him to assist Burgoyne.

Meantime, the latter General had left England with very definite instructions to proceed down the Lakes from Canada, effect a junction with Howe at Albany, and place himself under the latter's orders. By June 17 Burgoyne had already reached Lake Champlain with about seven thousand British troops, a disap-

pointingly small Canadian contingent, and a considerable number of Indians, in entire ignorance of the fact that he could count on none of the promised help from New York. He was also doomed to disappointment from the West, for there, a little later, an American force under Benedict Arnold as volunteer commander so frightened St. Leger's Indians as to cause them to desert the English and indeed to prey on them more disastrously than did the Americans themselves. St. Leger's expedition ended in a rout and throughout the latter part of his advance Burgoyne was forced to carry out his imperative orders with no help from either of the other two columns.

At first all went well. Owing to obstacles met with, some natural and some placed by the Americans, the progress was slow, but by the first week of July Ticonderoga, defended by the Americans under General St. Clair, had been abandoned to the English owing to their having placed cannon on a dominating hill which the Americans had considered inaccessible to artillery. By July 10 Burgoyne's forces had reached Skenesborough and begun the heavy work of constructing a road for transport of guns and stores to Fort Edward. It was a tremendous undertaking, for the Americans had felled innumerable trees and destroyed over forty bridges. It took exactly twenty days to cover the twenty miles, but by the end of the month Burgoyne had reached Fort Edward. Meanwhile, General Philip Schuyler, in command of the Americans, had wisely retreated with his army to Stillwater, about thirty miles from Albany. The situation at New York was known to the Americans though not to Burgoyne, and every mile which that unfortunate General could be induced to extend his line into the wilderness and away from his base increased the chances of his ultimate disaster.

The problem of supply was now beginning to hamper him effectively as he had not been given sufficient troops to guard his line of communication, or establish local bases for supply, even had his transport facilities been adequate. Knowing of the large quantity of stores which had been gathered at Bennington and misled in the intelligence given him that the country round about was largely Tory in sentiment, he detached a force under Colonel Baum to make a raid into Vermont. Unfortunately for

him, he used bad judgment and sent too small a force, followed later by reënforcements which should have formed part of the original body.

Although it was usually difficult to retain New Englanders in the American army for long periods and away from their native States, they were always ready to rise against such marauding expeditions and defend themselves near home. There had been a recent example of this on the British foray into Connecticut, which might have deterred Burgoyne had he known of it, or at least have led him to dispatch an adequate force.

John Stark, whose claims to promotion had been ignored by Congress and who had resigned from the army, was then living on his farm and to him was entrusted the task of defending Bennington by the militiamen who swarmed in like angry bees from all the countryside. Stark's small force was independent of any higher military command, and the leader's refusal to obey orders received from General Schuyler brought forth a scathing and ill-timed rebuke from the meddling civilians in Congress. Their General in Vermont, Lincoln, saw the situation more clearly and sent reënforcements to Stark, which arrived just in time to offset the advantage gained by the enemy in the arrival of his reënforcements under Colonel Breyman.

Baum's force had consisted to a considerable extent of unmounted German dragoons, the plan having been to plunder the country and pick up horses on the march. The Indian allies, however, bent as always on personal plunder, destroyed all chances of this and merely served by their acts to rouse the people to greater fury. Before Baum could reach Bennington, the Americans were already there in force and he took up a defensive position about five miles from the town. By three o'clock on the following afternoon he had been completely surrounded by the Colonials and in their subsequent attack his troops, although defending themselves with conspicuous bravery, suffered heavily. Stark, who had seen the gruelling fire at Bunker Hill, described the fighting at Bennington as "the hottest I ever saw". Victory was almost within his grasp when it was threatened by the approach of the British reënforcements. Fortunately the men sent by Lincoln were also close at hand, and in the mêlée

which followed the English were completely defeated and only just succeeded in getting away under cover of night, leaving behind them seven hundred prisoners, their artillery, a thousand stand of arms and other supplies which Burgoyne could ill afford to lose.

His situation, indeed, was becoming desperate. Instead of gaining added supplies by the foray to the eastward he had lost heavily of his own. He now had only about five thousand troops with which to face the American regular forces and the militia, which latter, as he wrote, quickly assembled to the number of three or four thousand in whatever direction he pointed. He had heard nothing from Howe to the southward, and there was no help to be expected from St. Leger in the West. He himself saw that the part of wisdom would be to halt or even to retreat to Fort Edward, where his line of communication would be more secure. His troops, however, yet remained devotedly loyal to him. His orders were positive. To retreat except under dire necessity might spell misfortune for the force which he believed was coöperating with him from New York, though no word had come. He therefore determined at all hazards to press on and by August 19 had crossed the Hudson and approached near to the American forces at Stillwater.

Meanwhile, one bit of luck had come his way. The time-serving, incompetent, Congress-coddling Gates had been sent by that body to replace the unpopular but much more competent Schuyler. Fortunately for the country, Washington had sent Benedict Arnold to assist him. Gates had taken up a strong position on Bemis Heights, the top of which had been fortified by the Polish engineer Kosciusko, but the main body of the fourteen thousand troops had been badly placed. If Burgoyne could seize the Heights, the entire American army would be at his mercy, and had the issue depended solely on Gates he would probably have been able to do so. The British General decided to make the attack in three columns through the dense forest, but the advance was perceived by American scouts. Arnold was anxious to fall upon the enemy with the whole American army but Gates, who wished to remain inert behind his entrenchments and was incapable of realizing the consequences of doing so,

refused to move and was with great difficulty induced to give Arnold a mere detachment. Only after the battle had begun did Arnold succeed in getting as many as three thousand men from his commander. With these, after having failed to turn the enemy's right, he launched attack after attack against the center, and had he been properly supported by Gates would undoubtedly have broken through. As it was, in spite of Gates's stupidity and jealousy, the British suffered very heavily. Sir John Fortescue states that they lost over one-third of the force engaged, but all numbers, on both sides, throughout the campaign are difficult to estimate accurately.

Burgoyne at once halted and threw up entrenchments. News soon came that the Americans had got behind him and had captured a flotilla on the Lake with troops and supplies destined for the luckless British. At last, however, a message arrived from New York, every previous one having been intercepted, and Burgoyne learned that Sir Henry Clinton was marching up the Hudson to make a diversion in his favor. This delayed the precipitate but wise retreat which otherwise would probably have been undertaken.

Burgoyne's position was becoming desperate. Food was short and the numbers of Gates's army were increasing daily. He therefore resolved to make one last attack in an effort to extricate himself from a situation that had become untenable. In the face of overwhelming odds the attack failed and a retreat was ordered. On October 8 he again offered battle in his new position, but as the Americans could turn his right he was once more forced to retire, abandoning about five hundred sick and wounded. Retreat itself was now out of the question. All the fords on the route to Fort Edward were covered by Americans, who were also strongly entrenched all the way from that point to Fort George. Burgoyne's army was surrounded and almost starving. Clinton endeavored to get word to him in a message enclosed in a silver bullet, but the messenger was caught and hanged by the Americans. On October 17 the inevitable surrender was made. Burgoyne refused the terms first offered by Gates, and it was finally agreed that the British troops should march out with all the honors of war, be taken at once to Boston and shipped to England

on condition that they should not serve in America again during the war.

Gates, who had held the British army at his mercy, mainly through the ability of Arnold, had made absurd terms and thrown away part of the fruits of victory. It was obvious to everyone that the thirty-five hundred men who had surrendered could be used by England to garrison posts in other parts of the empire and release a like number for service in America. Nevertheless the faith of the American Government had been pledged and the only thing to do was to live up to the agreement. Congress, however, haggled over the matter and at last seized on an angry word of Burgoyne, spoken in haste and justified annoyance, to claim that the terms had been broken. The British soldiers were never shipped to England, were separated from their officers in violation of the terms, and after some months taken to Virginia where they gradually disappeared. In spite of the protests of Washington and other high-minded Americans, the supreme legislative body thus placed an indelible stain upon American honor.

The most important result of the defeat of Burgoyne, as it developed, was the securing of the French alliance. Except for a few idealists, France and particularly the French Government had no love for republican America. They had, however, scores to settle with England and had long been watching to see whether the Americans would prove strong enough to divert enough of England's strength to make it safe for France to attack her. On the other hand, without the French alliance the American cause was practically doomed, as Washington admitted. Burgoyne's surrender decided the event. France came in, then Spain, and soon England found herself fighting half the world. Incidentally there was laid the foundation for that later traditional friendship between the "two great Republics" which has endured to the present day. Largely for sentimental reasons, France became the traditional friend, as England the traditional enemy, of America, and generations of schoolboys nourished their international sympathies on the Lafayette legend. The meddling incompetence of Germaine had succeeded in diverting from their natural channels the international emotional reactions of Americans for a century and a half.

WHERE THREE RACES MEET

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

Not since the days of Charlemagne have the Slovenes formed an independent principality or kingdom. But they have managed to survive as a distinct racial and linguistic unit, and though today they have cast their lot in the triune Serb-Croat-Slovene State they possess characteristics and problems of their own and retain a very considerable national consciousness and pride. They have been called "one of the most unnecessary races in Europe", and the comparative insignificance of their numbers barred them, in modern times at any rate, from aspiring to real independence. But geography forces Europe to consider their wishes. Their lands lie across the historic route of migrations from the East to the West; over a third of their total number of approximately a million and a half are today living outside the Yugoslav borders, mostly in Italy; and if Austria, following a reshuffling of European alliances, should join Germany, the Slovenes are the people which the new and enlarged Teutonic power would find blocking the road down to the coveted shores of the Adriatic. The feelings of the Slovenes would then be of even more importance in Yugoslav internal politics than they are today, and would assume a central position in the calculations of two world capitals, Berlin and Rome.

I

Pressed by the Avars from their first European homes in the Carpathians, the Slovenes gradually sifted westward during the seventh century and settled along the banks of the upper Save and Mur, in the fertile valleys of which Lyublyana, Maribor and Klagenfurt are now the principal towns, in the Istrian Peninsula, and in the Valley of the Isonzo. Outposts who pressed further west and north were gradually driven back, and laggards who

stopped to make their homes on the rich Pannonian plain were swamped by the Magyars. But though deprived of many of their earlier home-lands, the Slovenes through all the Middle Ages remained a homogeneous population in the districts which in Hapsburg days were known as Carniola, southern Carinthia, the southern part of Styria, the eastern part of Görz-Gradisca, and all Istria except a narrow band along the western coast. Today they remain entrenched in those same lands. But the Italian frontier as drawn at Paris has cut off nearly a half million from the main Slovene body, and some sixty thousand are found along the Austrian side of the Karawanken Mountains and spreading northward across the Klagenfurt basin.

Through the eighteenth century the life of the Slovenes under Hapsburg rule was as uneventful as the turbulent course of European history permitted. Their status as a separate people did not suffer particularly. In fact, the religious and educational projects of Maria Theresa and Joseph II led those sovereigns to permit the translation of many books into Slovenian. Towards the end of the century, too, the breath of Romanticism made itself felt and helped to revitalize the national spirit, preparing the way for a momentous interruption of the traditional life of the Slovenes as a mere Hapsburg appendage—namely, the conquests of Napoleon. As a result of the Treaty of Schönbrunn in 1809, Napoleon acquired all the Slovene territories and joined them with a large part of Croatia and the Adriatic coastlands from west of Trieste southward beyond Ragusa in the short-lived but epoch-making Province of Illyria. Yugoslav propagandists at the Paris Conference in 1919 were not slow to point out that Napoleon did not include the Isonzo Valley and the Italian fringe along the northern shores of the Adriatic in his Italian Kingdom, but in the Illyrian State, and that he made Trieste a "free port" because he saw that it belonged to its hinterland and was a natural rival of Venice, not a partner. The end of Illyria came in 1813, the same year, incidentially, as Kara-George's defeat and flight from Serbia into Hungary. The Slovenes were transferred back to the Hapsburgs. But the example of the short-lived Illyrian union of the Slovenes with their kinsmen the Croats, like the example of Serb militant patriotism, played an important part in

the development of the Yugoslav idea through the years to come.

When Bismarck called Trieste the tip of the German sword, he implied that the blade had already passed through the body of the Slovene people. In this he was right. Life in the triangle where the Slav, German and Italian worlds meet had become much more complicated after the conclusion of the Austro-Hungarian alliance with Germany in 1879. Little by little the routine absolutism of the Hapsburgs had been displaced by a racial crusade, instigated largely by Prussian expansionists who pointed to the energy and ambition of the Magyars in order to frighten Vienna into adopting a policy of active Germanization among its Slav subjects. This policy, while tending to narrow the linguistic frontier and reduce the proportion of Slovenes in the Slovene lands, produced its reaction in educated circles and awakened a patriotic resistance.

By 1848, "the year of revolution," things had gone so far that Slovene patriots were petitioning Vienna for the creation of a Kingdom of Slovenia as a separate part of the Hapsburg realm. The agitation revived after the Austro-Hungarian *Ausgleich* (1867), which in the eyes of the Slavs of the Empire formalized the supremacy of the Germans in Austria and of the Magyars in Hungary. But following 1879 the Germanizers had their way, particularly after the elimination of statesmen like Taafe and Badeni, who had tried to limit Berlin's influence. The last Austrian census before the war, that of 1910, registered a total of only 1,197,657 Slovenes. During the preceding decade the average increase in the population of the Empire as a whole had been 9.44 per cent.; but while the German population increased by 8.38 per cent. and the Italian by 7.67 per cent., the Slovene population increased by only 1.37 per cent. As the birthrate among the Slovenes was higher than among the Germans, and almost as high as among the Italians, the decrease in their relative numbers was due to denationalization and emigration.

Through all the later phase of their racial struggle the Slovenes found the Italian subjects of the Empire leagued with the Germans against them. This Italian tendency was not in accord with the advice of many Italian patriots, among them Cavour, Mazzini and Tommaseo, who believed that Istria and Dalmatia

belonged to the Slavs and that the Italians there should be their partners in combating the German push toward the Adriatic. But this was a far-sighted view that failed of support in places like Trieste, Görz and Pola, where the competition between Slav and Italian was extremely active; where, moreover, in the opening years of the century, the Slovenes began taking an increasingly important share in commerce, banking and shipping, at the expense of both Austrian and Italian interests.

II

The Austro-Hungarian annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908 was one of the events connected directly with the World War. On the one hand it weakened the Dual Monarchy, because Vienna and Budapest could never agree on the status of the new province. On the other hand, it infuriated the young and ambitious in all divisions of the Yugoslav race—in Bosnia itself, in Austria-Hungary, and in independent Serbia—and forced them willy-nilly to compromise their different aims and coördinate their plans. Bosnia might have become an apple of discord between the parallel and growing movements for a Greater Croatia and a Greater Serbia. But the annexation gave new significance to the Serbian motto: *Samo Sloga Srbina Spasava*—Only Union Saves Serbs. As Prof. Kerner has pointed out, after 1908 one solution alone was possible—a Yugoslav solution. The more vigorous the Slav policy of the Hapsburgs, the more close-knit the resistance of the Yugoslavs; the bolder the Yugoslav movement, the more complete the hold of the extremists at Vienna and Budapest. July, 1914, was the result.

The war history of the Slovenes proved that even a recent and still rather superficial national consciousness is nevertheless stronger than political tradition. Like the other subject nationalities of the Empire, the Slovenes were drafted for service under the Hapsburg colors. But the desertions on both fronts (particularly the Russian) undermined the morale of the Austro-Hungarian armies, and the propaganda conducted covertly at home and openly and actively abroad, especially through the Yugoslav Committee in London, prepared the minds of the Yugo-

slavs of the Empire for action as soon as it could be taken effectively and as soon as Entente statesmen, especially those of Italy, had been educated far enough for the Yugoslav leaders to feel reasonably sure that the dissolution of the historic state structure would not merely mean a change in masters.

As early as May, 1917, we find the Slovene Clericals and Dalmatian Liberals in the Viennese Reichsrat joining forces under the Slovene priest, Father Koroshets, and presenting open demands for the unification of all the Serb, Croat and Slovene districts of the Empire; they hardly bothered to camouflage the threat of secession under a perfunctory reference to the continuation of Hapsburg sovereignty. About the same time a petition was signed by 200,000 Slovene women for the incorporation of Slovenia in a state that should include all Yugoslavs. The movement was also strengthened by the fall of the Czarist Government, as Russian statesmen of the old school, especially Sazonov, favored the plan of forming a purely Orthodox state out of Serbia, Bosnia and Montenegro, on the theory that it would be more susceptible to Russian influence than a larger country that included the Roman Catholic Croats and Slovenes. In July, 1917, the Pact of Corfu, signed on behalf of Serbia by Premier Pashich and on behalf of the Yugoslavs of the Empire by Dr. Trumbich, a Dalmatian Deputy then in exile, expressed in writing the determination of all three branches of the Yugoslav race to unite on a constitutional basis under the Karageorgevich dynasty. The "Congress of Oppressed Nationalities", organized at Rome in April, 1918, heartened the Yugoslavs still further, for Italy had been holding suspiciously aloof from support of the Yugoslav idea. From this time on the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian forces on land and sea proceeded with increasing rapidity.

By August the authority of the Viennese Government had virtually come to an end in the Slovene lands. On the sixteenth a Slovene National Council constituted itself at Lyublyana under the Presidency of Father Koroshets, who also became President of the larger Yugoslav National Council which met shortly in Zagreb. On October 16 Emperor Charles issued a manifesto converting Austria into a federation of self-governing States.

But such temporizing could not stem the tide. When President Wilson, replying to Count Andrassy, announced that the Czechoslovaks and Yugoslavs were themselves to decide what form of autonomy would suit them, the Yugoslav standard went up all over Croatia and Slovenia as if by magic. The coming Peace Conference might decide just what should be done with the pieces; but this was of secondary importance; the Hapsburg Empire, after seven hundred and fifty years of dominion in Eastern Europe, had already fallen apart.

When the Yugoslavs had organized their new and amorphous State in accordance with the Pact of Corfu, and had secured the recognition of the Powers, their first and principal aspirations were fulfilled. Of all their leaders none had worked more effectively than Father Koroshets. In the final phase he had pressed for immediate and complete union with Serbia; the Slovene territories were threatened by the Italian invasions which naturally followed the collapse of the Austrian defense, and he trusted the prestige of Serbian statesmen and Serbian arms to preserve the integrity of the whole territory inhabited compactly by the Yugoslav race. He was right in foreseeing that henceforward the Slovenes' chief troubles were to be with Italy. They already had a grievance in the fact that though Italy was basing her claim to Slav territories north and east of the Adriatic on the Treaty of London, her troops were occupying numerous points far beyond the line of that Treaty. As the Peace Conference proceeded they also became angered, as did the Poles, Czechs and Rumanians, because although the Powers insisted on the Succession States signing agreements to respect the rights of minorities, no such promise was required of Italy, who was about to acquire great blocks of German and Slav subjects.

The Treaty of St. Germain (September 10, 1919) established the new Yugoslav frontier toward Austria. No decisions could be made regarding the Italian frontier, despite prolonged and often acrimonious discussions. President Wilson, all of whose weight was thrown against any recognition of the secret Treaty of London, had suggested on April 14, 1919, a compromise line giving Görz, Gradisca, Trieste, western Carniola and western Istria, including Pola, to Italy, but leaving Dalmatia and Fiume

to Yugoslavia. The Treaty of London would have put about 750,000 Yugoslavs under Italian rule. The "Wilson Line" would still have given Italy about half that number. This compromise was refused by Orlando and Sonnino. A later Allied proposal (put forward January 14, 1920, after Wilson had returned to the United States) suggested giving certain other districts in Carniola to Italy, adding 120,000 more Slovenes to the 365,000 that Wilson had consented should be transferred to Italy. In a sarcastic cable from Washington the President refused to allow Yugoslavia to be coerced into acceptance, and the matter passed into direct negotiation between Rome and Belgrade. Into those troubled negotiations we shall not enter here. The upshot was that by the Treaty of Rapallo, November 12, 1920, Fiume was made a Free State (though ultimately annexed by Italy), Italy got most of the Carniola districts she particularly desired, while Dalmatia was recognized as belonging to Yugoslavia. This arrangement, judging by the 1910 Austrian census, left between 470,000 and 480,000 Yugoslavs in Italy, the greater part of them Slovenes. About 7,000 scattered Italians were left in Yugoslavia.

III

The third of the Slovene race who in this way came under Italian rule seem far from content at the present time. They are hardly justified in complaining because the Fascist régime enforces upon them the same laws limiting freedom of speech, assemblage and the press which are applied in other parts of Italy; presumably, they must tolerate whatever the Italian people as a whole tolerate. But there is some strength in their plaint that in the Slovene lands and in the German South Tyrol the series of repressive laws designed to eliminate the opponents of Fascism from Italian political life are twisted to serve purely racial ends. For example, the decree permitting the cancellation of the citizenship of persons who make critical remarks abroad about the policy of the Italian Government prevents the foreign press from learning the true situation in the annexed territories. Restrictions on the sale of properties situated in the frontier districts have also created hard feeling; the Slavs believe these re-

strictions are based less on concern for the military safety of the frontier than on the hope of depreciating the value of Slav holdings, so that they will emigrate from their old homesteads and make room for an Italian population. There is continual friction, also, regarding the closing of Slovene schools, the dissolution of Slovene cultural and athletic societies, and the change in geographical names.

The Italian Government's policy of denationalization has been seconded by active Fascist bands. For instance, in the week following the Bologna attack on Mussolini (November 1, 1926), Black Shirts sacked the Slovene clubs and educational associations in the city of Gorizia, destroyed the offices of Slovene lawyers, and burnt out the premises of the local Slav newspaper, the *Strazha*. They did not allege any Slovene hand in the attack on Mussolini; they merely made it an excuse to intimidate the principal Slovene town in Italy. A few days later one of the two Slovene Deputies in the Italian Parliament, Dr. Joseph Wilfan, was arrested in Rome; the other, Dr. Besednjak, who at the moment was abroad, was warned by placards stuck up on the walls of Gorizia not to return to Italy on pain of his life.

The difficulties of the Slovene population under Austrian rule, and of the Austrians under Yugoslav rule, are less important. Not only are the numbers of persons involved very much smaller than in the case of the Yugoslav population in Italy, but the accusations and counter-accusations hurled across the frontier of the Karawanken Mountains interest mainly the provincial capitals of Klagenfurt and Lyublyana and leave Vienna and Belgrade comparatively cold. Whatever tension exists is the natural sequel of the fighting between Slovene and Austrian irregulars in the spring of 1919, and of the bitter electoral campaign preceding the plebiscite held at Klagenfurt on October 10, 1920, under the terms of the Treaty of St. Germain. In the plebiscite the inhabitants of the southern and most Slovene section of the Klagenfurt basin voted by 22,025 to 15,279 to remain in Austria; nor can it be said that the frontier thereby established between Austria and Yugoslavia is not excellent from the geographical point of view. The barrier of the Karawanken Mountains rises majestically between the two countries, traversed only

by one long tunnel and two or three serpentine motor roads. But the frontier's suitability could hardly be expected to reconcile the Slovenes as a whole to the loss of some sixty thousand of their compatriots, a series of fertile valleys, and the site of the ancient stone throne before which used to appear the Dukes of Carinthia to receive at the hands of a free Slovene peasant the rights of domain. There have been occasional manifestations in Lyublyana to remind people of their brethren who are supposed to be languishing under Austrian rule, and every diminution of former scholastic or other rights of the Slovene population in Carinthia has been reported and magnified in the Lyublyana press. Apparently there are some real grievances, such as the abolition of the last of the purely Slovenian schools in Carinthia, and the decrease of "utraquistic" or two-language schools, where the two first classes are taught in Slovene but thereafter instruction is in German. The Austrian press complains of the same sort of cultural repression in Yugoslavia that the Slovenes allege in Carinthia. Doubtless there is some truth in what they say. Belgrade has been having trouble with some of the semi-Fascists of Slovenia, and only last summer had to suppress the nationalistic organization "Oryuna", which had been making the German population a target of abuse.

The Austrian population in Slovenia and the Slovene population in Austria both show striking declines from the 1910 Hapsburg census. In Slovenia (including the Prekomurye) in 1910 there were 105,300 persons registered as having German for their mother tongue; the 1921 Yugoslav census reduced the number to 39,631. In Carinthia in 1910 about 66,000 persons gave Slovene as their mother tongue; the 1923 Austrian census showed only 37,224. Emigration, local pressure, false enrolment by canvassers for nationalistic purposes, the desire of many people after the war to lead a quiet life and adapt themselves to new circumstances—a variety of reasons may be given for the changes shown on the face of the census returns.

The Slovene complaints against Austria are not to be taken too seriously, the less so as Father Koroshets, who today heads the Slovene delegation of Deputies in the Belgrade Parliament, is interested in promoting better relations between the two countries

and is even suspected of wishing to bring about an Austro-Yugoslav entente as an offset to the proposed Austrian union with Germany. The anxiety of Slovene leaders for good relations with Austria will naturally increase as the chagrin at the loss of Klagenfurt pales beside the anger and fear awakened by the active policy of denationalization pursued in the Slovene lands of Italy. One difficulty is that the Austrian Federal Government is weak and is forced to allow a good deal of rope to the provincial leaders of Gräz and Klagenfurt, who are naturally more anti-Yugoslav than the politicians of Vienna and who know that the sentiments which led the Slovenes of their neighborhood to vote for Austria in 1920 are not necessarily permanent and might change overnight, particularly if there were serious question of union between Austria and Germany. After all, the Klagenfurt plebiscite was held in order to give the population there a choice between Austria and Yugoslavia, not Germany and Yugoslavia. Moderate leaders in Lyublyana admit that at present there is no real "Klagenfurt question," but they say that if the *Anschluss* materializes, on that day the Klagenfurt question will be reopened.

And so we find ourselves again discussing the *Anschluss*. On it seems to depend the future importance of the Slovene Question, which is not dead, but sleeps. It sleeps very uneasily in the Slovene lands of Italy, where a chance act of violence might at any time disrupt the already parlous relations of Rome and Belgrade. It sleeps fairly comfortably along the Yugoslav-Austrian frontier, where occasional acts of repression and reprisal are too petty to cause more than local heart-burnings. But the signal for its revival, for it to assume proportions as a European question, would be the union of Austria and Germany. This act would immediately force Yugoslavia to choose between making a friend or foe of her new and powerful German neighbor. It would face Italy with rejuvenated Germany instead of feeble and mendicant Austria on a long and difficult frontier, and it would bring Germany to within a few dozen miles of Trieste. It would restore to the Slovenes, inhabiting the debatable lands where German, Slav and Italian meet, the opportunity of throwing their weight into the scale one way or the other, perhaps decisively.

FOR FASHION'S SAKE

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WHERE fashion is concerned, it is extraordinary how scrupulously women obey the Scriptures and make subjection their duty in life. Few, save the reformer and the recluse, ever willingly become conspicuous by defiance of the passing mode and, indeed, until now I have been no exception to the rule. In my time I have worn hoops and bustles, sleeves wide as wings and hats like flower gardens. I have dragged long skirts through dust and mud, and endured the agony of walking in tight skirts. I have appeared in basques, boleros, blouses and shirtwaists. I have exposed my neck in rounds and V's and squares. I have been gored, ruffled, pleated. I have been tucked, scalloped, fringed. Never before have I failed to conform, with the docility of my sex and sometimes at great inconvenience, to the dressmaker's law that women must not show themselves this year in what last year was the height of good form. At last, however, I have rebelled, and, if anything could reconcile me to old age, it is the reason it gives for my unbobbed hair and the unfashionable length of my gown.

My new independence after a long lifetime of meek subservience puzzles me. Not even Carlyle, posing as Teufelsdröck, could have thought more about clothes than I have been thinking since I strayed from the straight and narrow path. With him I turn to history, to logic, to philosophy for an explanation. With him I go back to the beginning. I ask myself: What was the origin of clothes? What are they for, anyway? And then: Do the long silk stockings and scanty skirts fulfil the end of clothes less well than the hoops and bustles, the massive draperies in which women's legs once disappeared altogether? Or do they fulfil it better?

The practical man would probably tell me that I am making a great ado about nothing, that the end of clothes always has been,

is, and always shall be health and comfort and, moreover, in no climate could we do without them. But the practical man forgets that the primitive races, in their primitive nakedness, were healthier and more comfortable than after the missionary put them into clothes and, with the empire-builder who brought disease as his gift, sent the primitive death rate soaring. The more advanced races who, of their own unfettered will, added clothes to their beads and bracelets, their anklets and nose rings, at once sought and kept on seeking to make them as uncomfortable as possible. Civilization hardly improved matters. The Worths and Pooles of the Greeks and Romans had some little pity and kindness. But, as a rule, the makers of fashion have imposed upon humanity through the ages an intolerable burden of superfluous and cumbersome covering. As far as weight goes, the present fashion relieves woman of part of this burden. Since Eve wandered out of Paradise attired in a fig-leaf, she has seldom gone so lightly clad, seldom looked so free to walk, to run, to play whatever game she pleases, to take up all the sports that once were man's monopoly. Paris has done the unexpected and produced an effect of freedom in the fashion.

I say "an effect" advisedly, for it does not follow that the lighter burden means greater freedom, except for the young girl, slight and slim and spare by nature, who would be free in almost anything she chose to wear. The woman, large and portly by nature, who has not starved and massaged herself into slimness, may attain the appearance of freedom, but only by an elaboration of corsets, girdles, bands, supports, which the outward simplicity of her gown conceals. The fashionable flatness of today is no less artificial than the fashionable wasp waist of the day before yesterday or any of the strange protuberances that have had their vogue. Fashion's approved figure has always called for restraint somewhere. There is as small comfort for the modern woman in her one-piece gown, if her lines and curves are not built that way, as there was for the mediæval woman in her bulky skirts and extravagant headgear or for the Eighteenth Century woman in her monstrous wig and wide-spreading panniers. And when the outward effect is achieved, the modern woman promptly loses it if she attempts to take her ease. The present skirts may

be admirable for play and sport, but for most other things they are as endless an anxiety as hoops and bustles were to our grandmothers. The overcovered lady of the 'Sixties had no more difficulty in keeping her ballooning skirts down to her feet when seated, than today's undercovered lady has in inducing her meagre skirts to stay down to her knees. In the street her plight is worse. On a winter day she envelops herself in furs to her knees and exposes her legs and feet in sheer silk stockings and toy slippers to all the winds that blow. In summer she bares her neck and arms, though people she would think barbarians are too wise not to protect every part of their bodies from the sun when the heat is tropical. But women would rather perish than listen to common sense if fashion beckons the other way. They accept the discomfort without a murmur and turn a deaf ear to those doctors who, in this reckless exposure of silk-clad legs to winter's cold, see a serious menace to health.

Bobbed hair, extolled as the new freedom's crowning touch, is little more than its symbol. A bob must be becoming at no matter what expense of time and money. Puffs and ringlets, "rats" and wigs, were not more exacting. There are swirls and swirls, waves and waves, curls and curls, and the finest of fine shades separate the right kind from the wrong. To be correct a daily visit to the hairdresser is hardly too many. Wind is an enemy to be fought and dampness the very devil. If by a boyish bob a woman evades the curling irons and a permanent wave, it is merely to face more trouble with oils and pomatums, while the attainment of the approved outline is as tedious a business as the making of a "waterfall" or the building of a "bun". And the reward of her labors? The prophecy of a bald future for the woman who encloses her bobbed head in the tight-fitting cap or casque that goes with it and that is far from being the light and airy nothing it looks. From whatever standpoint I consider the woman of today in her short skirts, long stockings, toy slippers, bobbed hair and tight cap, I can come but to the one conclusion, that if the reason for clothes is comfort and health, she is as lamentable a failure as fashion has produced.

To the early Fathers of the Church, her failure would have seemed the punishment she deserves, comfort being a snare of

Satan and the health of the soul alone of importance. According to them, the sole object of clothes is to cover our nakedness. Woman is an evil at the best, and the less she shows of herself, the greater the chance of man's salvation. The very glory of her hair, Paul reminded her, was given her for a covering. In that capacity it had its limitations. And so had Eve's fig-leaf. By the time the Fathers of the Church took fashion in hand, woman's dress had spread to far more seemly dimensions, but never had she been so laden with clothes as when an ecclesiastical watch was set upon her wardrobe. She might leave face, hands and a tiny space of neck unhidden, but any further revelations would have been at the risk of hell fire. Christian women, even Christian men when their appointed tasks in the world permitted, barricaded themselves so securely within the garments of the Christian fashion that the more virtuous had never seen such a thing as a naked human body, not even their own. But the more woman yielded, the more the Fathers of the Church demanded. When the quantity of her covering came near satisfying them, they questioned its quality. Not for her gold and pearls and costly array, not for her beauty and harmony of color. The virtuous woman was to clothe herself in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety. When she fell from grace, as I am glad to know she did, saints denounced her in public. Savonarola in Florence would have her go as unadorned as a nun. St. Bernardine of Siena, when he saw the ladies of his town in their high "stilts", trailing their garments behind them, fumed with rage and took their backsliding for the theme of a Sunday sermon. It was fashion's hardest, cruelest, most fanatical phase for woman, but they bore up as they always have through fashion's secular excesses. And they found some compensations. Probably our advanced, half-naked flappers could teach nothing to the heavily upholstered mediæval maiden. After all, it was when woman's garments were most severe that the Troubadours were singing their sweetest songs of love.

The Fathers of the Church had long innings, but tyranny, when overdone, invites revolt. The Renaissance, as an eye-opener, helped woman on a bit in hers; the French Revolution loosened her shackles to such a point that the pendulum was

bound to swing the other way again—as it did, to the orgy of Victorian prudishness. It has taken woman until now to proclaim her emancipation from Church-ruled fashions in a dress that has, apparently, no other object than to cover as little of her nakedness as possible. A few inches off the fashionable skirt, a few off the fashionable sleeves, a few off the fashionable neck, and she would be well on the road back to beads and bracelets and loin-cloth. Already she is a living refutation of the theory that clothes were invented to cover her. Occasionally the Vatican thunders and the echoes roll from pulpit on to pulpit. The Spanish Queen dutifully heeds the rumblings. The English Queen valiantly upholds the Victorian tradition. Crusaders announce a Crusade to rescue female modesty, and the Pope wishes victory to the "high enterprise". But the authority of Rome long ago passed to Paris, woman joyfully exchanged Rome's tyranny for one infinitely more to her taste, and until Paris decrees a return to the garb of modesty, the labor of Church, Royalty and Crusaders will be in vain.

Philosophy is supposed to be concerned with more abstruse matters than clothes. But at least one philosopher of clear vision has seen their importance and studied them with a knowledge beyond the practical man's reach and without the prejudice that held the Fathers of the Church in its grip. The first purpose of clothes, Teufelsdröck says, "is not warmth or decency, but ornament. . . . Man's pains of Hunger and Revenge once satisfied, his next care was not Comfort but Decoration . . . the first spiritual want of a barbarian". If the original home of the hair-mantled, flint-hurling Aboriginal Anthropophagus, our ancestor, was that high plateau of Asia, as some scientists believe, he must have needed a covering, and a good substantial one at that, the moment he shed his hair. But for his habits at the start, even should it be proved that it was there the human race was evolved, the most imaginative scientist cannot vouch. In the case of primitive men actually discovered in their primitiveness, however, it is known for a fact that Teufelsdröck is right and that decoration came first. Though clothes were mostly missing, ornament, or some suggestion of it, seldom was—a string of beads, a riot of tattooing, a flower in the hair, and they

were dressed. Those who wandered into colder climes never sacrificed ornament to the covering they could not altogether dispense with. The Red Indian would probably have stayed naked and frozen rather than part with his feathers and his beads and his fringes.

Living at the best is a grim business, and to get away from its grimness man has always preferred to dally with the non-essentials rather than to grapple with the essentials of life. The joy of the savage in strings of beads and tattooing and flowers is simply because they are without a shadow of utility. Craving for decoration, desire for beauty, is the basis of every passing fashion of the savage, the barbarian, the civilized man. Unfortunately, only the few know what beauty is, and the many are more than content with the ugliness fashion calls by its name. So it has always been, though Ruskin and his kind would have us think ugliness a product of the Nineteenth Century. Fashion did not wait until then to disfigure women. It took Rembrandt to find beauty in the admirably modest but otherwise forbidding gowns of the housewives of Holland, Velasquez to capture it in the "unæsthetic hoops" of the Spanish Infantas, Whistler and Charles Keene to reveal it in the later and no less unæsthetic hoops of the 'Sixties. It would be a herculean task for the greatest master of them all to wrest it from the silk stockings, bobbed heads and one-piece gowns of the present generation.

Here you have the real objection to the mode of the moment. Discomfort and indecency might be forgiven if they made for beauty. Want of beauty is the unpardonable sin. Gowns as now fashioned may be and often are beautiful in themselves, charm in their color, daintiness in their draping. But draping and color in the loveliest creation from Paris are of no avail if the last thing considered is the woman who is to wear it. Her lines, her curves, her proportions, must be carefully studied so long as she is compelled to make so wholesale a display of them, a fact understood only by the most accomplished purveyors of fashion, and their prices are beyond all save a small minority. The average woman is hopelessly out of drawing in the ready-made one-piece gown, for the excellent reason that its lines have no relation to hers. We laugh at the old hoops and bustles with

their distorted curves and protuberances, but women could afford the distortion because it was unmistakably artificial. The curves and protuberances of today are natural, which is quite another thing. Put a large woman—and America today runs to a full-blown type—into the daintiest one-piece gown, and neither Rowlandson nor Daumier could have conceived so cruel a caricature. This is why the modern fashion is anything but the menace to morals it is thought in some quarters. In mystery there may be temptation, not in such a wholesale exposure of the undesirable. Nakedness is a scandal when it is exceptional, not when it is the rule. The middle-aged woman is the saddest victim. The old-fashioned idea was that a woman should dress her age, if not anticipate it. To us it seems tragic for a woman to be compelled to look sixty while still in the forties, which was the fate of our grandmothers. A more tragic spectacle is the woman of sixty aping twenty in gowns that would be trying to the Venus of Milo and equipped with enough powder and paint and henna to stock a small Beauty Parlor. But it is when I see women in evening dress, cropped hair, skirts receding further and further above the knees, faces wearing their make-up as a mask—all the old dignity, the old grace, the old elegance thrown to the winds—that I despair of their sense of humor even more than of their sense of beauty. The revelation of the human form today is without limit, and the human form in most women cannot stand the ordeal.

The Fathers of the Church defeated their own ends when they forgot that concealment is a challenge to curiosity. The little foot that peeps in and out is more alluring than the foot with thick ankle and stout leg uncomprisingly exhibited to the public gaze, and the short skirts have betrayed the lamentable fact that few women, young or old, have good legs. If woman's respect for fashion were not stronger than vanity, she would not consent to display her ill-shaped legs and, worse, her uncomely knees. I applaud the German Judge who sent a woman out of court to pull up her stockings before she went into the witness box, though the ugliness of the rolled stocking, not the impropriety that disturbed him, is my objection. Fashion has ceased to show too little simply to show too much, and of the two extremes this

is the more mistaken. When fashion supplied a superfluity of covering nature's indiscretions could be kept out of sight. The present scanty covering confirms Whistler's argument that nature is so rarely right, we may safely say nature is usually wrong.

A hopeful leader of her sex has lately assured women that the day of their release from fashion's tyranny is at hand. Now they have won their right to practise law and medicine, to go into business, to educate, to preach, to play at politics, they will claim the further right to design a dress for themselves, becoming in its appropriateness to their new tasks. But the leader, the reformer, always has a pleasant tendency to see things not as they are but as she would have them. From my knowledge of women I am forced to an altogether different conclusion. Always with women, the more it changes the more it is the same thing, and in their loyalty to fashion, whether Paris rules or a new dictator succeeds, whether short skirts and bobbed hair give way to hoops and pompadours, they probably will not waver. Certainly, there is no reason to think they will. They have never been as independent as they are now, and yet never have they been slaves of a more foolish fashion. To see women long done with youth got up as overgrown schoolgirls, stopping in the midst of whatever it may be to powder their noses and use their lipsticks, is to have no great confidence in the coming millennium when they are to purge fashion of its follies by their common sense. Not that I am particularly eager they should. Fashion is not invariably misguided, it has often given picturesqueness and color to the past, even in its most fantastic phase it relieves the dulness and drabness of the everyday world. My quarrel is with the disregard of beauty for fashion's sake — with the fashion that disfigures and distorts women who should always be the beautiful incidents in the grey pageant of life.

THE INVASION OF PRIVACY

BY SILAS BENT

HENRY M. STANLEY, hero of a celebrated journalistic exploit, quit newspaper work after he found Livingstone, and began writing his reminiscences. Rumors reached his former associates that he was having domestic trouble; it was even whispered that he had beaten his wife; and Aubrey Stanhope of *The New York Herald* staff was sent to investigate. It was a ticklish assignment. Stanley was an irascible man. For a time the two chatted amiably, and then the reporter, gathering courage, blurted out his question. As the import of the visit dawned upon Stanley he clenched his fists savagely. After a tense half-minute, relaxing, he gasped: "God! To think I used to do that sort of thing myself!"

James Gordon Bennett the elder was the first American newspaper exploiter of private affairs. He was the first to print news for its selling value as news, without regard for its political effect. Before his time there had been personalities a-plenty, but they were political. Many years before *The Herald* was founded Major Benjamin Russell, of *The Massachusetts Centinel*, told how his life had been threatened by an angry citizen, on account of certain personal aspersions; but the issue in that case was the Constitution. The first paper De Tocqueville read on his arrival here in 1831 declared that Andrew Jackson "governs by means of corruption, and his immoral practices will redound to his shame and confusion". The "open and coarse" appeal to popular passion which the visitor noted was still an appeal to political passion. After the Revolution the press proclaimed itself the palladium of liberty, and by that token apparently considered itself privileged to abuse whom it would.

The first penny paper, founded in 1830 in Philadelphia, was short-lived. In 1832 in New York there were eleven six-cent papers, with an average circulation of but 1700, sold by subscrip-

tion only. The theory prevailed that literacy should be confined to the well-to-do, then the ruling class, and that the press was meant exclusively for the well-educated. But "Old Hickory's" administration and the coming of *The Sun* and *Herald* upset the notion that only the genteel were fit to know the news. These papers were edited to please different tastes. They exploited personal affairs not for political effect but for revenue only. Details about police cases and divorce suits made their appearance in the daily prints. On August 4, 1836, *The Sun* noted "a change in the mass of the people", and boasted that it had "probably done more to benefit the community by enlightening the minds of the common people than all the other papers together".

The editors of the six-cent papers, or some of them, speculated in the stock market, on tips from their Wall Street cronies, and Bennett told about it in his paper. James Watson Webb, editor of *The Courier and Enquirer*, met him on the street one day and knocked him down. A few months later he repeated the assault—one of many Bennett suffered—and the facts were fully set forth in *The Herald*, whereat its circulation jumped by nine thousand. Bennett could smile, so he said, at assassins and daggers; he would "never abandon the cause of truth, morals and virtue"; he was conscious of his own "virtue, integrity and purest principles".

It is in its character as a public servant, gathering news to which the public is entitled, that the newspaper invades privacy; and ironically it is most likely at such moments to forget all the canons of news. Long after all semblance of news had been exhausted in the Berlin-Mackay wedding case, the newspapers talked about it. Some even solicited letters (to be printed in the news columns, not on the editorial page) in reply to the question: "Would *you* do what Ellin Mackay did?" Reams of asinine stuff were elicited in this way. The story had been squeezed dry long before the Berlins set out for Europe; but they were spied upon by reporters at every turn on deck, followed in London, then to the Madeira Islands, when they fled to escape the reporters and photographers, then on their return to this country and after the birth of their child.

The real interest in the story was its fictional quality: the romance of bridging a social gap conventionally supposed to be impassible. The fact that the bridegroom's name appeared in the *Social Register* caused a journalistic convulsion. Many newspaper men will say, I suppose, that the prominence of these two in their separate spheres was enough to account for the space given to their marriage. I think that the story's kinship with the prince-and-peasant romances of the newsstand magazines had much to do with it; and that this phase of "human interest" is largely responsible for the invasion of personal privacy.

Lest any doubt remain as to the high regard in which newspaper men, themselves incorrigibly romantic, hold romance, let me quote a banner line across the top of a New York paper of December 1, 1926: "Grocer Boy Weds Fifi Tomorrow, *Proving Dreams Come True.*" (I have italicized the enacting clause.) The man here referred to is not a grocer boy, and never has been, but to say so gave the truly fictional touch to the headline. On the next day, at the top of the first page of another New York paper was this headline: "Princess and the Cadet: *A Fairy Story from Life.*" The story underneath told of a meeting between the Princess Ileana of Rumania with a "Prince Charming" at West Point. It was printed after the royal party had left this country, when popular curiosity about its members had been satiated. Of the cadet nobody except his family and his classmates had ever heard. Was it news? Judge for yourself. On the following day a third paper, which was beaten on the initial publication, rehashed the latter story and adorned it with a picture of the "Prince Charming," two columns wide and nine inches deep, including this snappy caption: "The Cadet Who Lunched with a Princess."

There was no privilege for the emphasis given to this incident, nor for the implications involved in the emphasis. There was no justification for the story, even had it become known while the Princess was a figure in the public eye. When there is a privilege of publication it is clear enough to most newspaper men, and they recognize its absence. Privileged news is often made the entering wedge for the publication of details so private and personal that they should not be printed. Once the wedge has

entered, it does not appear that the question of news is considered. Was the fee which Millicent Rogers paid a ukulele player—his usual fee—a matter of news merely because she had married and left Count Salm? Merely because the two had met and parted, was it a matter of news that the Count happened to take the same hotel elevator in Paris as the mistress of Prince Carol? Apparently. The ukulele player's fee was announced in the press, and we were informed that the two in the chance elevator encounter "exchanged mutually respectful glances."

Gerald Chapman, a gunman and murderer of whom the newspapers made a hero as a "super-criminal," concealed his family connections. One of his brothers is a New York man and an employe of the city government. He has five children, living in a suburb; and he has a sister. Reporters for two New York papers, after days of hard work, learned the identity of these kinsfolk and reported triumphantly to their city editors. This was news of high value, as the press values news nowadays; but the editors of both these newspapers decided that publication would merely inflict unmerited ignominy upon innocent persons, and refused to permit it. An honorable instance of conscience in journalism! All will acclaim it. How different the behavior of these same newspapers in the case of Leonard Kip Rhinelander, when both papers dragged his entire family into the spotlight, even to remote ancestors.

Newspaper publications are not so ephemeral as some of us may fancy. Arnold Bennett, on his first visit to the United States, compared our reporters with our dentists, in their skill and speed. The simile was apt, but it would have been apter had the comparison been with "painless" dentistry, which usually leaves an abscess. The first splurge of publicity seldom ends the thing. Ever so slight a jar may shake it all loose again; and newspaper men are commonly of the opinion that they are warranted in raking up from their files anything which has been printed, whenever they please. How slight a vibration serves to send ripples in ever-widening circles is illustrated by a publication in a leading New York paper.

At the Ritz in Paris, between the men's bar and the women's, there is a small room which is a rendezvous for a certain set.

One day the correspondent of the New York paper stationed himself there, to make notes for a smart yarn about life in the capital. At the door appeared the figure of "a well-groomed man, his hair tinged with gray." This fleeting appearance would never have been recorded if the journalist had not been informed that the well-groomed man was a brother of the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant's former fiancée. This engagement had figured largely in the news columns, a part of the time with no privilege of publication; it had been broken, and the clergyman, while in a hospital, had been libeled by stories about him and a servant he had befriended. The press regarded the clergyman as fair game; so that the mere fortuitous appearance of a man at a doorway three thousand miles away set up a reverberation of the stories about him.

Anyone who reads newspapers can see for himself instances of the gross invasion of privacy. They need not be multiplied here. Seldom are they resented in the courts. A newspaper in Jefferson City, Mo., has been enjoined from publishing the names of persons for whom whiskey prescriptions were issued; and occasionally there are suits for libel or damages, about which the newspapers themselves maintain a conspiracy of silence; but on the whole there is either contemptuous inaction, or a naïve awe of the Power of the Press.

A rich real estate dealer of New York notified the newspapers when he adopted a young woman. He likes notoriety. He had learned, from a previous adoption, that the press doted on Cinderella stories, which have the fictional "escape" attribute. He knew, however, that the girl's parents would shrink from publicity, and he refused to give the reporters their name or address. The resourceful press was not at loss. The reporters ferreted out the humble home, described it in detail, even to the pictures on the walls, and asked the mother how she felt about the adoption. "My feelings," she said (and was so quoted unblushingly in our most eminent daily paragons of respectability), "are not for the world." Of course they were for *The World;* also for *The Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *Daily Mirror* and hundreds of other papers. Despite the deep personal dignity of that reply, it was reported, and so were the mother's symptoms

of distress. It so happened that the adopted girl was not sixteen, as she had pretended, but twenty-one; city officials began an investigation, and she tried to kill herself. Her parents were especially anxious that no word of all this should reach another daughter, who was grievously ill in Denver. But the press has a long arm, and it has devoted servants. The whole story was told to the tuberculous girl, by an interviewer, and a short time later she died. Perhaps she could not have lived; this is not to charge the newspapers with any part in her death; but undoubtedly her going would have been easier had she not been distressed, in order to give the press another "human interest" thrill, by the story of her sister's disgrace.

All reporters knew, of course, that if we did not deliver the goods we would be considered by our superiors about as useful as last year's calendar. My trial assignment in St. Louis was based on a four-line item in a morning newspaper, telling of a driver who had destroyed himself with carbolic acid.

"In a home like that," said the City Editor, "there is always a good human interest story. See if you can get it."

A girl in her teens answered the doorbell. She did not want to talk to me, but she was too polite, or too broken by grief, to close the door in my face. After a few minutes, obeying some obscure impulse—it was the last time I was ever to obey such an impulse, which is the main reason for setting it down here—I let her go. I did not have the story I had been sent for, so I faked one. I said the father stifled his screams of agony, lest he wake his children. Hospital internes had told me that death from carbolic, after the first brief burning as the stuff passes over the tongue, is practically painless. But I relied on ignorance of this in the office, and my confidence was justified. The story made the first page; my place on the payroll was assured.

There is a sort of pride in accomplishing the invasion, on behalf of the Great God News, of another's privacy. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has told with gusto how he climbed a hotel fire escape to enter Dunsany's room unannounced, when the writer was trying to escape reporters; how he got aboard Secretary Daniels's boat in the guise of a porter; how he shadowed a man suspected by his paper of having separated from his wife; and

how he sneaked into a millionaire's Long Island estate to peep through a window. This callousness, or pride, is stimulated by the reporter's superiors in order to keep him fit for the game.

I have dealt here, not with the tabloid picture papers (to make a case against them would be too easy to be worth our time) but with the standard-sized, respectable, substantial press. A single quotation of a headline from a tabloid was to illustrate a type of news rather than an invasion of privacy. I charge that our most pious journals (with a very few exceptions of comparatively small circulation) exploit for revenue only the personal affairs of the people in this country.

Marie of Rumania, herself not averse to publicity, one gathers, observed on her departure from this country that "there seems no privacy in your American lives; everything anybody does is pried into. It is strange that you who are so busy living have time for this extraordinary interest in others." The implication here was that newspapers invade privacy because of an overwhelming public demand for it. Even an overwhelming demand could not justify the deliberate contempt for law shown daily by our press; but, leaving that aside, are we really so nosy as Marie seems to think? Or is it true that the newspapers stimulate an appetite which grows by what it feeds on? If the world around us were competently reported, the account might prove quite as fascinating as a scandal. The news conventions built upon the penny-shocker present a caricature of the world. The fictionizing of news, which began with the elder Bennett (and I am using the phrase not to indicate faking, but to describe a process of selection and presentation), has an invariable concomitant, the invasion of privacy. In itself it is a confession of impotence. It is an admission that the newspaper is unable to make itself interesting in its legitimate field. Circulation is more important than the right of castle. Salacity and intimate trivialities are the condiments with which an indifferent cook spices our daily broth.

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

COPIOUS notes from the War Diary of Edmond Charles Clinton Genet, great-great-grandson of Citizen Genet and of the daughter of Governor George Clinton, covering the period of his service in the Foreign Legion, were printed in the preceding number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. They ended with his transfer from the Legion to the Aviation Corps. The second and concluding instalment, herewith presented, tells of his service in the Escadrille, from his first flight to his death in battle. These notes, like the former, have been transcribed from the original Diaries, for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, by Grace Ellery Channing.

II

THE ESCADRILLE

At Reserve Camp of Aviation (G. D. E.), Plessis.
Belleville, France, December 31, 1916.

(Waiting to be sent out to join our American Escadrille on the front.)

Stephen Bigelow and Edwin (Ted) Parsons are here with me for the same purpose. Went out for forty minutes in a 110 h.p. Baby Nieuport. Found the wind bad but enjoyed the flight.

January 3, 1917.

The 15 metre Nieuport, with a 110 h.p. Rhône motor, is the machine in use at the front. I don't care for it as well as I do for the 13 metre "Baby", and it isn't so supple and quickly manœuvred; but the "Baby" has been *supprimée* from active service at the front and replaced entirely by the 15 metre machine.

Came up to Paris with Parsons and Bigelow early in P.M. Percy Noel, a young journalist in *The Chicago Daily News* office in Paris, brought Bigelow out in his Ford to fly and took us all back. Had a blow-out on the way. Came up in time to have dinner with the Major (Parker) and his wife and the two youngsters. Spent the evening with him in fixing up my notes and chatted aviation.

January 6.

Bigelow and Parsons back from Paris. We all had instructions from a mechanic how to run and regulate the 150 h.p. Hispano-Suiza stationary motor in the Spad biplane *déchassé*. We all want to make a flight in it before we leave here, as it is a machine coming widely and enthusiastically into

use by *pilotes de combat* on the front, and we may have one ourselves there in time. It is much faster than the Nieuport. Parsons and I may get out to the front within a week. I don't like the continual waiting around this boresome place.

January 8.

Today completes my two years' absence from the Navy, and under the laws I am not liable to detention should I return to the States, but I have lost my citizenship and can only be reinstated by a direct pardon from the President. For the present I'm practically a man without a country. God grant I can secure a pardon when I go back! . . . I'd like to see England, particularly London. I certainly must go there before I go back. . . . I'm feeling terribly blue over the future. It looks pretty dark and uncertain.

January 10.

Found out that we three Americans will be *disponible* beginning with tomorrow, and consequently will be at liberty to be sent to the front as soon as orders for us arrive. That is good news. Parsons and Bigelow are in Paris so I'll have to get word to them somehow.

January 11.

List of *disponibles* posted today, and we three are on it.

January 15.

Fair today. Flew a good deal this afternoon, although low clouds kept me at 250 metres altitude. Rather enjoyed the flying more than usual.

January 16.

Arranged to go on mission to the front to bring back a discarded Nieuport from Escadrille N-37 at Cachy, Somme, near Amiens. Four French pilots are with me on the same sort of job. We don't have to hurry, so all came in to Paris and will leave here Thursday morning for Amiens. Meanwhile I'm staying at the Roosevelt with the Parkers.

January 17.

Snowed all day. . . . Did some errands down town. Went in to see Mr. Hedin at his office (*Brooklyn Eagle*) and he took me and a friend to the monthly luncheon of the Associated American, British and French Press, given at the Café de Paris. It so happened that I was the only one there with a uniform, all the rest being journalists, so I was called upon to make a speech. The Chairman introduced me as the great-great-grandson of Citizen Genet, and an American Volunteer Aviator. I felt a trifle nervous, it being my first real speech in public, but I made good,—at least Hedin and the rest said I did,—so I feel satisfied. I didn't say much, only that I was mighty glad to be over here doing my bit, for being with them today, and a few other remarks, and sat down amid acclamations from all. The luncheon was excellent in every way. It should be, at the Café de Paris; it's the swellest and most expensive restaurant in Paris.

January 18.

No way of getting to Cachy except by train this afternoon, so we had to

wait around in Amiens in the rain until then. As we got to Villers-Bretonneau at six in pitch dark and heaps of mud we all decided not to try to walk on to Cachy, so hunted up rooms. Succeeded in getting a military requisition from the Commandant and am quite comfortable for the night at absolutely no expense to myself. Room in the house of kind old motherly French woman, and she has done lots to make me comfortable, even to placing a large flask of hot water in the huge bed to keep my feet warm. We all had supper of eggs and bread, butter and wine.

By a very strange coincidence, this village is the very one in which I was billeted with the Legion when I first arrived at the front in the latter part of March, 1915, from Lyons. How vividly it all comes back to me now! Saw many English troops in Amiens. It is their southern base. They hold all the sectors to the north of the Somme. Amiens certainly is a mighty busy centre.

January 19.

Walked to the aviation camp. Reported to the Commandant and the 37th Escadrille, and was told that orders had been 'phoned for me not to bring back the machine but to return by train at once, as orders have come there for me (and Bigelow and Parsons as well) to leave for the front to join the Escadrille. Saw Captain Thiénault, of our Escadrille, and all the rest of the fellows, having luncheon with them, and the Captain has simply held me here, attached me to the Escadrille, and sent word to G. D. E. at Plessis. Feel mighty glad to be here with the fellows at last.

The entire group (the thirteenth *Groupe de Combat*) leaves here on Sunday or Monday to go down beside St. Just, to have a sector along the front further south than the present one, which is south of Péronne and the Somme River. Went into Amiens in the escadrille auto, with the Captain and four of the fellows. Came back in time for dinner. Lieutenant de Laage is on leave at present so I am to use his room. Meals here are splendid, the service is excellent, and everyone seems to be in unison, from the Captain down to the last of us. It's fine.

January 20.

Four of the fellows went to Paris by order of the Minister of War, for a celebration at the Théâtre Française for the Americans killed during the war who were serving France. . . . There is yet no machine for me, but I may use Hill's for the present because he and Robert Rockwell are on leave in America.

January 21.

Some English and Canadian officers of the Royal Flying Corps flew over from their camp for luncheon and spent part of the afternoon.

The famous Escadrille N-3, to which Guynemer and Dorme belong, is next to us in this same *groupe*. They are to leave us when we go to St. Just and go over beside Nancy. Watched Guynemer do tricks over the field this afternoon with his 200 h.p. Spad. He sure is "some boy". Up to date he has twenty-five Boche machines down to his credit. Dorme has nineteen to date. Our own "ace", Lufberry, has six.

January 23.

Lovely clear day. Signed up to leave for good at the G. D. E., Plessis, Belleville, this morning, and packed and shipped off my bag of clothes to St. Just. Took train back to Paris. Went around to see Dr. Gros this afternoon and met Chatkoff there. He is here on leave from the Legion and trying to return to the Aviation Corps again. Went over to see Paul Rockwell and his bride. Chatkoff, Zenis and a young French *filleul* of Mrs. Rockwell were there and Paul took us all out to dinner and afterwards we all went to the review at the "Olympia" and saw a very good show there—a better one than usual. Mighty glad to find Paul so well and happy in his new life.

His wife, the daughter of a very wealthy and well-known Frenchman here in Paris, is attractive and pleasant, and seems very jolly and unassuming.

January 26.

Escadrille came down from Cachy, the fellows flying down in less than half an hour. Our barracks are not yet completed so we are forced to sleep and live in an underground covered trench, but I'm going to try a corner of one of the barracks with plenty of hay and coverings tonight. I've been in much worse places with the Legion.

January 27.

We all worked most of the day in arranging the interior of our barracks. It's fairly comfortable and warm, as we keep stoves going and blankets over the two doors. Lieutenant de Laage assigned me Thaw's Nieuport to use for myself as Thaw has gone to Paris to get a Spad. I'm quite pleased with the machine; it's not new, but in good condition. Am to make my first flight over the enemy lines tomorrow.

January 29.

Made my first flight over the lines. Went out with Johnson and was out nearly two hours. We didn't sight any enemy machines, but were shelled while up by the Somme. Our sector runs from Roye south to Ribécourt, which is northeast of Compiègne. I've been in the trenches south of Roye at Tilloloy and between Ribécourt and Lassigny with the Legion, so this section is not very unfamiliar to me. Today we flew almost to Péronne. Went out alone this afternoon but was forced to make an early return as my machine-gun got blocked when I tried it out over the lines. It doesn't pay one little bit to be flying on the front with a gun which can't shoot.

January 30.

We all set to work to try and complete the living room of our barrack, making it cold-proof and comfortable. We're putting an inner wall of boards covered with huge strips of light brown corrugated cardboard, with the smooth surface to view. I've agreed to decorate the cardboard with scenes of aerial combat between French and German machines, etc.

February 13.

Made a two hours' flight voluntarily. Saw no German machines but got jolly well lonely and tired while looking for them. Flights alone over the

lines are mighty lonesome trips anyway. One feels as a star must feel, alone way off in space.

February 15.

Superb day. Out along our lines from 8.30 to 10.30 this morning with Hoskier and Parsons, and we all had several hot, close combats with two German biplanes directly over Roye. Had a fight with each of them in turn, being attacked by one as I was driving the other down to earth. Had to leave off chasing the first to turn and attack the second, which I forced to quit and dive for safety at 400 metres over Roye, and several batteries of anti-aircraft guns which quickly opened up a furious fire at me. I think I killed the gunner of the second. Hoskier and Parsons each had similar combats with no better success. The Commandant praised us for our attempts. . . . Aerial combats certainly are exciting, and soon over. They try one's nerves to the limit, but there is very little, if any, time to think of danger to one's self.

February 16.

The United States has not yet declared war, but it may come any day. Hoskier, Parsons and I have our names in the official report of the *Groupe* today, for our combats yesterday. It all helps.

February 17.

Received a letter from Dr. Gros today in reply to mine. He writes that he likes my attitude towards France, but thinks that I possess no true patriotism for my own country. It was really not his fault about that article, the blamed reporter made it up out of his head from a few things of no consequence which Dr. Gros said. Have written trying to correct his poor judgment of my patriotism. I can't help but like Dr. Gros immensely. He is mighty sincere in his efforts for the Escadrille.

February 18.

We are going to have very active service before long, or I'm a mighty poor guesser. I'm enjoying hugely the piano we have here and play on it often, as does Steve Bigelow also. The Captain *trying* to play every day nearly drives us wild.

February 19.

Escadrille on repose for day. Lieut. de Laage back from leave and "Bill" Thaw came back from Paris with our young rascally mascot lion cub "Whiskey", whom he took in to have his blind eye treated.

February 22.

Rainy day. Presentation of decorations this morning. Went into St. Just with Thaw afterwards. Thaw, Haviland, Soubiran, Parsons and myself motored up to see the Foreign Legion at and near Faverolles, particularly to see the Americans there, and took along a lot of good liquor and cigarettes for them. We had a hard hunt to locate any of the regiment at all and saw none of the Americans. Finding the 9th Company, I found Estes there and we sure were delighted to see each other again. He looks pretty well but says they are being worked as strenuously as ever. They've been in the trenches

around Tilloloy. It is very greatly changed now, Estes says, and the beautiful château has been nearly totally destroyed by shells. Saw several of my old comrades. My old Company Four is now the Second, 1st Battalion. On the way back we picked up fifteen empty 75 shells as souvenirs.

February 25.

Too foggy to permit flying and the ground too soft and muddy for a machine to roll on. Wanted to get in a couple of hours flying, but Captain wouldn't allow me to try to take my machine out. Walked into St. Just with Ted Parsons. It seems a mighty difficult and quite impossible proposition to keep entirely away from drink with this Escadrille. If one goes into town any day with any of the fellows, it's impossible to keep from going in and drinking, without absolutely being discourteous and uncomradely. Perhaps I'm a fool, but I don't like it one bit.

February 26.

Report came last night that Germans have retreated to their fourth line position along this front, known as the Hindenburg Line, passing north and south just west of St. Quentin. We were to go out to verify it, but couldn't leave the ground on account of the thick mud.

February 28.

A British Cunard liner was torpedoed and sunk by a German U-boat yesterday and two more American lives were lost. The United States doesn't seem to be taking the slightest action about it. The *Rochester* and *Orleans* have arrived at Bordeaux safely after passing the blockade zone of the Boche submarines, but that certainly doesn't prove that the damned Boches are not lying in wait for other American vessels which they will torpedo without any warning.

March 1.

A Boche machine was signalled well over our lines early this afternoon and I started out quickly with three others, but was too anxious and did not take sufficient care about the direction of the wind. I went out with it too much on one side and it got beneath my wing and before I could cut off my motor it had turned me over. Didn't get hurt myself but the poor machine got pretty badly smashed. Am feeling blue over the rotten luck, as it was an excellent machine with a nearly new motor, and now I am without one of my own.

Our "ace", Raoul Lufberry, was decorated this afternoon with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and we had a feast this evening with Commandant Facon as our guest. The Commandant entertained us after dinner with excellent music on the piano. He plays by ear extremely well.

March 3.

Decorated a *soixante-quinze* shell for Soubiran. Went out with Thaw and some of the others to visit the Legion where it is in repose in several small villages. Saw quite a number of the Americans, among whom were Casey and Trincard, the latter on his way to Dijon to enter the Aviation Corps.

We carried out two good bottles of whiskey and it certainly made a speedy

disappearance down the gullets of the *légionnaires*. This being pay day, we found a very large majority of them gloriously drunk and consequently feeling very happy. "Whiskey" accompanied us in the car and made quite an impression upon the *légionnaires*. One old drunken one got his nasal organ nicely scratched for being too friendly with our lion.

Letters from dear little mother and Rivers. Rivers has been appointed an Ensign in the 8th Division of the New York State Naval Militia, which makes me feel decidedly glad and mighty proud of him.

March 4.

Very misty all day. Went off alone at seven this morning and flew over to the German lines to Ham, St. Quentin, Guiscard and south to Soissons. At 4000 metres. Got completely lost in heavy mist around Soissons, and went all the way northwest to the aviation station at Le Bourget beside Paris before discovering where I was. Had to land to refill my tanks and then started back to the lines again. Flew north to Péronne and saw some of the fighting along the English front, but got lost again and had to land at an English aviation field to find out where I was. I was some distance north of Amiens, so followed the routes south, but got out of gasoline when I got as far as Mondidier, so landed on the field of Escadrille N-79 to get my tanks refilled. It was noon then, so I had luncheon there and 'phoned my plight to the Escadrille. Returned to our field, getting here at 2 o'clock. Did nearly 450 kilometres in the air today in about four and a half hours, heavy mist to balk me all the time. Claude and Moyot came over from the Legion and had dinner with us. Thaw and I took them back to *cantonnement* in the auto, late. The ride in the cool night air has done me good. This has been a very strenuous day.

March 6.

Went out with Johnson and Bigelow. Johnson forced to return on account of motor-trouble and Bigelow went in at 12.30. I stayed out so as to help along my flying-time, to get twenty hours, so I can be proposed for the grade of *sous-officier* of the Tenth.—Have gotten my nose and part of one cheek frost-bitten: now the skin is peeling off and making it quite raw. Mighty uncomfortable and my face is a sight.

March 9.

Went out with Willis for flight over lines. Lovell came out a little later. We were heavily bombarded, the shells breaking extremely close. I could hear the loud explosion very plainly and did some fast turning to distract the aim. Lost Willis in the heavy mists at 2800 metres. Got caught in a heavy snow flurry, so came back after trying to find Willis. Willis and Lovell came in directly after.

Paris, March 11.

President Wilson at last issued the order for the arming and guarding of American merchantmen yesterday. It's about time he sat up and did some active work.

Paris, March 12.

Wilson not only has given the order for all United States vessels to go armed for defense, but to fire without warning upon any submarines seen. Which is only fair, considering that the U-boats do the same. Major Parker thinks war is a sure thing very soon. Should we be called by our country, in case of war, to become instructors in the United States aviation schools, he says it would be wisest to accept. We'd be needed in that capacity without any doubt. I'd rather stay and do my bit in active service on this front. Bagdad has been captured by the British forces.

March 14.

Painted a distinguishing mark on my aeroplane. Put on the Tricolor in broad chevron stripes, and a large white star in the centre of the topside of the fuselage. We all have the Escadrille insignia on each side of our machines, the head of an Indian chief, but each one has in addition a particular distinguishing mark so we can tell each other when we meet or pass in the air. It's a good plan. All permissions were called off today for an indefinite period. It means we shall have plenty of active service from now on, and more than likely a heavy offensive very soon. Glad I got to Paris this last time before this happened. Guns are hammering out along the lines. The flashes of their discharges are incessant tonight.

March 16.

China has severed diplomatic relations with Germany and seized German ships in her ports. Big attack is in preparation along this part of the front and troops and supply wagons are passing towards the lines by every route day after day now. Order given by Commandant Facon this morning, for one pilot of each patrol going out to attack and destroy an enemy *drachen* with incendiary bullets, while the other three with him act as a protection against hostile *avions*. Volunteered to Captain Thiénault at once to be the one in my patrol to attack and he granted me that job. It won't be easy, as the German *drachens* are low, well protected by guns and *avions*, and very hard to see on account of this excellent disguise. They are well worth trying for, though, and I feel willing—

Went out this afternoon, with Soubiran, MacConnell, Lovell and Willis as my guard, to attack *drachens* inside the German lines east of Roye. Found no *drachens* and no German machines. Went as far as Noyon and Guiscard and was called down by the rest with me for doing it, but Capt. Thiénault said I did right, so I should worry about the opinion of the others. An English pilot, Lieut. Sheridan, landed on our field because of being lost. We took care of him here for the night. Very pleasant chap. Attack by First and Third Armies last night and today has resulted in an advance of about four kilometres.

March 17.

St. Patrick's Day and first anniversary of our Escadrille. Bapaume was taken by the British forces today.

Word came that a Zeppelin had passed Mondidier going west, so, having incendiary bullets in my machine, I went out with the patrol, but didn't see the Zeppelin because it had already been brought down in flames south of Compiègne by aerial cannon. This is beginning to be a strenuous and exciting life here, chasing *drachens* one day and Zeppelins the next. The French took a lot of ground along this sector this morning. The big offensive has begun all right.

Lots of troops are billeted around here now, waiting as reserve forces. The Third Regiment of Zouaves is in St. Just. With my khaki uniform something like theirs, and my *fourragère* and service stripes, they look at me and wonder who I am. They must know I've been in the Moroccan Division. It seems like old times to see them around. The Legion is either in the trenches or else further north in repose.

March 18.

Went out with our first patrol to look for *drachens* and to reconnoitre. MacConnell, Soubiran, Bigelow and myself. French forces advanced this morning, taking Noyon, Nesle and all the country between. Hoskier, Lovell, Willis and myself went out on a volunteer reconnoitering trip this afternoon over the new territory gained by the French today. Very interesting trip north of Nesle to the present German positions and east along the region of Guiscard which is still in their hands. Region is all flooded around Noyon and the whole territory is burned and torn up by the retiring Germans, and they are destroying all the villages, but are amassing troops at St. Quentin for probable heavy counter-offensive very soon. When we went out and came in we had an enormous audience of "poilus" and civilians from St. Just. Seemed more like the Garden City airdrome than here on the front. Russia has formed a new and better government.

The French Deputies have resigned. Two Zeppelins were reported brought down in England yesterday. Capt. Guynemer brought three German *avions* down on French territory yesterday near Nancy. Thaw and Lieut. de Laage back, also "Soda", our lioness for "Whiskey".

March 19.

MacConnell, Parsons and I went out for Third Patrol at 9 o'clock to protect French reconnaissance around Ham. Parsons had to return on account of motor trouble. "Mac" and I kept on, he leading. We patrolled around Ham over the French *avions* until about 10 o'clock. Then Mac headed north towards St. Quentin and I followed to the rear and above him. North of Ham I discovered two German machines, much higher than we, coming towards us to attack. One was much nearer than the other and began to come toward Mac. I immediately started up towards it and met it at 2200 metres, leaving Mac to take care of the second. The German *avion* was a biplane and his gunners opened fire on me at 200 yards as the pilot began to circle about me. I opened fire with my incendiary bullets and headed directly for them. The

Germans' first few shots cut one main wing-support in half and an explosive bullet hit the guiding rod of the left aileron and cut open a nice hole in my left cheek. I scarcely noticed it and kept on firing until we were scarcely 25 yards apart. We passed close and I peaked down. The German didn't follow, but an anti-aircraft battery shelled me for quite a while. At 1000 metres I stopped and circled around for fifteen minutes in search of Mac and the second Boche, but the clouds were thick and I saw nothing. I was afraid my support would break entirely and my wound was hurting, so I headed for St. Just at a low altitude, reaching there at 10.45, hoping all the way back that Mac had preceded me, but when I arrived I found he had not, and though Lufberry and Lieut. de Laage have been out over the region north of Ham with their Spads this afternoon to look for him, (de Laage also landed and asked the troops if they had seen him brought down,) they found nothing, and the chances are Mac was either brought down by the German machine or else wounded in combat and forced to land in their territory and so is a prisoner. It's the best we can hope for, that he is at least alive. I feel dreadfully. My wound, though a bit painful, is nothing compared with my grief for poor Mac's loss. The Commandant told me, when I described the combat to him, that I fought bravely. I wish I had been able to do more for MacConnell.

The French and English forces are advancing beyond Nesle, Ham and Noyon with few losses. Perhaps tomorrow will bring better news of poor Mac, if the advance continues. British troops have taken Péronne and the French have gained the heights north of Soissons. The enemy is retreating to the Hindenburg Line. Thaw landed beside Nesle this morning to give information to the British cavalry patrol and had lunch with a French woman and her daughter who have been thirty-one months behind German lines. The civilians left by the Germans in the recaptured towns are wild with joy at being again with their own people. The German troops before retreating have torn up all roads, railroads, cut down all trees, flooded a lot of land, fired all important buildings in every town, insulted the women, carrying off many of the younger women and old men with them, and destroying all stores they couldn't carry with them. They are fiends, if ever there were any. All the territory at present in their hands towards St. Quentin is in flames. It's horrible to see. German submarines have torpedoed three more vessels carrying the American flag. Now will any action be taken?

My machine has been repaired this afternoon and my wound (dressed today) is scarcely grave enough to bother over. I hope I shall be out on service again tomorrow. Thank God I escaped so luckily today, but I do wish I had brought down that damned Boche machine and that poor MacConnell was safely back with us tonight. If he was killed, I know he met his end bravely fighting. God grant he isn't dead!

March 20.

Dear Dad's birthday. We've been hoping and waiting all day for news of poor MacConnell but no word has come, and it seems certain he met his fate

at the hands of those damned Huns and within their lines. I feel horribly depressed over it. If only I had been able to get to him and save him!

Sent the news to Major Parker today and Lovell wrote to Paul Rockwell. Poor Paul will feel dreadfully over it.

French and British advance continued today. I go out on first patrol tomorrow. Asked Lieut. de Laage and he put me on it. I'm out in grim earnest now to avenge poor MacConnell.

March 21.

I wish I could do something really worth while for the English and thus get them willing to give me the English Military Cross. Capt. Thiénault today proposed me for a citation *à l'ordre d'armée*, which will bring me the Croix de Guerre with a palm. Poor MacConnell is proposed also for a citation. No news of any sort of him today.

March 22.

Went out with de Laage, Lovell and Willis. Very cold, and machine gun got jammed so I came back. Volunteered to go out with patrol at 11.30. Patrol consists of two Spads (the Captain and Hoskier) and five Nieuports. On account of heavy clouds we got pretty well separated. My oil-clutch began to freeze at 3000 metres where the cold was very severe, and I went down over Ham alone; came back through snow and sleet. Haviland and Hinkle forced to land near Compiègne, Bigelow back before me, Hoskier landed at Mondidier because of motor-trouble, Parsons at an English aviation field, and the Captain had to land east of Amiens, on account of motor trouble.

March 23.

Report came from regiment of French cavalry that they saw the fight MacConnell and I had on Monday, and that Mac, instead of being attacked by one Boche machine, was attacked by two, and was brought down towards St. Quentin, and the chances are nine to one that he is dead and not a prisoner. Had I seen all three enemy machines, I certainly would have stayed close beside Mac and not gone up to attack the nearest, but I saw only two and both were coming down toward Mac. The third must have been further back and hidden in the heavy mist.

All America seems bent on declaring war on Germany very soon. President Wilson has called Congress to session at an early date. United States troops may be sent over to fight on French or Belgian soil and United States warships will probably have a naval base in one or more of the Allied ports here.

March 24.

News came in this morning that a group of French cavalry found yesterday, at Bois l'Abbé, a badly smashed Nieuport with the body of MacConnell inside, dead about three days, with no papers on him and a number of bullet wounds. The Germans evidently only searched his body for papers and then left him unburied. Bois l'Abbé was just back of the German lines.

March 25.

Left patrol when the rest headed back and went to Bois l'Abbé to find Mac's

machine—completely wrecked in a tiny orchard just on the southern edge of town. Circled over it and saw lots of French soldiers gathered around it. Mac certainly must have been killed in the air, for he would never have attempted to make a landing in that small field. Captain went over today to see about Mac's body, and found he had been terribly mangled with the wreckage, his papers, boots, cap and flying-suit taken by the Boches, and his body left unburied beside the machine. He will be buried tomorrow in a coffin, and placed in a grave beside the road where he fell. All honor to gallant Mac!

March 26.

The Boches are even carrying *cocardes* now with the outside circle red like the French, but a black centre in place of a blue one, so there is going to be heaps of trouble in chasing after the right machines and looking out for those which look friendly but aren't. We are to move over to an old German aviation field in a few days. This will be better than here though we'll be in plenty of danger from bombardment. We are much too far from the lines here. It takes too much time to fly over and back.

March 28.

I'm mighty well disgusted with two of the fellows here. Neither of them seems to be a very enthusiastic fighter, and they take every opportunity to remain at camp on pretense of being sick or tired, and the rest of us break our necks to keep up the good service of the Escadrille. These two, I'm certain, will see the finish of the war, return to America, and pose as the heroes of the Escadrille, and be received as such by everyone who won't know the difference.

The French are attacking south of St. Quentin this afternoon. We can hear the heavy guns pounding. No special news from America today, but war preparations are going on at full speed. Cuba may follow the United States. . . . The Boches bombarded Rheims with no less than 395 heavy-calibre shells yesterday.

March 29.

"Doc" Rockwell arrived this morning from his furlough in America. He has brought a couple of fine American-made fruitcakes and we rapidly consumed one of them today. It was good. Indefinite reports that America will send an army of at least 10,000 men to fight in France in the event of war. The United States is planning a big loan of money to France also. Two new branches of the Presidential Cabinet are being formed, a Secretary of Munitions and a Secretary of Aviation.

Paris, April 2.

Went with the Parkers to attend the memorial service at the American Church, in memory of MacConnell. Bishop Brent was rather good, but the service as a whole was too long and badly arranged. Also the vast array of American Ambulance Corps fellows taken there by Dr. Gros (Mac was in the Corps at first) was entirely too much of an eyesore to us all, and would have been to Mac himself had he been there to see them. Spoke to Dr. Gros and

Mr. Slade. Ambassador Sharp and a representative of President Poincaré were there. The Church was crowded with Americans. Perhaps there will be such a service held for me soon. If so, I pray the American Ambulance Service will fail to be represented.

April 3.

Major Parker thinks he will take up my Navy case at once with Major Logan, and perhaps the Ambassador, and also the French War Department, to get it to officially request the United States Government to reinstate me honorably in its service, on the ground of my good services here.

April 4.

President Wilson officially asked Congress yesterday to open hostilities against the German Empire and to declare war. The declaration will come today. The whole country must be upheaving with excitement. Soubiran arrived from Paris this afternoon with the great news that the United States had declared war against Germany, and Paris is decorated with Old Glory everywhere. Am mighty well affected with the news. Have pinned on my coat my little flag. I wish we could fling out in sight of all the Germans the glorious Stars and Stripes. I'm mighty glad I'm one of the few Americans who are already over here fighting, though I did desert my country's service to be here.

Somehow I've given away completely this evening. I feel sure there is something very serious going to happen to me very soon. It doesn't seem any less than Death itself. I've never had such a feeling or been so saddened since coming over to battle for this glorious France. Somehow it seems a mockery to rejoice over the entrance of our country into the conflict when we have been over here so long, giving our all for the Right, while our country has been holding back. She should have been here long ago.

April 5.

Today's paper has a notice that our Escadrille has been officially taken over by the United States Government. The declaration of war has already passed the Senate and is expected to pass the House by a large majority.

April 6.

Flew from Bonneuil to our new aviation camp at Ham. We're better than we were at St. Just. Lovell, Willis and I walked up to see the ruins of Ham. The children in Ham all wanted to hold my hands when I was there with the Captain. The papers have brought the glad news that the United States has at last officially declared war against Germany. The French soldiers seem very, very pleased. It has a good moral effect for them and a disastrous one for Germany.

April 7.

We were called over to Château Bonneuil to meet a Commandant who is the head of aviation around here. He was very nice to us and informed us that we are to be under the United States control from now on. We're to have American Aviation Corps uniforms, insignia, etc. But nothing was mentioned

about grades or commissions or pay, etc., and we aren't feeling very enthusiastic over the present outlook. Nothing absolutely official has come yet from the United States Government to us. Perhaps something better will come from that source a little later. We all hope so. Today's papers have the final news. The war is on at last for our country.

Lieut. Navarre has just brought a Morane monocock monoplane out to fly on the front. It has a Rhône rotary motor of 138 h.p. and a speed of 165 kilometres an hour at 2000 metres. It is just the machine I have always wished for and I'm going to ask Capt. Thiénault for one for myself.

Lufberry forced a Boche to land this afternoon back of the lines and Lieut. de Laage had four combats. He is really fine and has plenty of nerve.

April 9.

Started from Ham at 6 o'clock with the Captain, Soubiran and Parsons to come into Bourget to get four new Spads and two Nieuports which are there for us. Lovell and Willis came along in a tractor with three mechanics. The trip was very interesting as we passed through the devastated regions.—The Captain brought us into Paris.—All Paris is decorated with Old Glory and with the Allies' flags. It looks fine, better than all the rest put together.

Major Parker has today taken up my case. I certainly appreciate all he has done and is doing for me. He's fine. He has been appointed United States military attaché to Gen. Nivelle's staff at Compiègne.

April 12.

Thaw asked the Ambassador and the French War Office for definite news about what is to be done with us, but neither knew anything at all.—The Captain went to the French War Office this morning to demand that we all receive commissions as Second Lieutenants. Haven't heard yet what result he obtained but am sure it will never be our luck to receive any commissions at all. If we belonged to a monarchy, we'd all be Captains, now, with scores of decorations and honors. As it is we're *nothing*, and mighty little of that too.

April 13.

Went out with Hoskier and Willis, with Lieut. de Laage and Lufberry over us in Spads. Soon after reaching the lines, found a German biplane under me and attacked it. Got up close and fired three shots when my machine gun jammed. Had to go back to get it fixed. Went right out again. Was alone, but saw many French and English avions in the air. Got into a fight with another Boche, but he dove below the clouds and I lost him. Feel mighty sorry I missed getting one of them. I still have my old Nieuport but with a new 120 h.p. motor, and it certainly does run splendidly. I am quite contented with it for the time being. Perhaps I can get a Morane monocock later on. Lufberry brought down his eighth Boche this afternoon in the English lines. Lieut. de Laage got two machines last Sunday, which were confirmed on Monday. That makes three to his credit.

Secretary of War Baker is sending us the Government's thanks for our

services over here, and a request that we remain here on the front. He must believe we all have desires to return there and get easy jobs.

Mother writes that Rivers is out at sea somewhere on a battleship.

April 14.

Went out on patrol with Haviland and Rockwell. Rockwell had to return on account of a jammed gun, so I stayed around over our *drachens* till sunset.—One was brought down by a Boche last evening when no one was there to go after him. Found out incidentally this afternoon that a German biplane was forced to land in one of our lines at the same time when MacConnell and I had our fight about the same place where poor Mac fell, only within our lines. The two aviators were made prisoners by the Colonel of the Ninety-eighth Infantry. It might very well have been the one I attacked, as I thought I saw flames on its fuselage but didn't see it descend. At any rate I have told the facts to the Captain and have made a demand to Commandant Facon through him, asking him to try to confirm it for me through the Colonel of the Ninety-eighth. It will mean the Military Medal and a citation for me if it is confirmed.

April 15.

Cloudy with rain all afternoon. Went out with Lieut. de Laage and Parsons to protect machines taking photographs over the German lines.—The German batteries kept shelling us and Lieut de Laage had a short combat with a Hun machine without result.

Walked into Ham and went to Church. Then visited the graveyard where a lot of German and French soldiers are buried. Wrote my thanks to Mr. Brusis for his kind letter, and a letter to dear little mother.—Letters have been hard things for me to tackle lately.

The French were pounding the German positions in and around St. Quentin all day. This first line is now on the very edge of the city. At 1000 metres I could plainly hear the belching of the guns above the roar of my motor, and see the incessant flashes of discharge and explosion.

Campbell arrived this afternoon and makes the nineteenth pilot here in the Escadrille.

Have to go out on patrol at 5.30 tomorrow morning, so am turning in early.

Genet was killed in combat the following day, while flying with Lufberry.

NEW MIRACLES FOR OLD

BY JEAN BROADHURST

"WEIGHED the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance," says the Old Testament. But impossible as it seemed to the ancient peoples to "comprehend the earth in a measure", how much more impossible would it have been to determine the size or weight of a single bacterium, had they even dreamed that bacteria existed. Portia thought she had described the most delicate scales that could be imagined when she warned Shylock that the pound of flesh he was determined to cut from the breast of the Merchant of Venice must not "vary so much as in the estimation of a hair". But what scales could weigh a single bacterium? Even scales that varied with a hair's weight would probably not change in the least if we added to that hair a whole layer of bacteria covering its entire surface.

Which is more difficult to measure, the infinitely large or the infinitely small? Men knew the diameter and circumference of the earth, and had calculated even the vast distances between our earth and the sun, and the probable weight of the earth itself, years before they measured or weighed a single bacterial cell. People talked glibly of miles and thousands of miles centuries before they felt the need of such small units of measurement as millimetre and milligramme. A millimetre is one twenty-fifth of an inch, a line less than half as long as this letter "i" without the dot! Yet on that letter "i" at least three hundred tuberculosis bacteria could lie stretched out in a single line. Can you imagine particles as small as such bacteria must be? Could you weigh one of them? Cut out, close to the print on all sides, the word "scales" in the first line of this article, cutting off the top of the l to make the upper edge even. That little piece of paper will weigh about one milligramme or one thousandth of a gramme, or as much as 500,000,000 bacteria of average size. Can you imagine scales so delicate as to weigh a single bacterium—a thousand—or even a million?

The people saw "a strange light" in the skies when the "Star in the East" went before the three Wise Men, guiding them to the Christ Child; but today many new kinds of lights—lights that never before shone on land or sea—illuminate our buildings and search out the ocean wastes, to say nothing of X-rays and ultra-violet light used to diagnose and cure our diseases and sterilize our drinking water! Scientists tell us men will soon find how to paint roadside fences and bridges with fluorescent paint, much as we treat the hands of a watch with radium, and then we can discard our motor headlights, for the sun's invisible ultra-violet rays will cause the posts and bridges to glow through the night with light of their own.

Job, in his afflictions, assured Bildad the Shuhite that the Lord "looketh to the ends of the earth and seeth under the whole heaven". But even Job would never have boasted that our eyes would ever see pictured on the screen moving objects thousands of miles away. Elijah went through earthquake and fire before he heard the "still small voice" of the Lord, but today pressing a button will send through the radio loud speaker the roar of atoms, magnified some 8,000 times, till it resembles "the rattling of pebbles in a wash tub".

At Joshua's command "the sun stood still in the midst of heaven"; but where is the Joshua who can make radium particles stand still, as off they fly into space despite our attempts to hold and conserve them? And even Joshua would never have attempted to make light rays turn around in a little vacuum tube! In the New Testament we read of hiding light rays under a bushel measure, but today we experiment with the Millikan rays which could never be hidden by any wooden or metal measure, for they have power enough to penetrate six feet of solid lead. The leopard may not be able "to change his spots", but the new Coolidge cathode tube can do that very thing, for it can both tan and bleach the skin and hair of man as well as beasts.

We, as well as the ancients, marvel at the breath of life, but life without breathing is harder to understand; yet bacteriologists now seal bacteria in vacuum tubes, without food as well as without air, and keep them alive for several years. Elisha raised the widow's dead son, but is it not a greater miracle to prevent

death? Carrel has kept his chicken heart cells growing in test tubes for 15 years, far beyond the life period of the original chicken or any known chicken. And recently tiny one-celled animals (*Paramecia*) were cultivated for 8,500 successive generations, the equivalent of 250,000 years of man's life, without a single "natural death".

By a miracle the unfruitful fig tree was blasted; but today instead of blasting in punishment we use the laws of heredity to increase and improve at will all manner of unproductive plants and even produce new ones. A blueberry as large round as a penny is but one example of the new plants advertised each year in our horticultural catalogues.

In olden times "to mount with wings as eagles" was considered a mere figure of speech, but today when man flies "the eagle himself lags behind". We read in the Old Testament of plagues of locusts, flies and murrain miraculously laying waste whole countries, but now one airplane in one day can spray thousands of acres of our cotton fields or marsh lands and control cotton pests or destroy grain locusts and malarial mosquitoes.

With these illustrations in mind we can but ask, were we today collecting our experiences and describing our visions as did the Prophets of old when they wrote the books of our Bible, what illustrations, what parallels, would we naturally use to express infinity and grandeur and omnipotence beyond all human achievement and understanding? What new miracles for old?

THE TECHNIQUE OF LIFE

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I

THIS dead lift thing is not easy. But then nothing requiring any sort of technique is easy at the start. Shooting a gun or a pistol or a bow; hitting a tennis or a golf ball properly; running down hill on skiis; casting a fly with delicacy—oh, anything you want to think of that is really worth while—are saturated with discouragements for the beginner. Probably that is as it should be; probably some very sardonic god provided it for the good of our souls and the test of our earnestness.

It certainly does one thing or the other: It either discourages us from continuing, or it sets our jaws in a grimness that *will* succeed. Then, to the dispassionate bystander, like the sardonic god, we are quite likely to seem funny. The other fellow is funny, even to us. We have all seen him start out full of hope and the new theory he has evolved while lying in bed. He knows now just what is the matter; it is his left arm. He can visualize it exactly. And then the long slow disillusionment of the round; and the rediscovery that technique is not an affair of sudden enlightenment. The man who believes Sunday golf should be suppressed could find unqualified support from some millions of players—Sunday night; not Sunday morning. Sunday morning we are evolving a new theory. But always we return with a new wisdom but a fresh discouragement; or perhaps it would be better the other way around, a fresh discouragement but a new wisdom.

One of the elements of that new wisdom is this; that mere intellectual understanding of technique does not get us anywhere. It affords merely a taking-off place.

"I know what I ought to do," is the wail; "but, doggone it, I can't make myself do it!"

Perhaps the theories we have worked out in bed by painful thought are indeed correct theories. Perhaps the trouble with

our golf drive is that we start our arms ahead of the bend of the left knee: possibly we have in truth received a great intellectual enlightenment as to our loosing of the arrow, or our method of pressing the trigger. Having obtained a clear understanding of these faults, it seems to us a simple matter to go out and do it differently; and thus, by the sheer brilliance of our unaided intellect, to attain our skill. Only it does not work that way. In the first place we may not be able to make our muscles execute our idea: in the second place, when we do get that one element of technique going properly, we find that some other element—one that we had all nicely trained—has sneaked away behind our backs and is misbehaving unbeknown to us. There are supposed to be sixteen essentials for a successful archery release. They must all be working perfectly for the perfect shot. One may have fifteen-sixteenths of good technique, and still be—apparently—as poor a shot as the raw beginner. That is, as far as target results at the moment go. Naturally, he is in fact much farther along, for he has theoretically only one point to go before he begins to hit, while the beginner has probably the whole sixteen. Note the word, theoretically. It is a hard life! There are probably as many elements of a proper golf drive; and those too must be mastered into second nature and made to work together. All may be going well save one; yet the lack of that one spoils everything. What avails it that a man keep his weight back and his left arm straight and prevents his body from getting ahead of his hands, and swayeth not on the backswing, provided he raises his silly head?

So the great discoverer, the divinely inspired one, returns to his fireside somewhat dashed. If of a naturally choleric temper, he has probably given up golf for life. Nevertheless, such is optimism, by morning he has made another great discovery, and is eager to fare forth for its experiment. Which, again, possesses no instantaneous magic of fulfilment. Were it not for one thing he would give up in despair. But that one proved thing keeps him going. He *knows* that it is so. This a reliance that, during all the time of this his struggle and effort, he is getting help from something outside his mere intellectual processes. If it were not for that he would give up.

No: He has no little kind god of golfers to whom he turns; nor has he a faith in the indulgence of Providence, nor a belief in any personal guardian angel. What he relies on is nothing strange or mystic; it is simply the power of habit. He knows that if he will continue to practise his elements one by one, by and by and one by one they will cease to require his personal attention and become automatic. The idea is "grooved", as he expresses it. And each element so grooved frees his mind to attack another; and so on, until that glad bright day when he sees himself in this automatic command of the whole of the sixteen elements at once, and all his drives are screaming two hundred and fifty yards (or more!) down the fairway, and the handicap committee is sitting in especial session to consider his case, and—*ars longa, vita brevis est.*

II

I think we all know this, as far as field sports or games requiring skilled technique are concerned, and acknowledge it humorously to ourselves in our calmer moments. But what we do not see so clearly is that exactly the same type of discouragement must be expected in the techniques that apply to life; and that the same hope may hearten us. Almost anything is hard to do, first off: almost anything is easier to do after we have got the habit of it. Take this first dead lift, for example, which we have discussed in the preceding chapter. We analyzed it to find that it is merely our effort to tear ourselves loose from all sorts of inertias; and we came to a sort of understanding that commanding these inertias was a matter of getting on sensible terms with our physical bodies. Perhaps this analysis gave us a relieved satisfaction that now we understood clearly for the first time what it was all about; and so understanding, of course we would not go on committing the same old mistakes.

But I am afraid we shall on that basis get no instant brilliant result. There is no immediate magic in intellectual understanding. We make a further discovery, that is not so good, that getting on sensible terms with one's body and what one wants to do is in itself a matter of technique. It is a very definite technique, with a lot of elements in it, and it falls to pieces under actual test

quite as discouragingly as any other technique. We must analyze it, try it out, find it does not work as well as we had hoped, take it home and patch it up, and try it again. Above all, we must have faith that practice will bring us outside help; that though the dead lift may be ours, the carrying out is ourselves and something else. With the golfer we called it habit.

III

It is no less habit when applied to larger things, but it has earned a more comprehensive name. For in his reliance even the humble golfer has, without knowing it, turned with productive conviction to one of the great fundamental facts of life. He has hitched his little golf cart to one of the big moving stars. He is utilizing the growing principle of things, which is sometimes called evolution; but which here we will call automatic action.

Automatic action is the complement from the growth principle to any initial effort. Plant a seed by your own initiative effort, and you may leave the carrying on process to nature. But nature cannot take hold and help you as long as you leave the seed in an envelope. Taking it out, and placing it in prepared ground, is your dead lift in that particular instance. That is a simple example, but it illustrates a principle that applies to everything in this universe of ours. And, if we reflect a moment, we cannot but see that if we will only take the personal trouble to plant anything, or start anything, or make a real effort of any kind,—in other words, if we accomplish a dead lift; *and if we keep on doing it long enough to produce steady conditions*,—that is, if we do not merely take hold and let go again spasmodically, then the thing we have started will go ahead more or less under its own power. Automatic action will have begun.

Naturally the automatic action is limited in scope by the nature of the thing that is acting. That almost goes without saying. The flower seed will grow to be a flower; but it has no automatic action to cause it to grow on into the animal kingdom. Within its limits it does its own job, once we have planted it and given it proper conditions. It does not have to be bothered about. That is its job, not ours.

We recognize that clearly enough in respect to such things as flowers. What we do not recognize so clearly is that, just as everything has its own zone of action, so has each effort of any kind whatever its own sequence in automatic action. If we did, we would not fuss so much. When we make the first small effort of planting the flower seed that is vital, the seed immediately begins to attract to itself, from the universe outside, the moisture, warmth, chemical elements, and so on, which it requires for its growth. And it attracts these elements just in proportion to its vitality. Likewise the series of small suggestive efforts which we plant as to the components of our golf swing grow away in our subconscious minds in proportion to the care we have taken to make them vital. In no different manner with *every* real effort we make we accomplish not only the dead lift immediately corresponding to the foot poundage of the effort, but we can anticipate a bonus, so to speak, from the accompanying automatic action. That is the reward that, when its reality is understood, offsets our discouragement. We may lean on that principle in full confidence. It is going to work, because it is a principle inherent in all things. It is going to work anyway, whether we want it to or not.

IV

If we start anything, it goes like a wound-up toy until it runs down. The distance it goes depends upon its vitality, the nature of its going, and whether it is interfered with or not. It has to do so; it is the law of inertia. We know that well enough so far as our physical acts are concerned; yet we do not realize that the same law applies to our inner actions as well, for we are not always aware of the process. We imagine that once we have "got over it", or forgotten it, there is no more to it. There could not be a greater mistake. It matures in us as the nut matures inside a chestnut burr. The burr clings tight in one undivided, sealed ball, until its proper moment has come; then it splits, on definitely prepared lines, to turn back for the projection into the outside world of the product of its heart. Until that moment there is no apparent change, no apparent process. So our actions and efforts, tangible and intangible, mature within us. They are

germinated to vitality by our first dead lift; they may be mightily aided by our cherishing care and attention, and perhaps may come to full fruition and enjoyment only through our continued cultivation. Nevertheless, once the dead lift is made, they themselves are aiding mightily, through their own automatic action.

That, as we have just said, is pretty well known to us, as to the physical world. It is perhaps one of the greatest lessons in gardens. But we have failed to grasp the full significance of the fact that it works also in the less tangible and visible realm of the inner life. We warn ourselves not to "start anything we can't finish", but we overlook the fact that anything started is bound to finish in *some* fashion, whether we do it or not. In the intangible realm we are constantly starting things we do not finish. They, like the others, will finish somehow. Their automatic action is going to go on, for better or for worse. We have put forth a certain amount of energy in disturbing things as they are—in other words overcoming inertia, making a dead lift all on our own. This is true of any movement of the soul, whether of momentary anger or pity, or the most considered resolution toward a defined end. It must be. The law of the conservation of energy sees to that. If we ignore it, or forget it, or neglect it, the action will take place nevertheless; but now, until it runs down, it must blunder forward in the direction toward which it was headed when we abandoned it. It may be deflected, or transmuted, or plunge into a head-on collision, or generally muss things up. There are a lot of these loose-end remnants of impetus kicking about the world. They make a deal of trouble, sometimes. It is indeed a good idea not to "start anything we can't finish". That is to say, we ought to feel enough responsibility to superintend the finish of anything we start.

Nor is there legitimate comfort in telling ourselves that a lot of our foolishness of effort "never gets any further"; that it is an internal thing within our own minds. Of course it gets further: it always gets further. I think there is no statement truer than that which says that any vital inner impulse, sooner or later, in one form or another, will find an outward expression. That is what inner things, *all* inner things, are;—from one point of view—the raw material of outward expressions. It does not matter how

devious and tortuous and Freudish the path, nor how many changes or transmutations the original spurt of vital energy may undergo; some outward expression must take place before what we might call the cosmic equilibrium is reëstablished. That is only turning "suppression" and "complex" and "inhibition" and the rest of it inside out and unvisualizing it a bit. Of course the thing may struggle to the surface of life at some remote point of space or time, through people or things quite outside our own cognizance, and in a form we would have difficulty in tracing back to its ancestry within ourselves. It may be "stepped up" or "stepped down", as are electrical impulses, by its effect in starting other impetuses within other people; which in turn must, directed or undirected, expand themselves. There may be a whole underground series of these purposes and cross purposes, dying down, flaring up again, as they are fed or neglected. But no vital effort of the will is ever lost, any more than any other output of energy is lost.

We must visualize this inner consequence as vividly as we did the chestnut burr. We must realize that the time comes inevitably for the culmination of each one of our efforts. That culmination occurs whether the efforts are conscious or unconscious, directed or undirected. The vitality of growth must expand itself; the automatic action must work itself out.

V

We must not forget that each effort at the dead lift, each overcoming of inertia, does through its automatic action change the conditions in which we live. Sometimes there are outer conditions; more often they are inner. In any case they are different. We have started things that grow. The new growth is part of our environment. Partly they may be of our own conscious and intentional construction. We know what we are about. We are trying to acquire a technique of some sort—golf, business, target shooting, social ease, scholarship, spiritual development, ordinary kindliness; this, that, or the other. We want to change our conditions, and we make our dead lift and struggle, and accept thankfully or unknowingly the help of growth, of automatic action.

But many others are merely of our initiation. We start a whole lot of things, sometimes unthinkingly, almost unconsciously, which we do not finish. They grow, too. They also make for us new conditions; and in them we must abide until natural growth, or our own further efforts, or both, alter them for us.

You see, life is not a dead hard material on which to engrave merely the ideas of our heads. It is plastic and vital. It constantly changes. But we can fashion it as we fashion the patterns of our gardens. It is rather pitiable to see people acted upon by life to their detriment, forced into corners by the things they have planted; merely because they do not know how themselves to be active principles.

VI

That sounds rather gloomy and terrifying. A great many people who have developed far enough to recognize the inescapable quality, not only of our actions but also of our ideals and our handlings of the life force that animates us, are appalled by the recognition. They feel as if they were caught in some great machine. Sometimes they become afraid to act at all, and flee from life. In extreme cases they inhabit caves, or sit on a hill, or do something equally foolish. When they realize that their lightest push is going to start boulders rolling down steep places, they get a paralyzing feeling of responsibility. They are afraid to pull triggers at all. There is something inexorable about this automatic action. If the smallest thing we start is bound to grow up into something and to finish somehow, and if the something is going to fix the environment in which we *must* live, why then it is too dangerous to monkey with. We are afraid to move.

That is, of course, foolish. There are an obverse and a reverse to it.

It is true that we are dealing with stars of the first magnitude, but we can hitch our little wagons to them. All we have to do is to travel in the right direction. Automatic action is a big natural force, that is all. Merely we must realize that fact; and remember that understanding big natural forces and harnessing them

and utilizing them for our own purposes is what we are doing every day, what we have always been doing. Fire is a big natural force, and wind, and water, and explosion, and electricity, and gravitation. We can touch any of them off ignorantly and blow ourselves into kingdom come. But we have not therefore been afraid to monkey with them. On the contrary. And we have thereby made for ourselves conditions, an environment, considerably more comfortable and more useful than that endured by our Neanderthal ancestors.

What if our littlest real efforts do start a complement of automatic action? What if our dead lifts, done by our solitary selves, do at once evoke greater forces of growth that sweep small beginnings into amplitudes? We have thereby delivered into our hands a sure and mighty assistance. We ally ourselves with the working of the biggest and most fundamental law we know, that of evolution. This principle of constructive, directive, forward movement is the most definite force in the world. The faith that leans on it in sure dependence, as on an invariably upholding law, is at once one of the first steps and the first fruits of self evolution.

VII

Just for the moment, and for the purposes in hand, the contemplation of this fact may be looked upon as a definite encouragement. We cannot dodge the necessity of making that dead lift, nor that it is wearying and disagreeable, nor that it is going to require a lot of resolution and energy. Considered by itself, as a single activity, it is heavy and disheartening. If all our forward movement toward the technique of happy living were to be only a succession of dead lifts, we should never make a start.

But it is not so. No effort or success is so small that it will not accomplish within us, by this automatic action, much more than itself. One depends on himself to build his inspirational column, to be sure; but he piles his stones in full confidence that at the highest stretch of his hopes and efforts a capital will be placed beyond his own powers of conception. And even in the smaller overcomings he discovers that somehow he has "builded better than he knew."

UNMUSICAL NON-COMEDY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THERE are seventy-five theatres in New York, more than in any other city in the world. In the height of the season, say in February or March, fifteen or twenty of these will be devoted to musical comedy. This modern form of entertainment is about twenty-five years old; the beginning of its vogue coincided with the decline of comic opera and with the rise of the cinema. In March, 1900, there were in New York three "musical shows"; in March, 1901, two; in January, 1902, four; in March, 1903, eleven. The World War, which stimulated so many evil tendencies, increased the popularity of musical comedy. It was generally believed that the soldiers and others engaged in war thought and work needed, as a reaction and refuge, some form of bedizened inanity; and yet, at a magnificent performance of the Ninth Symphony in New York in 1918, I was pleased to see a large number of soldiers in the audience.

The name "musical comedy" is singularly inappropriate; for though there is a vast amount of noise, there is little genuine music; and though there is plenty of buffoonery, there is usually no comedy. It is some years since I have had the misfortune to attend one of these entertainments, and I hope never to go again; but those that I did see were all alike. A squad of girls came forward, and advanced to the right, and after that to the left; this manœuvre was varied by sometimes advancing to the left, and then to the right. A male comedian indulged in horse-play and told jokes and stories that had paresis in the time of Rameses.

The house was invariably crowded; I never saw a musical comedy played to a small audience. Many people not only now pay the regular price of $5.50 for a seat, but a large additional sum to secure it, and if it is a first night, fabulous prices are demanded. As it was intolerable for me either to watch or listen to the people on the stage, I turned my attention to the audience, as one does

whenever a freshly-caught mermaid is exhibited. Some of the more juvenile folks appeared to enjoy the performance unrestrainedly; but in general I could not see that there was much spontaneous laughter or sincere delight. If they had not known that it was "the thing" to go, and that they were therefore in the swim, I really believe many of them would have given indications of boredom.

There are of course in every large city a vast number of idiots who are not yet dangerous; at all events, comparatively harmless, so that there is no reason for their not being at large. It is necessary, however, that they should be amused, entertained, diverted; and musical comedy seems almost providentially adapted to fit their necessities.

I learn from the drama criticisms in the New York newspapers that during more recent years many of these musical comedies have almost exclusively an anatomical interest; so that there must be in every audience a considerable number of Peeping Toms. If, instead of being arrested, they can peep legally at $5.50 a peep, they would be foolish to neglect so golden an opportunity.

No one has given a better description of musical comedy in England than Arnold Bennett. In his novel, *The Roll-Call*, a man of average ability attends one of these shows with a party of young people:

> As for the music, George listened in vain for an original tune, even for a tune of which he could not foretell the end from the beginning . . . the same trio of delicious wantons fondled and kissed the same red-nosed comedian, who was still in the same state of inebriety, and the gay spark flitted roysteringly through the same evolutions, in pursuit of the same simple ideals. The jocularity pivoted unendingly on the same twin centres of alcohol and concupiscence. Gradually the latter grew to more and more importance, and the piece became a high and candid homage to the impulse by force of which alone one generation succeeds another. . . .
>
> And if no beautiful and graceful young girl blenched on the stage, neither did the beautiful and graceful young girls in the audience blench. You could see them sitting happily with their fathers and mothers and cousins and uncles and aunts savouring the spectacle from dim stalls and boxes in the most perfect respectability. . . .
>
> George was uneasy; he was distressed. The extraordinary juxtaposition of respectability and a ribald sexual display startled but did not distress him. . . . What distressed him, what utterly desolated him, was the grossness, the

poorness, the cheapness, the dulness, and the uninventive monotony of the interminable entertainment. He yawned, he could not help yawning; he yawned his soul away.

If we judge of the intellectual level of Athenian society in the fourth century before Christ by their enthusiasm for the plays of Sophocles and Euripides, what shall we say of London and New York in the twentieth century, when we know that of all theatrical pieces, musical shows are the most profitable and the most appealing? I heard Granville Barker say in a public lecture that the modern young girl in London and in New York unconsciously took the appearance and manners of the feminine stars of musical comedy as her model, and did her best to walk and talk in a similar fashion.

Such a remark may be a gross exaggeration; there are plenty of sensible young girls. But it is impossible that thousands of people should be exposed to the germs of inanity and vulgarity night after night, without suffering some deterioration.

The best way to cure a rage for musical shows is to supply something better; and fortunately New York theatres provide many excellent comedies and dramas, classic and contemporary. Furthermore, the success of the Theatre Guild and of Eva Le Gallienne's Repertory Theatre, both of which institutions appeal to human intelligence, indicates that there are more than seven thousand that have not bowed to the knee to Baal. Another vastly encouraging sign is the return of Comic Opera, which is as different from musical comedy as a nightingale differs from an upstart crow. How well I remember the delight with which we used to listen to *Erminie*, *Robin Hood*, *The Serenade*, and the dismay with which I saw them vanish with nothing to take their place. What depression, to look at an inane burlesque on that same stage—bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang!

That admirable theatre director, Winthrop Ames, has proved not only that Gilbert and Sullivan have lost none of their melody and charm, but that there are thousands of people who agree with him. The immense success of *Iolanthe* and of *The Pirates of Penzance*, presented with absolute adequacy, has emboldened Mr. Ames to go ahead with the Gilbert and Sullivan cycle. The sparkling music and shining wit of these comic operas are as fresh

as on their natal day, and what a contrast to the repetitious, shop-worn vulgarities of musical comedy! And what a pleasure to sit in such an audience; one feels as if one were with intimate friends.

Nobody wants to be bored in the theatre; if a play is dull, that is the unpardonable sin. No matter how serious the theme of a drama, it must be interesting. But people differ very much in what they find tiresome. Coming out from a performance of Galsworthy's *Justice*, where John Barrymore took the leading part, a lady asked me if I did not find it depressing. On the contrary, I found it inspiring, exhilarating, enormously stimulating. Great drama, like great music, refreshes, restores, and increases one's vitality. But the last time, years ago, that I attended a musical comedy, I went away in a lethargy of depression. I felt as if a misfortune had happened to me, and I was right; it had.

REVOLT

BY R. L. MÉGROZ

There have been poets who for Love have died,
Whose hearts were gradually worn away
With bitterness more keen than words could say,
Yet unto Her who would their words deride
They ever strove to sing it—laughed and sighed
In verse that grew to beautiful bloom, to lay
Fresh chaplets on crowned brows of one whose "Nay"
Lashed coldly their Love-bleeding hearts that cried.

I am not one of these, though Love indeed
At thy feet worshipped has been bitterness.
I shall not die while tasks my strength await
In Love-filled Life pregnant with ungrown seed:
Refuse they queenship—even happiness
I shall regain, nor leave thee even hate.

PERSONALITY IN LETTERS

BY MURIEL KENT

Archbishop Benson used to say "The penny post is one of those ordinances of man to which we have to submit for the Lord's sake". The mere lay man or woman does not suffer from such an overwhelming correspondence; but most of us regard letter-writing as ruefully, without attaining an equal degree of resignation. Not long ago, in a review by a well-known author, it was said that the writing of letters, after flourishing in England and France to a high degree in the eighteenth century and the first decade of the nineteenth, "became a lost art in the Victorian days, even before modern base substitutes like the telephone took their place". If that were true, it would be a curious fact of psychology in an age which has demanded self-expression with increasing urgency. For after all, private letters are the most authentic means of communication we have, conveying more palpable and concentrated personality than the spoken word can do. But, on the whole, modern biographies, and notably some volumes of letters published in recent years, seem to prove that the gift or art—call it which you will—is still practised, and even brought to the high level of excellence reached by, let us say, that fascinating gossip, Fanny Burney, or the proficient Horace Walpole. The great masters of spiritual letters, such as Fénèlon and Samuel Rutherford, belong to another category and cannot be cited for comparison.

It is only by adopting William Morris's definition of Art as "the expression of the joy of the workman in his work", that it seems possible to argue its disappearance from modern letters, and then only partially. Good correspondents may be rarer because strenuous and leisured persons alike have, to a great extent, lost the sense of pleasure and refreshment in writing long letters to their friends. Nor is it considered an essential part of the equipment of the gentle born that they should be able to express

themselves gracefully, or even correctly, on paper. But we are indeed unfortunate if our mail does not include any letters of the vital kind—

> And all a glad man's comments on life's story,
> And thoughts of marvellous towns and living men,
> And what pens tell and all beyond the pen . . .

In the case of the overburdened Archbishop, his personal letters showed no trace of haste, or of failure to give his best to his correspondents. Rather did they seem an outlet for his strong "lust for perfection" in phrase and detail, expressed too in his very script. When he was still Headmaster of Wellington College, he wrote, "What will my handwriting come to? a split needle would suit me for a pen . . ." We are told that later on, in his study at Addington, he was forever trying to keep the spiritual eye undimmed in the midst of dusty and laborious work: for instance on the box, where he put letters for the post, was written 'Ite, ite, veloces angeli!' and gummed to the bottom of one of the drawers of his writing-table, where it can be seen on pulling out the drawer, is a strip of paper thus inscribed:

> Rule:—Not to answer for 24 hours any letter which on any account made his heart beat faster—"Asperities soften away, and my view of the view of the writer's meaning get so much fairer"—Bishop Sumner.

Naturally, this idealist gave his most devoted friendship to those in whom he was aware of a stronger, more heroic spirit than his own: as in Frederick Temple when the storm raised by *Essays and Reviews* was at its height, and Benson defended him in a letter to *The Times* which still glows with loyalty. His eager spirit hailed the intense spirituality of George Howard Wilkinson, to whom he wrote with reverent tenderness when the latter resigned the See of Truro, and signed himself "Your constant lover and true servant".

In his scholarly tastes and love of beauty, that catholic-minded Presbyterian, Dr. Alexander Whyte, had much in common with Benson; but the Scotch cobbler-student who became a master of oratory, and the spiritual and literary guide of countless men and women in Edinburgh, moved in a serener mental atmosphere. It was once said of him that "just to be in the same room with him

is a benediction". But we find in him the same swift recognition of nobility in others, and of his own indebtedness to them. Of Dr. Candlish, in whose Church he first served as assistant, he wrote afterwards—

> It is only born gentlemen, and gentlemen born again, who could have treated a poor nameless youth as Candlish treated me.

His letters showed, no less than his lectures and sermons, that unfailing instinct for the right word and frame for his message which seems to belong especially to the Celt. His loving-kindness made them such as "kept old friendships in repair"—in Dr. Johnson's phrase which he liked to quote. In his old age, his postcards became famous for their power of conveying his thoughts and affection to his intimates.

A more remarkable instance of "the joy of the workman" is to be found in that amazing collection of letters written by Walter Hines Page from England, before and during the War. After we have read them with almost breathless interest, it is difficult to decide whether their spell lies in the illumination which he sheds on international affairs and on contemporary life in London, or in the matchless vigor and ease of his writing. At any rate, he showed us, once for all, how a man may serve a cause, not immediately his own, with his pen; and a gallantry which no Order could reward. His *Life and Letters* was a frank and generous gift to the English-speaking race. It discloses Page, the irresistible Ambassador, at the end of an arduous day's work—often of a heartrending kind—at the Embassy, seated at his bedroom desk till early morning. It does not withhold from us the potent pleas and penetrating arguments he addressed to the White House: nor yet those racy letters to his friends which must have acted like a cordial to failing hearts. He could pack his considered judgments into a phrase, such as "There is no substitute for common-sense", or make us feel the very heart-beats of the stricken Empire; and then give a penportrait of an English statesman, or pass on the latest jest which had cheered him.

Even the possibility—no remote one in those days—that his letters would never reach America, could not daunt this correspondent. The "weary world of waters" between them—which

Charles Lamb pleaded as an excuse for long silence to his friend in New South Wales—did not oppress Page's imagination. One is glad to believe that the constant exercise of his supreme art allayed the homesickness which beset him through those stressful years of exile.

Two letters of Charles I, quoted by Sir Ernest Law in his *Short History of Hampton Court*, seem to explain him better than chapters of critical analysis. The first was written to the favorite Buckingham at the time when the relations between the English Court and Henrietta Maria's French lords and ladies were strained to breaking point, while the Queen—curiously unadaptable even in her youth—upheld her own followers at all costs. It shows us Charles in one of his impulsive and autocratic moods:

Steenie

I have received your letter by Dic Graeme. This is my answer. I command you to send all the French away by tomorrow out of the Towne. If you can, by faire meanes (but strike not long in disputing), otherways, force them away, dryving them away *lyke so manie wylde beastes*, until ye have shipped them, and so *the Devill goe with them*. Lett me heare no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest

Your faithfull constant loving friend

Charles R.

Oaking the 7 August 1626.

The second letter was written in very different circumstances, when the King was a prisoner, in all but name, at Hampton Court, "protected" by the Parliament's army. It was addressed to the commanding officer, Colonel Whalley, and left by Charles on his table when he escaped from the palace to the Isle of Wight.

Hampton Court, 11 November, 1647.

Colonel Whaley (*sic*),

I have been so civilly used by you and Major Huntingdon, that I cannot but by this parting farewell acknowledge it under my hand: as also to desire the continuance of your courtesie, by your protecting of my household stuffe and movables of all sorts which I leave behind me in this house, that they be neither spoiled nor embesled: only there are three pictures here which are not mine that I desire you to restore (Here followed a list of the pictures and their owners) . . . So being confident that you wish my preservation and restitution, I rest

Your friend,

Charles R.

P.S. I assure you it was not the letter (one from Cromwell warning Whalley of a possible attack on the King) you shewed me today, that made me take this resolution, nor any advertisement of that kinde. But I confess that I am loath to be made a close prisoner, under pretence of securing my life. I had almost forgot to desire you to send the black grew bitch to the Duke of Richmond.

There we have the courteous consideration which must have been the main part of "the Stuart charm". But, as Sir Ernest Law remarks, the letter shows "how constitutionally impossible it was for him to understand facts, and to appreciate his real position". Apart from that incapacity, it would be inexplicable that the country which had tolerated that royal ruffian, Henry VIII, and Charles's most unattractive sire, should have suffered the overthrow of this king.

It has been said that Napoleon, though he could marshal words as skilfully as armies, made it a rule to leave his letters unanswered for a fortnight, and was gratified to find, at the end of that time, how many of them had "answered themselves" meanwhile. But we can scarcely seek guidance on the ethics of letter-writing from the Emperor who allowed every appeal from Toussaint L'Ouverture, the ex-slave and noble leader of the Blacks in Hayti, to remain unacknowledged—even the last one, surely the most touching letter from a prisoner since St. Paul wrote to Philemon on behalf of another slave, if we except those of Sir Thomas More. It was more convenient to Napoleon to deceive and betray this man of "unconquerable mind": to let him die in a dungeon than to show him either justice or mercy.

It is a strange contrast to turn to the recently re-published *Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J.* When the collection first appeared in England, in 1890, it was found easier to dismiss it as a forgery than to explain such a freak of human nature as it disclosed. But since then they have been duly authenticated; and if we accept Miss J.'s predominant share in the correspondence, with her almost incredible degree of self-delusion and assurance, the Duke's replies become very characteristic. This highly emotional woman—a beautiful girl of twenty when she appointed herself as the Duke's spiritual mentor—began to bombard him with her letters in 1834, when he was sixty-five; and

the final breach between them did not occur till seventeen years later. The quantity and quality of her efforts are described by one reviewer as "a ceaseless hail of letters of inordinate length, in undecipherable handwriting and unending sentences of religious jargon and personal complaint".

It would be easy to justify that judgment by quotation from her heavily-italicized letters, for no saving sense of either humor or humility in the writer prevents them being an almost painful study in limitations. That the Duke actually read them is certain, for she insisted on immediate answers, and got, as a rule, some kind of acknowledgment from him. His brief, formal notes, while they show sometimes an ironical amusement, and, occasionally, a most natural annoyance, do not explain the astonishing fact that even Miss J.'s most exasperating effusions did not altogether destroy the kindly regard he felt for her. The later ones, however, show plainly that his forbearance and patience were nearly exhausted. There must have been enough charm about her—though she felt impelled to dress for their first interview in her "old turned dark green merino gown, daily worn"—and enough appeal in her genuine concern for his welfare, to balance her presumption. But his letters certainly give no evidence of the far warmer feeling with which Miss J. credits him in her journal; nor did he once allow himself to be drawn into the religious confidences she forever invited.

Yet the Duke seldom failed to offer a tolerant explanation when she reproached him for some imagined slight or disrespect—the changing of the seal used on his envelope—signing his initials only at the end of a letter—the discovery that he had burned her own precious exhortations after answering them, and so on. We may, perhaps, feel rather grateful to Miss J. for drawing out the following comments from the Iron Duke:

I don't consider with you that it is necessary to enter into a disputation with every wandering Blasphemer—much must depend upon the circumstances. . . . I always understood that the important part of a Letter was its Contents. . . . You will find this Letter however signed and sealed in what you deem the most respectful manner. . . . The Duke may be wrong. But he considers the exercise of Prudence and discretion virtues; not unbecoming to any Character however exalted. . . . I totally forgot that your Mind is occupied with affairs

of more Importance; the Hand writing in which you convey your thoughts to others is a matter of but little Importance to you; and that at all events you are seldom in a disposition to allow anybody to complain; much less to find fault with you. Accordingly I beg your Pardon for having ventured to tell you that I experienced great Difficulty in reading your Hand writing. . . . The Duke of Wellington would recommend to Miss J. not to believe one word that she reads (in the papers) respecting the Duke. . . . I have always considered Patience an eminently Christian virtue. . . . There is nothing under Heaven worth quarrelling about. Of all disputes and quarrels those in writing are the least pardonable. In the Heat of Conversation or of Discussion we may say that which is not justifiable. But our communications in writing are the Result of Reflection. . . .

But the Duke drew the line firmly at presenting a letter from Miss J. to the Dowager Queen (Adelaide) which the editor truly describes as one of "impertinence bordering upon sublimity"; or a later one to the young Queen Victoria. And in 1840, "the Duke would earnestly recommend to Miss J. not to write to Him again". It was a vain request, for she continued to ply him with her letters on one pretext and another. After an interval of nearly four years, the Duke was moved to re-open the correspondence, which went on as before, with frequent ebullitions of wounded vanity on Miss J.'s part, and increasing irony on his. The final rupture was brought about, of course, by her maddening obliquity, and the old Duke's last letter, written eighteen months before his death, ends thus:

I therefore wished that the correspondence should cease of itself; and that all friendly feeling should be continued! I know well that Miss J.'s Mind is occupied by Reflections on Spiritual things; and that she must despise the occupation of one who considers it His duty to serve the Public to the best of His Ability!

With due respect for Her Higher occupations, I hope she will excuse my adhering to my own Course of duty!

Ever Miss J.'s most faithfully obedient Humble Servant

Wellington.

Psychologists will, no doubt, be able to tell us from what form of complex the persistent lady and her victim were suffering, but there cannot be a more curious record of incongruous temperaments than these letters provide. The Duke, at the time, was immersed in public work, sometimes for sixteen or eighteen

hours in a day—though his repeated assurances that he had neither time for rest nor meals did not serve to lessen Miss J.'s demands on his attention. Certainly the wonderful diligence of the politicians and literary men of that era, as letter-writers, puts us to shame when we make the usual excuse for neglecting what Montaigne called "the offices and duties of friendship".

Melbourne's and Disraeli's constant correspondence with Queen Victoria became a matter of history, and Sir Robert Peel used to snatch moments from his toil at Whitehall to write to his wife about the new cloak he had ordered for her, the flowers in the garden at his beloved Drayton, or the search he had made in the London shops for "one of those new humming-tops for Bobbie". Yet he mentions once, "I have had ten interruptions since I began this letter." Only the publication, by his grandson, of those private letters revealed all the worth of the Minister whose chivalry would not allow him to use Disraeli's abject petition for a place in the Government as a political weapon against him.

A few years later, Thackeray was sending long letters from America, or from Scotland and the Northern cities where his lecturing tours took him, in his small, exquisitely neat handwriting, and sometimes illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches, for the amusement of his family and friends. But already he was troubled by attacks of illness, and in 1857 he wrote to his daughters from Sheffield:

> I wish those horrible newspapers would leave my health out. Some day the wolf will really come and no one will be frightened. . . . I want to put my lambs in comfortable shelter.

That was assured by his labors before the busy, honored life closed on Christmas Eve, 1863; and his letters to his "own women" are so full of tender affection, humor and simple goodness, that they make the accusation of cynicism, often brought against him, seem absurd.

The letters of his elder daughter, Anne Thackeray Ritchie, were the chief literary delight of 1924 to many, and set us wondering whether the ideal letter-writer, like the poet, is not born, not made; for even those which belong to her early youth are full of character and spirit. On every page we find some gleam of her

gentle wit, some wise appreciation of men or books, or a proof of her sympathetic nature. She wrote to Mrs. Oliphant in 1891:

> How I have admired your Pilgrim's Progress of a book (the *Life of Laurence*) . . . and finished with a feeling—thank God, life doesn't depend on sanity or success or fulfilment; it is living *towards* the best one can which is the secret of it all.

Or, after the death of one of her many artist-friends—

> Leighton gay, courteous, laughing . . . I am glad he never failed, glad his charming looks never left us (for people's *looks* are for others, like their kind welcomes and friendly greetings).

In the writings which Lady Ritchie revised and put together, under the title of *From Friend to Friend*, during the last months of her life, she included some recollections of Mrs. Kemble, ending with these words:

> Of all possessions, that of the added power which comes to us through the gifts of others is one of the most mysterious and most precious . . . that touch which makes others feel akin to qualities greater than any they are conscious of in themselves. . . .

Few people have been so abundantly endowed as Anne Thackeray Ritchie herself with that rare and gracious capacity for enriching other lives.

It is just because our written communications are our most deliberate form of self-expression that they carry their own responsibility. There are even persons, like Miss J., for whom this medium has a dangerous attraction. "Mark Rutherford" declared: "I found that expression reacts on him who expresses and intensifies what is expressed. If we break out into rhetoric over a toothache, the pangs are not the easier but the worse to be borne."

The best of his own lately published *Letters to Three Friends* deserve a place in a nineteenth century collection, for their penetrating thought, and for contrast with the brilliance of George Wyndham's, the whimsical charm of Edward Burne Jones's, the cosmopolitan wisdom of Henry James's, and a host of others already precious to us. All of them form the most authentic biography we can have—something more than the mere "clothes and buttons of a man", which Mark Twain declared was all that

biography could offer. "Mark Rutherford's" letters sometimes show that combination of "the writer's art, one may almost say artifices, and yet such white-hot passionate earnestness" which he found in the Book of Ezekiel.

There can never have been such an outpouring of letters as during the War: nor so rich a harvest of those which, by reason of their intrinsic value or the solace they brought, could not be reckoned as a private hoard, but were given to the world by sad and generous hearts. Like a breath of Old France from the fields of Domremy, were the letters of Ferdinand Belmont, Captain of the *Chasseurs Alpines*, and the third son of his parents to fall in action. They made a devout epic of his warfare from August, 1914, till his death in December, 1915. Of English letters, Rupert Brooke's, Charles Lister's, and Edward Wyndham Tennant's—with that unforgettable last one to his mother—come first to mind, but I have lately come across this letter written by an English lad, who went out to the war from the City of London School, and left among his papers for his parents—

. . . But for this war I and all the others would have passed into oblivion, like countless myriads before us. . . . But we shall live for ever in the results of our efforts. . . . The measure of life is not its space but the use we make of it. I have crowded into twenty years enough pleasures, sensations, and experiences for an ordinary lifetime . . . it is no hardship for me to leave the world so young. . . . I had intended to try and say words of comfort, but that scarcely being possible, it has drifted into a sort of confession of faith. To me has been given the easier task, to you is given the more difficult—that of living in sorrow. . . .

And this one, too, seems like an echo from the story of the death of Socrates in its calm prevision. It was written by one who next day fell in the Battle of the Somme:

It is impossible to fear death out here, when one is no longer an individual but a member of a regiment and an army. To be killed means nothing to me, and it is only you who suffer for it; you really pay the cost. I have been looking at the stars, and thinking what an immense distance they are away. What an insignificant thing the loss of, say, 40 years of life is compared with them! It seems hardly worth talking about. . . .

If it be true that "letters are a kind of sacrament", these must count as gifts from the sanctuary of Love itself.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

COOLIDGE AND DAWES

THE President does not choose to run again. The expression is characteristic of the man. Different in tenor, it is as definitive as the old "*Le Roi le veut!*" That it was puzzling to some people, and seemed to them obscure, was not surprising. Fishes in the perpetual darkness of the Mammoth Cave have lost the power to perceive light. Persons accustomed—as too many are in our day—to vague, diffuse and equivocal modes of speech lose the power to appreciate words that are terse, direct and explicit. There was no more reason for wondering what the President meant when he said "I do not choose to run for President in Nineteen Twenty-eight" than there is for wondering what the multiplication table means when it says that twice two are four.

Nor is there cause to wonder at his choice. He has had a unique career. Fifteen times in twenty-five years he was a candidate for elective offices in sharply contested campaigns, and never once was he defeated. As Governor of Massachusetts he did a deed which caused true men in every State to cry "Thank God for Coolidge!" and in consequence of which he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by a spontaneous demand of the Nation in defiance of the plans of party bosses and of the programme of the convention. After serving four years as Vice-President and Acting-President, he was elected President by the largest popular majority ever cast for any man in the history of the world. During his Administration he effected fiscal achievements in government of a magnitude and beneficence unequalled in our annals. And he was the first Chief Magistrate of America who, having served out as Acting-President his predecessor's unfinished term, and having been elected President for a term of his own, could if he so chose be elected for a second term through the practically unanimous action of his party. At the zenith of so astonishing a

career, he might well say "It is enough!" The rest lies with the people.

In view of current appeals to precedent,—as to that which deprecates a third term for a President; though, as we have hitherto pointed out, it is not pertinent to the present case,—it may be well for the Nation, if it acquiesces in the President's choice, to revive and follow one that was set at the very beginning of our Constitutional life and was maintained for many years. The first three Presidents of the United States were succeeded, through election, by the men who had served with them as Vice-Presidents—Washington by Adams, Adams by Jefferson, Jefferson by Madison. There could be no more auspicious solution of the problem created by President Coolidge's self-denying choice than to hark back to that rule, and to select for his successor the man who has served with him as Vice-President and who, in so doing, has vitalized, energized and magnified that office as never was done before. The first occupant of the office declared it, with peevish ineptitude, to be "the most insignificant that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." Nobody would dream of thus describing it during the tenure of its present incumbent. Nor would it be questioned that the roll of Presidents of the United States would be enriched by having added to it in 1929 the name of Charles Gates Dawes.

LESSONS OF GENEVA

The Geneva Conference failed. That is to say, it did not attain the direct major object for which it was called, to wit, agreement of the three chief naval Powers upon limitation of cruisers and other auxiliary factors of their fleets. Such outcome is widely regretted, though it should have caused no surprise and is not without its compensations. The obstacle to success was obvious from the beginning; it was as simple as it was obvious; and it was, at least for the moment, as insuperable as it was simple. Great Britain, because of the geographical distribution of her Commonwealth of Nations and her Colonies, and the essential needs of her national existence, needed a much greater cruiser fleet than American economists deemed necessary for this coun-

try. And Great Britain was naturally unwilling to reduce her cruiser fleet to the standard of America's supposed needs and thus far below her own necessities; while America was unwilling to increase her cruiser fleet to the British standard and thus far above what strict economists conceived to be her needs—though of course Great Britain had no objection to her doing so, and she was abundantly well able to do so without any serious increase of her fiscal burdens. In such circumstances, parity was out of the question. And so the Conference nominally failed.

The profitable and consolatory result of it, however, is in the lessons which it reads us of the difficulty of establishing international standardization in matters of vital National interest, of the necessity of each Nation being "sufficient unto itself", and of the folly of "expecting all things in an hour". If the two great Nations which, of all in the world, are most certain never to go to war with each other, could not agree upon a common standard of naval strength, what hope could there be for worldwide acceptance of arbitrary prescriptions of both army and navy strength by the League of Nations? For our part, we do not regard the outcome at Geneva, negative as it was, as rendering the peace of the world less secure or the friendship between Great Britain and America less firm. One of two things must follow: America will increase her cruiser fleet to equal Great Britain's, or she will not do so but will remain inferior. In the former case, however large our fleet may become, it will be no menace to the peace of the world; for we might well apply to it seriously an adaptation of Sydney Smith's untimely fleer, and ask, "Who fears an American ship?" Many have feared them, and with ample cause, but nobody has ever had occasion to do so save those who had broken the world's peace or were international malefactors. In the latter case, it is to be remembered that with a disparity of ten to one in population and potential military strength, the two Powers have for a hundred and twelve years kept unbroken peace along the thousands of miles of their land frontier; wherefore we reckon that for at least as long a time they would be able equally to keep peace at sea, no matter what disparity there was in their naval strength. But that disparity will long exist, we do not believe.

THE GREAT PROCONSUL

The lament that the age is barren of great men has more point now than it had when it was uttered; for Leonard Wood has died. The technical definition of greatness may be disputed, but we must hold that one of its outstanding characteristics is the doing of great deeds; in Roscoe Conkling's historic phrase, "the arduous greatness of things done". Sometimes a man who is not great may do great deeds, and sometimes a man may be great not for what he does but merely for what he is. But when a man does a succession of great deeds, and does them all greatly, his title to greatness is not easily to be set aside.

To Leonard Wood, Soldier, Statesman, and Philanthropist, at least five achievements are to be credited, any one of which would alone be sufficient to assure him a grateful and honored place in the history not of America alone but of the world. He organized, stabilized and enlightened—we had almost said he created—the Republic of Cuba. He lent the authority and the agencies of the Government of the United States to the triumphant task of causing the appalling scourge of yellow fever to be banished from the world. As truly as Carnot was said to have organized victory for the French Revolution, he organized the effective participation of America in the World War and was more than any other one man entitled to credit for the efficiency of our arms. He brought order out of chaos in the Philippines and bore there the "white man's burden" with a heroism and a beneficence unrivalled in the history of colonial administrations. He took up the gage of battle against that pestilence which since the dawn of recorded history has been of all regarded with the most horror and hopelessness, and proved that science could do for lepers what only Divine miracles could do of old. In brief, this man, who above all others was condemned by Pacifists as the chief exponent of demoniac militarism, above most other men of his or of any time abated the evils of war, bound up its wounds, and established peace upon the only assured foundations of enlightenment, welfare and justice. Withal it could invariably be said of him that, whether or not he was entirely "our greatest", he was assuredly of all great men "with least pretence"; while in at least one of those transcendent undertakings justice requires that it be recorded

that it was achieved in the face of such organized and official opposition, inspired by jealousy and spite, as few men have ever had to meet. There are not many sepulchres in storied Arlington so worthy of the pious reverence of the Nation and indeed of all the world as that of our great Proconsul.

FRANCE'S BETTER VOICE

We do not assume nor even greatly desire to know precisely what M. André Tardieu recently said or did not say concerning France's payment or non-payment of her American indebtedness. We prefer to recall the words of another eminent and representative Frenchman, about which there is no uncertainty; thus:

> France, arrive what may, will face her financial destiny as she has faced her military destiny. She will neither beg nor crumble. . . . If it be necessary, she will stand up once more, and despite the burden that threatens to crush her, she will find in herself the energy necessary to carry it still further, and still higher. Some European country may perhaps go bankrupt . . . but it will not be France. . . .
>
> France will reimburse these three billions. . . . She will be, according to the words of M. Viviani, as exact in the field of affairs as she has shown herself on the field of battle.

These echoes of the better voice of France are quoted from articles by M. Stéphane Lauzanne, Editor of *Le Matin* of Paris, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in 1921 and 1922.

JUGGERNAUT

The total number of American lives lost in the World War, from all causes, was 77,118. War is the modern Moloch!

Yet in the eight years following the war, 1919 to 1926, the number of persons killed by automobiles on the highways of America, was 137,017.

The total number of wounded in the World War, who did not die, was 221,059; a fearful showing.

But those injured by automobiles in eight years numbered 3,500,000; or more than 1,480 per cent. more than in the war.

What was it that we used to hear about the Car of Juggernaut, in Darkest India?

THE PASSING OF THE COLORS

Men not yet grown old remember when a proposal of the National Government to return to the Southern States some of the Confederate battle flags captured in the Civil War was greeted with such an outburst of protest and execration as seldom had been heard; and at least one man of prominent standing in public life publicly invoked Divine wrath, in the palsying of his hand, upon the President of the United States for countenancing such an infamy. Yet the other day the ultra-Unionist State of Maine stripped its trophy cabinets of such relics, and by the hand of her Governor delivered them to the ultra-Secessionist State of South Carolina through the hand of her Governor. And in the Elysian Fields the shades of those who died in defending and in capturing those banners saw what was done, and declared that it was very good.

THE INTELLECTUAL BRUISER

The American prize ring has quite justifiably vaunted itself upon possessing a champion of intellectual attainments extending even into the realms of Higher Culture, and has anticipated the possibility that some day in addition to the gem-studded belt he might wear an honorary degree—perhaps Sc.D., which might at will be interpreted as Doctor of Science or Doctor of Scrapping. However, Eugene Tunney is by no means the only member of the *intelligentsia* to distinguish himself within the ropes. A former champion, John Morrissey, was promoted by the suffrages of a free and enlightened American electorate from the prize ring to the House of Representatives at Washington. And before him was the famous example of John Gully, who edified and entertained the Duke of Clarence, later King William IV, with a sixty-four round encounter with the "Game Chicken", Henry Pearce, and made many other like appearances in less august company, and afterward served for five years in the House of Commons. All of which suggests that there are sometimes more bumps on intellectual heads than are dreamed of in the phrenologist's philosophy.

RUMANIAN DYNASTIES

The death of King Ferdinand of Rumania commanded much more attention in America than it would have done if Queen Marie had not so recently visited this country in somewhat unusual circumstances. It was worthy of note, however, for other reasons, not the least being its reminder of the manner in which the once despised and disinherited elder branch of the Hohenzollerns maintains a royal dynasty outlasting that of the imperial and imperious younger line. The only use the Prussian Hohenzollerns ever had for the Rumanians was to use one of the princes as a pawn in the game of provoking war with France in 1870. But William is an exile at Doorn, while Ferdinand passes in honor and is peacefully succeeded by his grandson Michael. It would be interesting to know how closely the stability of the Rumanian dynasty is linked with the continued dominance of another in the same land. For more than half a century the Bratianu family has exercised a sway there comparable with that of the Medicis, the Borgias and the Viscontis in mediæval Italy—though of course in a far different manner. Today three of its members are popularly called the "three kings"; and it may well be questioned whether they do not merit the title as much as the actual occupant of the throne.

RELATIONS WITH IRELAND

Something like an epoch in our diplomatic history is marked in the establishment of direct official relations with the Irish Free State. A generation ago, in Land League and Plan of Campaign days, unofficial envoys came hither from the "most distressful country", some of them openly, like Charles Stewart Parnell, and others furtively under the British ban of outlawry. And a generation before that, in the time of the Fenians, an ambassador was accredited to this Government, though of course never recognized. But now, with the benevolent approval even of the one-time Sassenach, a distinguished Irish scholar and statesman is Minister of the Free State at Washington, and an expert member of the permanent diplomatic service has been installed as American Minister at Dublin. This is a most gratifying achieve-

ment, to be regarded as a sort of sesquicentenary epilogue to the services, not always sufficiently acknowledged, of Irishmen in aiding the achievement of American independence. And not the least gratifying reflection must be that, instead of aiming to foment, as those earlier emissaries too generally did, hostility between Ireland and England and at least a spirit of distrust and animosity between America and England, these present and, we assume, permanent relations denote the confirmation of impregnable friendship between this country and all the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, of which the Irish Free State is one.

ON THE TRACK OF COLUMBUS

The King of Spain has done a characteristically fine thing in promoting a Spanish-American yacht race across the Atlantic, the appeal of which to sentiment and romance as well as to sportsmanship should be quite irresistible. The fact that the contesting vessels are pursuing the very course which Columbus first traced, in the most famous cruise in the world's history, should put Spanish and American seamen alike upon their very highest mettle. Will some of the contending yachts be named, we wonder, the *Santa Maria*, the *Niña* and the *Pinta*?

MEN TO BE REMEMBERED

Henry White was our foremost pioneer in what is called "career diplomacy"—the practice of diplomatic service as a life-long profession—and he finely exemplified the value of that system. At Algeciras he balked the most formidable attempt that was ever made to overthrow the Monroe Doctrine, and instead compelled its formal recognition by the very Power that had plotted against it. He also established the salutary rule of appending to treaties, or to their acts of ratification, provisos or reservations to the effect that nothing in them should impair the validity of the Monroe Doctrine or require any departure by this country from its traditional policy toward European affairs.

Sir Harry Johnston was one of Great Britain's empire builders and proconsuls, and by no means the least of them; and he was, as

artist, author, explorer, soldier and statesman, a striking example of that amazing versatility which seemed to exist among Britishers of the Nineteenth Century more frequently and to a higher degree than anywhere else in the history of the world.

John Dillon was probably on the whole the greatest of that strangely diverse group of men who transformed the futile Home Rule pleadings of Isaac Butt into the puissant demands of the Nationalist revolution which after half a century culminated in the Irish Free State. Irishman and Catholic, he was content for Ireland's sake to be the loyal lieutenant of the Englishman and Protestant, Parnell, until the latter's own course made further coöperation impossible; but a judicious verdict of history will rank him as morally and intellectually the greater man of the two.

Elbert H. Gary was a "captain of industry" in the finest sense of that not always well-used phrase. Not speculative, nor predatory, nor destructive, he built his gigantic business upon the sure foundation of the best possible service and full value given for profits received; and found his own greatest success in the general welfare of the Nation.

Four very different men, all worthy of appreciative remembrance.

CAUSE NON CÉLÈBRE

Concerning the Sacco-Vanzetti case, which must always stand apart and unique in American criminal jurisprudence for its inexcusable delay, for the intensity of the passions which it aroused, and for the national and international agitation for which it was the pretext, we hold, in the language of Thomas Jefferson, these truths to be self evident:

That no man should be punished for a crime of which he is innocent, merely because he is an Anarchist; and also—

That no man should be exempted from punishment for a crime of which he is guilty, merely because he is an Anarchist.

If there had been on all hands a clearer and more controlling recognition of these fundamental principles, this unhappy case would not have been so great a peril and so great a shame.

THE PERSEVERANCE OF FAKES

The formal and ceremonious opening, after so many years, of Joanna Southcott's box, was chiefly significant as a reminder of the apparently inextinguishable persistence of even the most absurd and unfounded myths and impostures. It was astounding, of course, that Joanna Southcott could ever command the numerous following that she did, including not a few men of high intellectual attainments. But it is still more amazing to find that after all these years that following is still considerable, and is as confident as ever of her Divine character and mission. Yet, indeed, why should we wonder at it? All these years after the exposure of its utterly spurious origin, many still refer to "Mother Shipton's Prophecy" as a marvellous thing; the equally spurious fable about Saint Swithin is seriously cited every summer; while, to go back to the very beginning of things, it seems impossible to check the supremely silly identification of the apple with the "forbidden fruit". Such foibles are perhaps so harmless that it would not be worth while to seek a Constitutional Amendment or any such little thing for their suppression. But if we must cherish fables, wouldn't it be better to select or to invent some that are really worth while?

SLOPPY SPEECH AGAIN

Some two hundred and twenty-two men of "light and leading" are reported to advocate, "for the sake of originality and forcefulness", abandonment of the "strict rules of grammar and rhetoric". Why not do the same with the "strict rules" of arithmetic? There would be a most enchanting display of originality in reckoning that two and two make five. The fact is that there is just as much need of strict precision in the use of words as of figures. In witness of this, observe the frequent cases in law courts over the interpretation of words in contracts and even in statute laws which were used carelessly, perhaps incorrectly. The Supreme Court of one of the States has lately been considering an appeal in behalf of a condemned murderer, on the ground that there was a misplaced comma in the written verdict of the jury. The real need is not of abandonment, but of stricter observance, of the rules of language.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

It would be too easy, without a definition, to misunderstand such a title as the one above. It conveys, otherwise, a certain assumption, even a presumption. Yet the words themselves are simple enough. *Philosophy*, says the dictionary: *literally, the love of wisdom; in actual usage, the knowledge of phenomena as explained by, and resolved into, causes and reasons, powers and laws.*

A Philosopher is *one who loves wisdom*, says the same authority; *one who lives according to the rules of practical wisdom; one who meets or regards all vicissitudes with calmness.*

Cracker-barrel, says another authority—I have forgotten which: *a container of simple, almost elemental human food; an original source of supply; secondarily, a shrine, about which it has been customary for Village Philosophers to assemble; elders who have observed phenomena, as for instance, the weather, crops, or the Republican party, and by argument attempt to explain them and resolve them into causes and reasons, powers and laws.*

Even with such unpresumptuous definitions before us, it is necessary further to insist that a Philosopher is one who loves wisdom, not one who pretends it; also that the conductor of this department acts merely as a recorder, and that any friendly disputants, of honest purpose, are welcome around the Barrel!

* * * * *

It has been my good fortune to meet many true philosophers, unexpectedly, in odd corners of the land; some around cracker barrels, some around the sacred sawdust box, where they foregathered to ruminate while they practiced marksmanship. And whether the vista from the doorway revealed sagebush, green hill pasture, prairie, or snow capped mountain, he has found them as truly (if more unconsciously) lovers of wisdom as Plato himself.

It was with one such sage that I took counsel shortly before this writing. He raised himself creakily erect in the hollyhock path where I found him, and his aged dignity was unaffected by the fact that he had been giving a kitten

physic from a salt-spoon: "Set down on the door-step," he said; "I'll join you in a jiffy."

"Philosophy," said the Deacon meditatively; "Abner—my daughter Sarah's boy—says he's 'taking' it at college. I suppose it's being administered to him in salt-spoon doses," he added, eyeing the kitten at his feet, which was washing its face with an air of regretful reminiscence; "that's all he can take at a dose. I presume he's got an idea that philosophy was evolved by a number of gentlemen with French and German and Greek names, now dead. They put it up once and for all in labelled jars and let it jell. And Abner is now engaged in analyzing samples from the jars. But he doesn't eat any.

"I notice he's putting up a little jar of it right now, of his own," the Deacon chuckled. "Got some of the old ingredients in it, but sort of rancid. It'll go on a back shelf before long and be forgotten. Abner's a junior at college and he's greatly enjoying mental ill-health at present. He's a cynic."

"I can't think of your grandson enjoying cynicism," I said.

"I can," said the Deacon; "I'm willing he should catch all of the 'isms' he's exposed to; I'm only glad his mind's open, not shut."

"I'm told there's a lot of dangerous thinking encouraged in the colleges today."

"Thinking always was dangerous," agreed the Deacon; "but I understand there's a considerable majority of college young people avoiding danger."

But I had no desire to lead the Deacon into an argument upon the radical influences of our times. I knew how far afield it would carry us, and I was still intent upon my definitions.

"Well," I offered, "any effective teaching of economics and philosophy at college ought to save Abner a lot of wanderings."

The Deacon chewed for a moment upon a bit of straw. "I don't hold with the old theory that every child's got to have measles," he said; "but I notice that kitten there hasn't been spared the worms because his mother had 'em when she was a kitten. They're still available. No, Abner's got to go through with it. All I want is for him to keep thinking, and to try to think his thoughts as far toward any conclusion as he's able to get. I suspect he's going to have some terribly complicated philosophies whenever he gets any, but they'll get simpler as he grows older. It's a funny thing about that," mused the Deacon; "we progress—when we really do progress—*toward* simplicity rather than away from it."

"Someone else said that first, Deacon; just the other day I was reading an account of some lawsuits involving early telegraph patents. Young Mr. Edison was testifying about a patent device, and counsel asked him if it were possible that so simple an idea had not been discovered long before. 'It's the simple things that are discovered last,' said Mr. Edison; 'the simplest things of all haven't been discovered yet.'"

"He was right!" cried the Deacon. "Some day we may be junking the telegraph instruments. I guess Einstein's theory, if it's a true hypothesis,

is hard for us to understand, not because the truth in it isn't simple, but because our minds are cluttered up with a lot of error that has overlaid the truth for so long. We're always surprised when we find that some dead race possessed a simple scientific truth we thought man had lately discovered. They tell me the most important digging archæologists are doing is down through crumbled layers of stuff that men have put there in the mean time. That's probably true with philosophy. Christ put His religion into two sentences, and now we're trying to dig our way back to it through a lot of old rigamaroles."

I thought I saw an inconsistency in the Deacon's reasoning, and I said so. Was he not now asserting that the Past was wiser than the Present? Did he claim that simple Truth lay undiscovered ahead of us, or forgotten behind us?

"Ahead," said the Deacon. "The human race isn't very old, and it has wasted a lot of time puttering around. It even forgets truth it has discovered, and has to discover it all over again. And I guess from the very beginning it has liked to cover up simple truths with a lot of complicated notions. Of course there were prophets, some of 'em living what we call a long time ago, who got so far ahead that the rest of us are still trying to catch up. Yet the truths they asserted were always simple as a rail fence. Progress isn't measured by complicated inventions, but by the thoughts that go into 'em. Inventions are just by-products. The only folks that *really* benefit because of new contraptions are the ones that invented 'em, and the ones that learn just what makes 'em go. The rest of us have our minds only cluttered up by 'em. Take the movies, for instance, and motorcycles, and efficiency systems and intelligence quotients."

We were silent for a time, while the Deacon whittled.

"Take Abner again," he said, suddenly. "He's been born into a world full of intricate machinery. It ought to help him to think, but he's too busy using it. He can get to places so quick he can't see the places he passes through. His college is so full of equipment that he tumbles over it. They tell me Lord Kelvin had a laboratory about as well equipped as my kitchen, lacking some of the modern improvements. There's a boys' camp over here a-ways, where they teach arts and crafts in a beautifully equipped shop; and only about ten per cent. of 'em can sharpen a jackknife and use it without cutting their thumbs."

As the Deacon spoke, my mind went back to a little shop down on the Cape, where ships' models are made. Examples of the most delicate and intricate craftsmanship were all about, worth thousands of dollars in an eager market. The thing that had impressed me most was the absence of tools. Those that were there were few and simple. I mentioned this to the craftsman. "Give a man a good knife," he had answered, "with some wood and string and glue, and plenty of patience, and he can make anything."

"Would you make them whittle in college?" I asked the Deacon.

"You bet!" he answered; "a boy can think while he whittles, and he can't whittle while he runs an automobile."

* * * * *

As I walked away from the Deacon's door-yard, I reflected that what he had failed to give me in the way of further definition he had supplied by example. Obviously a Cracker Barrel Philosopher is one who acquires "knowledge of phenomena" because he remains near the source of supply; more important still, he has perforce cultivated a habit of observation. Throughout a long life he has daily considered the vagaries of the weather, the logic of bees, the emotions of young farm animals.

Above all, the routine of his life gives him time for daily meditation. I have heard it asserted that the Hindu is far in advance of the generality of us in philosophic thought, due to his habit of focussing his mind upon a single bit of truth for a certain time each day, while seated on a rug, or an elephant. Then may not the Deacon and his kind go quite as far, seated on a doorstep or by a cracker barrel?

It is my observation of these truest philosophers of our day that they test their meditation by daily argument. Their hearts contain the very deeps of kindliness, which they are prone to conceal; affecting great irascibility in discussion. They are quick to detect hypocrisy, pomposity, or brag, and are scornful of *ex cathedra* pronouncements; preferring to make their own!

Nor are they the product of any one section or type. Far from it! Wisdom may have had its birth in Concord, but it has not spent its life there. There are no such hollyhocks today in Farmington, Connecticut, as are to be found in Farmington, New Mexico. There are elm shaded village streets, and white houses with green blinds, and antimacassars on the haircloth chairs, and kittens on the doorstep, today in Kansas. Though some philosophers in the past may have felt in a kindly way that Denver was almost too far from Boston, there are those today who feel that Boston is almost too far from Denver.

* * * * *

It is the desire of your Department Editor to lure some of these far flung village seers in spirit to our circle; and above all, if any reader of these pages finds himself mightily moved to arguefy, he is more than welcome to a tilted chair beside the Barrel.

IN RETROSPECT

[FOR THE PRESENT OCCASION THIS DEPARTMENT IS DEVOTED TO EXTRACTS NOT FROM THE FILES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW BUT FROM PROFESSOR HERBERT B. ADAMS'S "LIFE AND LETTERS OF JARED SPARKS," PUBLISHED BY THE HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY.—*The Editors.*]

Dr. JARED SPARKS, *while yet a mere tutor in Harvard College, of which he was to be President, succeeded* WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *as the second Editor of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

This magazine was the historical outgrowth of a Boston publication called *The Anthology*, the literary organ of the Anthology Club, composed, says Dr. Ellis, of a "little circle of highly cultivated and zealous scholars in Boston and Cambridge." . . . A naïve account of Sparks's hopeful view of his duties as editor, in addition to his laborious work as college tutor, appears in a letter written February 21, 1877, to his life-long friend, Miss Storrow, of Bolton: "It will doubtless be strange news to you to hear that I have engaged to take charge of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW after the next number, when Mr. Tudor resigns. I was desired to do this by several gentlemen, and by the particular advice of the President."

The commanding place of this REVIEW *in American literature and general civilization is thus estimated:*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was a patriotic assertion, not of a mere geographical idea, but of a growing feeling of literary independence of Great Britain. . . . A modern reader, looking backwards through those early volumes of the first really successful American review, will quickly discover why, of all those pioneer magazines, it was the fittest to survive. From the beginning it contained so many articles of real literary merit and solid historical worth that it not only attracted the attention, but held the favor of the most cultivated people in New England. . . .

THE NORTH AMERICAN was, however, far from being local or provincial. It was patriotic and national. It published extracts from foreign literary journals; it kept its readers informed on foreign affairs; and noted the transactions of the French Institute, and of other learned societies in Europe. It kept an eye on the work of universities in the Old World, and recorded the most important scientific observations, wherever made. It followed with interest the career of American artists abroad, and encouraged the growth of all forms of cultivation at home. Whoever undertakes to write the history of

American thought in the nineteenth century, and to trace the gradual develop ment of literary and scientific independence in this country, must study the early series of volumes justly called THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and then follow the development of the more recent and more attractive periodical literature of which Americans have reason to be proud.

Dr. SPARKS *in 1818 removed to Baltimore and traveled in the South for a time, and was succeeded in the Editorship by* EDWARD T CHANNING, *brother of* WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, *who wrote to Dr.* SPARKS *as follows:*

I thank you for your kind offer to do any service in your power for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW during your present journey to the South. I give you full power to do anything you may think useful for it. I shall name the agents in the principal cities you will pass through. I wish the agency to be changed wherever you think proper. Especially should something effectual be done in New York.

When ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, *the distinguished diplomat and brother of* EDWARD EVERETT, *became Editor, he wrote to Dr* SPARKS, *who was in the South, in May, 1821:*

"Your North Carolina piece was a powerful means of grace." In the same letter Everett, who had rapidly conformed his magazine to the English type makes this frank confession: "Your remarks about THE NORTH AMERICAN are highly acceptable to me, since I seek nothing so much as hints toward its improvement. Your remark against its want of Americanism is just, but you must remember some things: 1st.—You cannot pour anything out of the vessel but what is in it. I am obliged to depend on myself more than on any other person, and I must write that which will run fastest. I am ashamed of this but cannot help it. 2d.—There is really a dearth of American topics; the American books are too poor to praise, and to abuse them will not do. 3d.—The people round here, our most numerous and oldest friends, have not the raging Americanism that reigns in your quarter."

THOMAS JEFFERSON, *then in retirement as "the Sage of Monticello", was a constant subscriber to and reader of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *and was much interested in what Dr.* SPARKS *wrote about Negro colonization. Under date of February 4, 1824, he wrote to the Editor:*

I duly received your favor of the 13th and, with it, the last No. of THE N. A. REVIEW. This has anticipated the one I should receive in course, but have not yet received under my subscription to the new series. The article on the Afri

can colonisation of the people of colour, to which you invite my attention, I have read with great consideration. It is indeed a fine one, and will do much good. I learn from it more too than I had before known of the degree of success and promise of that colony.

LEWIS CASS, *General, United States Senator, Cabinet Minister, and candidate for the Presidency, was a frequent contributor to* THE REVIEW. *Before becoming such, on April 22, 1826, he wrote to Dr.* SPARKS:

The reputation of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the property of the nation. In all questions affecting the literature, the history, or the policy of the United States, it must stand between our country and her traducers. And, thanks to the ability and taste displayed in its conduct, this defense is now a secure one. And it appears to me that the cardinal object in the management of the journal should be to make it respectable, abroad and at home, for its discussion of American affairs and its defense of American measures. But it ill becomes me, living at the very outskirts of the empire of literature, to obtrude my opinion on these subjects.

Only a few years after SYDNEY SMITH'S *foolish demand, "Who reads an American book?"* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *was probably more widely read in Great Britain than "The Edinburgh Review", in which the fleer appeared, was read in America; while in France, under the Restored Bourbons, its American Liberalism caused it to be banned as an incendiary and dangerous publication:*

It may with confidence be asserted that Jared Sparks was the first to give THE NORTH AMERICAN a truly national circulation, and, to some extent at least, an international reputation. . . . THE NORTH AMERICAN was not republished in England, but the suggestion of the idea by a London bookseller, and the regular sale of over one hundred copies, shows that American periodical literature was beginning to be appreciated by English people as early as 1826. . . .

In a letter written to Jared Sparks from Paris, May 29, 1824, by John F. Steele, occurs this striking passage: "You know perhaps that 'THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW' is prohibited in France. Last week, in coming from Geneva to Lyons, the diligence was stopped at Bellegarde by the custom-house officers. While they were inspecting the baggage I amused myself with reading over the *Index Expurgatorius*, where to my surprise I saw my old acquaintance, THE NORTH AMERICAN figuring, but I assure you in company which does not disgrace it."

A letter from ALEXANDER H. EVERETT *to his famous brother,* EDWARD EVERETT, *had this reference to this* REVIEW:

I am glad to find that you continue your literary labors with so much activity and zeal. The REVIEW should be the first object. It is a work of national importance, and a most effective instrument for all good purposes. To possess the direction of it is to hold an office of profit and honor that may well satisfy the ambition of any individual, and I may add of responsibility that, justly weighed, might occasionally give him some anxious moments. I doubt whether the President of the United States has a higher trust to be accountable for than the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN. This journal has now an established reputation,—the great condition for producing effect,—and should on no account be suffered to decline.

Dr. SPARKS *in 1828 corresponded with* ALEXANDER H. EVERETT *concerning the latter's disposition to purchase an interest in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

This correspondence led to the sale of Mr. Sparks's three-quarter interest in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for $15,000, March 10, 1830, to Alexander H. Everett, after the expiration of the second contract with him as a contributor. Mr. Sparks was by this time deeply engrossed in other editorial duties, and needed his capital for large historical enterprises. Henry Wheaton alludes to this transfer of the magazine, in the following letter from Paris to Mr. Sparks, April 15, 1830: "I am sorry you have given up THE NORTH AMERICAN, though I have great confidence in the abilities of your successor. He is one of our finest scholars, and in ethical speculation and classic criticism unrivaled among us, at least so I think. THE REVIEW could not have fallen into better hands. THE REVIEW is the thing for Mr. Everett, and he is the man for THE REVIEW."

Mr. Sparks wrote March 12, 1830, to one of his friends: "THE REVIEW is sold, and the money received, and all things settled. I am not very lighthearted about it; but I am sure it is for the best; and I ought certainly to be well pleased that THE REVIEW has gained constantly in my hands."

"The Boston Journal" in August, 1859, printing a list of some of the contributors to this REVIEW *and the numbers of their articles, editorially observed:*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has largely contributed to make American literature what it is. It has, from the commencement, enlisted the pens of some of our ablest writers. The reputations of our best known essayists and reviewers are mainly founded upon their contributions to its pages.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

IN AND OUT OF THE STORM CELLAR

Doubtless there are among the coupon-clipping and dividend-receiving citizens of the United States not a few who find themselves in the ungraceful position of having entered the storm cellar months ago and who refuse to come out even though the expected tornado has not yet arrived. The skies are still overcast, these gentlemen say, and in the management of investment funds discretion is still the better part of valor.

The prevalence and the many justifications for this spirit of caution, which long ago expressed itself in the liquidation of speculative or semi-speculative stocks and the transfer of funds into highly seasoned investment securities, are widely recognized. But obviously, as the resiliency of the securities' markets under a series of midsummer blows showed, there are many who feel that the broad highway is still a safe place to be. A Western banker recently pointed out that before the war the rich creditor nations of Europe—with whose economic position that of the United States is now comparable—enjoyed long periods of prosperity in which the ups and downs of the business cycle never reached extremes. To our usual somewhat blind reliance upon our prosperity, upon the unparalleled diversity and richness of our domestic market, has been added in the past two years a more specific belief that we have measurably tamed the business cycle, and that this Old Man of the Sea will never again hang periodically about our necks. It is believed that the Federal Reserve Banks have stabilized the money markets so that alternate expansion and contraction of credit will no longer be violent enough to cause severe business fluctuations. It is contended that the scientific study of business has evolved methods of control, of elimination of waste, of coadjustment of production and consumption, which will prevent the business machine from again getting disastrously "out of fix". Thus against the noticeable caution is opposed from other directions a confidence that is qualified only by admitting that prosperity is "selective" and that investment policies must be selective also.

Out of this mixed opinion security markets have moved varyingly. Bonds, recovering an early summer shaking out, advanced again. Stocks of companies which are known to be making big profits advanced also but with less impressiveness and with a sharp reaction after the highs of early August. Other stocks show less change; they are not in general favor at present prices.

Some Market Influences

The bond market is controlled principally by the price of money; the stock market by a combination of the price of money and the business outlook. The more seasoned and less speculative a stock is the more it partakes of the investment characteristics of a bond and moves in response to interest rates;

if it is not backed by a good dividend record and adequate earnings, easy money will not hold up its price. These are truisms, but they are neglected sometimes and the markets lately have excellently demonstrated their truth. Bonds declined because the avid demand for them had the usual effect of causing overproduction which congested dealers' shelves, and when the oversupply was absorbed they resumed their upward movement because abundant credit was obtainable at the cheapest rates since the business depression of 1924. The reduction in the rediscount rate of nearly all the Federal Reserve Banks to three and a half per cent. was the culmination of the downward movement of money and the signal for renewed buying of bonds which quickly carried them to new high levels. Many buyers were hesitating because they expected dearer money in the autumn, when crop moving and commercial demand for funds increase. The rate cut was a surprise to them, and as the seasonal advance in money, if it comes, will start from a lower level than anticipated, the major upward movement in bonds which began in 1925 was resumed. It carried the best bonds of the savings bank type to prices which yield about four and a quarter per cent. The profits which have accrued to banks and insurance companies on their bond investments have been huge, but the advance brings its problems, for it is hard to find outlets for new funds which will yield profitable returns. In the long run a reduction in the interest rates paid by savings banks would seem to be necessitated.

The immediate effect on the stock market of the reductions in money was distinctly perverse. Wall Street frequently sells on good news, and stocks were sold when the announcement was made. Such times are chosen as favorable for profit-taking because buyers are always to be found. In this case selling was accelerated by the collapse of preposterously over-bulled speculative stoc which lost more than half of its price in a d or two. But buyers for good stocks we numerous; convinced that easier mon promised higher prices, they supported t market. If one can buy a stock whi yields five per cent. and borrow four-fifths the purchase price at three and a half p cent., a small but certain profit can be mad as a simple calculation will show, and th elementary relationship of money rates is t best of all reasons why stocks do not go dow more when pessimism is so rife. The be stocks upon the average sell to yield no mo than one per cent. over the best bonds, an upon that theory stocks of companies whic have sufficient surpluses, large earnings an conservative dividend policies should b priced on a five per cent. basis as long a credit is abundant at present rates.

Business Tendencies

But when the stocks which meet those qua ifications are left behind the business outloo fills an increasingly larger portion of the pic ture. In determining the price of the major ty of stocks a plentitude of money plays th part of a cushion or a brake against decline rather than a positively impelling force. I the example just given no buyer would tak advantage of the favorable relationship o money rates to obtain a small profit if he ha reason to fear a greater loss of principa through a decline in price. And busines prospects may presently outweigh monetar conditions. As Colonel Ayres of the Cleve land Trust Company aptly puts it, busines enters the autumn in a state of fatigue. N machine can run at full speed indefinitel and business is no exception. Many of th major trade indices show that the volum of business is distinctly below the 192

l, and as there are just as many produc-
competing for orders, some of them nat-
ly are not making as much money.
e of them are making more. Upon the
le the larger corporations have been the
t successful, but this is a generality to
h the investor must make many excep-
s.

he business story in detail, therefore, is
of less volume and fewer profits. Car
ings, one of the best indicators of the
ement of commodities, have been con-
ntly below comparable figures for 1926
ughout the summer. A smaller move-
t of coal is partly responsible, but as
yone who needs coal has been able to buy
ithout difficulty the strike that is still go-
on in the Ohio-Indiana-Illinois bitumi-
s fields can not fairly be held accountable.
steel industry has had a quiet summer,
while the autumn will be better it does
promise to be exciting. The automobile
istry as a whole reports low production
sales figures for the summer months—
that is, by comparison with 1926—but
esses much optimism for the fall, be-
ng that the introduction of the new Ford
will bring up the totals. The outlook
the tire manufacturers is ambiguous; an
ve spring and a satisfactory summer have
umably filled an undoubted vacuum in
supplies which existed at the beginning
ne year, and the automobile statistics are
ouraging, not only because of the decline
utput, but because seventy-five per cent.
he cars manufactured this year will con-
ute replacements for cars scrapped, and
number of new tire customers added will
ewer than in several years. A decline in
price of rubber also adds to their difficul-
in earning satisfactory profits.

mong the textile industries the cotton
sion has maintained the highest rate of
vity in its history, stimulated by abun-
dant and cheap raw cotton, but woolen business is still in the doldrums and silk manufacturers have had to contend with declining raw material and a constant threat of overproduction of goods. In the oil industry good earnings have been reported by the pipe lines which have transported the greatest flood of oil that has ever been brought from the earth. But there is little solace for the producers in that fact, and oil shares have been the outstanding exception in the long extended advance in stock prices. The overproduction of oil at an excessive cost, in defiance of all principles of conservation, is a national problem which the producers in the Seminole field, in Oklahoma, the seat of all the trouble, are now seeking to solve by a coöperative restriction of production.

Building defies all predictions by going along at a satisfactory rate, clinging close to the record of the preceding years, though some of the prophets long ago announced the end of the boom. It is plain that while credit is plentiful and individual prosperity and the standard of living high, the country will remake its cities and rebuild its homes nearer to the heart's desire.

Surveying industry broadly there is not much that is exhilarating or that holds promise of change from present conditions of keen competition and moderate profits for industrial corporations. The railroads in 1927 will not earn as much by a good many millions as they did in 1926. That year as it recedes is seen to be exceptional, one that will hardly be equaled until channels clogged by forced distribution which took place then are opened again and the increase in population and national income can support such a huge business naturally.

An encouraging circumstance, and one which makes a definite impression on the stock market, is that the crops promise to return to the farmers a larger gross income this

year than in the past two; the increase over last year is estimated by Eugene Meyer, Jr., Chairman of the Federal Farm Loan Board, at a billion dollars. Unfortunately, this larger return is the result of smaller yields and higher prices for cotton and corn, which means that those who buy them will have less to spend for other commodities. Obviously there is an economic fallacy in acclaiming small crop yields as heralds of prosperity, but farmers are entitled to higher prices to restore their buying parity with industry. The rise in farm prices has checked the decline of the index numbers but many commodities and manufactured articles are nevertheless still on the downward path.

Why Men Are Cautious

So much for the measurable facts. The principal reasons for caution are to be found in those which are less tangible. One of them is the fear that several poor years for the farmer have left a financial aftermath which is still to be experienced, due mostly to declines in the value of farm land which leaves loans thoroughly "frozen" and cause loss in their liquidation. Another is the belief that the stock market advance has run its natural course—it has been under way more than three years—and that it has been accompanied by speculative excesses in various directions for which a penalty must yet be paid. These excesses include real estate booms, flotation of bonds and stocks of inferior quality, promotion of dubious schemes of "investment", and absurdly high prices for even fairly good securities. A third check on exuberance is the frequently-met belief that the so-called "high pressure selling", including installment selling, has run up the costs of distribution, clogged its channels, and created a vulnerable credit position. The famous "silk shirt era" of was indeed a pale predecessor of 1926 1927, if the comparison be made in ter the semi-luxuries purchased by peop small incomes. There are, of course, differences, notably hand-to-mouth bu and certain evil characteristics of 191 not be repeated as long as business m this generation hold the memory of it costly but perhaps worthwhile lesson.

And finally the announcement by dent Coolidge that he does not choose t again has moved the Presidential yea months ahead. Whether a Presidential is really as bad for business as so man is questionable; some statisticians con this one of our tribal superstitions, and a pains to draw graphs to demonstrate mistakenness of the belief. But John will not be convinced and his fears are a the imponderables which must be reck with.

Perhaps, therefore, the gentlemen i storm cellar, with their business policies tious and their investment funds in bonds, may yet be more comfortable those outside. Paradoxically, the more caution is observed the less need there it, and if one could but sense the policy o great majority, and act directly contra it, one could ask no better business o vestment guidance. Unfortunately fe gifted with the sixth sense necessary. certain point can be made: if the wind start to blow it can hardly be as vi as it was, for example, in Japan and many this year. This country is v better protected by its enormous c reserves.

Foreign Bonds

Lower money rates, topped off by re tions in Federal Reserve Bank redisc rates, make it continuously easy to sell

bonds in this country, and a vast number hese loans for issuance in the early fall e been arranged. It is already clear that 7 will break all records in the value of new ign securities offered to the public. Dur- the first half of the year the total was 8,684,075, according to the Department Commerce. July was a quiet month but re were a few offerings of fair size, and on gust 1 negotiations were under way, it was imated, for loans totaling about $875,000,-). There is many a slip between the nego- tion and the offering; nevertheless the rket is sure to be active. Europe is still favorite field for these loans, but the ncipal borrowers are now industrial cor- rations rather than Governments, whose eds have been well supplied. A number Government loans, however, are scheduled. ere is a rush to borrow from Germany, ere early in the summer a ten per cent. pon tax on foreign loans was rescinded. e tax had been in force for six months, and conjunction with other circumstances had ated something of a capital famine.

As this mountain of credit has been piled voices have been heard from the Broad d Wall Street wilderness warning against me of the practices that have been indulged

Several unquestioned authorities have inted rather caustically a picture of Amer- n investment bankers sitting on the door- ps of Europe and begging for someone to rrow from them, with a closer eye on the iting market back home than on the qual- of the offering. In new enthusiasm for eign bonds with their relatively high lds, therefore, investors must bear in mind at they should be subjected to exactly the me tests of quality as domestic bonds and extra degree of caution observed on gen- l principles. At one time perhaps only e most carefully selected foreign bonds ached this market, but the business has achieved "mass production" size now and only in the millenium will the skimmed milk be kept entirely separated from the cream. In buying foreign bonds as well as any other the seasoned reputation of the issuing house should be the first care of the investor, for able judgment and high probity in the first place, and willingness and ability to represent the creditors as necessary in the second, are requisites of safety for which even the most skilled investors must rely largely upon the house of issue. In the long run foreign bonds are likely to show as high an average of safety and regularity of interest payment as domestic bonds, but it is hardly to be expected that all of them can show the same marketability or sell upon as high a basis.

That the warnings mentioned will check foreign bond flotations would be too much to expect. Capital is fluid and international boundaries interpose no appreciable obstacles to its movement. Other countries need it; we have it. They will pay the price necessary to get it. No change in our creditor position within at least the next generation appears likely, and for some time to come we shall be compelled to lend to foreign countries to provide them with means for buying what we wish to sell them. This is already one of the biggest of big businesses, and it requires as much, and as little, attention to *caveat emptor* as does the purchase of a house or an automobile.

Our International Balance Sheet

While the stream of foreign loans thus flows unchecked consideration of the ocean into which it is emptying is made possible once a year by the publication of our international balance sheet as prepared by the Department of Commerce. As a summation of the creditor position that the United States has attained this document is extraor-

dinarily interesting; it includes estimates of all the "invisible" items as well as statistics of commodity and gold movements and on balance it reveals that our "net growth as a creditor nation", to use Secretary Hoover's expression, is much less than might be assumed from the figures of our foreign loans. Thus our investments abroad yielded interest and dividend payments of $678,000,000 in 1926, and payments to our government of interest and principal on the war debts added another $195,000,000, but this vast sum was not moved to this country; our tourists spent about the same amount in foreign countries so that the bookkeeping entries approximately cancel each other. We are coming as near to eating our cake and having it too as one could well do, for 370,000 Americans went overseas and spent an average of $1,250 each last year, and other tourists spent an additional $215,000,000 in Canada and Mexico, without exceeding the interest due them on loans they had already made to their hosts. The income of a creditor nation eventually must be distributed among its citizens in one form or another and if Americans choose to spend part of it on travel instead of all of it on fabricated goods of various kinds our manufacturers of competing articles should welcome the exodus as warmly as do the steamship companies. The building up of an extravagantly large credit balance, which must eventually be paid by the debtor in either gold or goods, brings with it economic problems of the gravest sort, and it is just as well that the process is retarded by our penchant for travel until we better understand those problems and are prepared to cope with them.

We still ship to foreign countries more merchandise than we receive from them, and shall continue to do so as long as we lend abroad so freely. It ought to be kept clearly in mind that we are maintaining our merchandise export excess only by our loans, a that when we stop our loans we must be p pared to receive and encourage an import cess; hence it will follow that our exports c be enlarged only as we permit our imports grow, a stone wall whose existence may eve tually turn all our manufacturing export into free traders.

The actual addition to our credit balar in 1926 was $557,000,000. Not all of t amount was moved abroad, however; forei balances in American banks increased $35 000,000 and on December 31 stood at $1,44 000,000. Thus we are a short-term debt nation as well as a long-term creditor, and these balances have added much to the sup abundance of credit available in our secu ties markets so their withdrawal, when comes, will subtract from that credit. Mea while they serve as a prop to securities pric but a string tied to the prop is held abro and may be pulled as interest rates in forei markets rise above those obtainable in N York. A movement of funds abroad has fact been distinctly noticeable since the cent reductions in the Reserve Banks' red count rates. For the verity of the metaph it should be emphasized that this is only o of many props. In its last annual report t Federal Reserve Board dealt at some leng with these foreign balances; the banks a well prepared, with record stores of gold, meet their withdrawal with a minimum disturbance to the money markets of t country.

Among the information items obtainab from this balance sheet is the fact that o illicit liquor imports total about $40,000,0 each year, the price presumably being th in the country of origin.

Treasury Finance

The key to recent government financ operations is the maturity of the Seco

erty Loan 4¼ per cent. bonds on vember 15 next. In March the asury retired $1,360,000,000 of these ds, nearly one-half of the amount then standing, by giving five-year 3½ per cent. es in exchange for them, with two months ra interest payments on the 4¼s added as npensation for the lower rate. In June an r of a long term 3⅜ per cent. bond in exnge was made, but it proved less popular, l only $245,000,000 of the Second Liber- were turned in. The Government has rchased about $63,000,000 for cash. There nain to be retired through exchange or h payment about $1,276,000,000. Ogden Mills, Under Secretary of the Treasury, d in a recent speech that a third exchange er, this time of a short term Treasury cercate, would be made to holders of the Libies, and that certificates would also be d to provide cash for retiring those bonds sented for cash payment. Later Mr. lls qualified this statement by saying t it should not be construed to mean t another long term bond offer will not made.

One may doubt the effectiveness of an offer exchange a short term certificate, as most the Liberties still outstanding are held by lividual investors who do not usually buy -months', nine-months', or one-year secues; banks, which do buy such certificates a rule accepted the first exchange offer. ost of the bonds, therefore will likely be d off in cash, but it is safe to say that a ge number of them, with a value running obably into nine figures, will never be preted for payment, at least not until they rescued from the family stocking perhaps nerations hence.

Outstanding U. S. Government bonds ve been very firm, and for the most part de new high prices for all time during gust. Even the 3⅜s sold at a premium. The supply of Government bonds is being steadily diminished through debt reduction, and there is no corresponding decrease in the supply of funds for investment, a fact that in the long run must sustain the prices of Government securities and exert a strengthening influence throughout the bond market.

"Unpegging" Bonds

Some investors, with a shrewdness which overreaches perhaps as frequently as it attains its object, often refuse to buy new bond issues until after their distribution is completed and the distributing syndicate is dissolved. Their theory is that new bonds will dip, perhaps only temporarily, when the syndicate "peg" is pulled out. Obviously such a theory, as a generalization, is defective; if the bonds are properly priced when first issued would-be buyers have nothing to gain by deferring purchases, and if the market advances of course they lose. However, Wall Street this summer has seen several flagrant instances of abrupt breaks in overpriced issues after the syndicates were dissolved, and the syndicate system has been subjected to more probing and discussion than at any time since it was evolved.

A "syndicate agreement" in bond-selling terminology is the agreement entered into by dealers, to whom are allotted portions of a new issue, that they will offer the securities to the public at the subscription price for a stated period of time, usually thirty days. The agreement may be and often is renewed. The theory is that the market must be protected against decline during the period of distribution. After the expiration of the agreement the market is "free" and the price finds its natural level. If the original price

accurately appraises the market the transition from a pegged to a free market is painless; if it is too high or too low the readjustment is sometimes abrupt.

Times like the present, when there are bond buyers on every bush, tempt to overpricing. The demand for securities has frequently appeared to be so insatiable that investment bankers have scrambled to obtain new offerings. When it is known that an industrial corporation thinks of floating a bond issue bankers rush to bid; and competitive bidding participated in by possibly two dozen houses is a prolific breeder of overpricing. The highest bidder obtains the bonds, and it is not surprising that prices often get out of line with the true market.

When syndicate agreements on a number of overpriced issues expire about the same time, and particularly when large flotations have congested dealers' shelves, the necessary readjustments are broad enough to shock the entire bond market. That set of circumstances developed during the summer and it is not unlikely to develop again. Some have suggested that the British bond marketing system is superior; there syndicate agreements are not in vogue, a free market is established as soon as new securities are placed on sale, and if the subscription price has been out of line the true level is found at once. It is also proposed that new bonds shall not be listed on the Stock Exchange until syndicate distribution has been completed because a newly-listed bond is often a target for "sharpshooters" who force the price down temporarily. However, the unlisted market is virtually as important as the listed and the distinction is not vital. The crux of the matter is in the accuracy with which the original price of the bond is fixed, and if a mistake is made the consequences cannot be averted in the bond business any more than any other.

Investment Trusts

One of the most important and lately o of the most discussed additions to Americ investment machinery is the investme trust. It has been thrust into the spotlig within recent weeks by initiation of state a federal investigations into the organizati and present condition of several of th trusts. The sturdier the oak the more lik are parasites to attach themselves, and mushroom growth has exceeded legal or et cal limits in some directions the eagerness promoters to "get aboard" is testimony the sound principle of the investment tr and the success which has thus far attend its extension to this country.

"Investment trust" as it has been adopt in American financial parlance is a more clusive term than it has been in England Scotland, where the trust originated. E lish investment trusts deal in perhaps h dreds of securities all over the world, a their managers have broad powers of s stitution within certain general limitati laid down. The purchasers of shares these trusts in effect entrust their savi to able men to invest, and allow them manipulate the investments unrestrain except for broad general restrictions. follows that the element of manageme enters into trusts of this character in v high degree and the big British trusts ha attained their position because they ha been so ably operated.

In bringing investment trusts to this co try the British pattern has been followed some cases; in trusts so created a very hi degree of diversification—far beyond that tainable by any save multimillionaire inv tors—is required by the terms of the agr ment and ample powers of substitution granted within those limitations. But Am ican adapters have gone further. They ha

ated trusts in which there is no power of
bstitution whatever; a number of care-
ly chosen securities are impounded and
e subscribers enjoy the income from those
urities, and those only, for better or worse,
ever after. Those securities may be well
versified, or they may not be; there are in
istence investment trusts which hold only
ilroad shares, for example, or only public
ility bonds and stocks, and others go a step
rther and hold only securities of compa-
es in a single industry. The variety is al-
ost limitless.

The success which has attended the for-
ation of these trusts and the sale of their
curities during the past five years is evi-
nce of the huge numbers of small investors
this country who see in them a means of
stributing risks that is otherwise unattain-
le. Considerably more than a hundred
usts have been formed within that time,
d it is estimated that approximately half a
llion dollars has been invested in them.

It is obvious that any given form of organ-
ation of investment trusts has both its
erits and demerits. The rigid trusts, in
hich no substitution is permitted—whose
rtificates of participation are frequently
own as "bankers' shares"—renounce to
me extent the broad principle of diversifica-
on which is the *raison d'être* of the trust.
n the other hand, the buyer of their shares
ows more exactly what he is getting, and
ere is no room for error of management,
hereas the trusts in which broad powers of
bstitution exist may become over-specula-
ve and are more subject to loss from faulty
eration. It is less important to decide
at one of these forms is better *per se* than
e other than it is to know that each is ex-
tly what it purports to be, that shares are
ld for white when they are white and black
hen they are black. Then if one chooses to
ke the "business man's risk" of buying
shares in a trust whose investments are entirely in one industry in which he has complete confidence, who should say him nay?

The Attorneys-General, State and Federal, enter the picture only as watch-dogs to see that the organization of investment trusts is legally what it should be, that the terms of the trust agreement are followed out in their management, and that there is no misrepresentation or fraud in the sale of their securities, which may be debenture bonds or preferred stock as well as common stock. As the particular points on which their inquiries center are informative to possible buyers of these securities they may be set down as follows:

1. That there is no downright fraud or misrepresentation such as the federal government might reach through the statute against misuse of the mails.

2. That the trust is not run in such a manner as to permit its officials to make an undue personal profit through the sale of securities to it.

3. That no trust, selling shares which it claims are of investment grade, is really a "blind pool", trading in and out of securities or even commodities for a speculative profit. If a trust is formed to speculate its shares should be sold with a clear presentation of that fact.

4. That officials are not speculating personally on the credit of the trust.

5. That the trust is not formed as a "dumping ground" for slow selling or undesirable securities, often with the names of prominent men attached to make the selling easier.

The investigations are welcomed by investment trust leaders. They will do much to put the business on a high plane this early in its youth, and its future in the United States appears extraordinarily bright.

AS OTHERS SEE IT

Leading, Every Month

SIR:

I note your announcement that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will resume its monthly publication in September, and I greatly endorse and approve of the change you are about to make. THE NORTH AMERICAN ought to be a monthly publication and it ought to keep up its high character of articles as it has done in the past. It has held a leading place in literature of its class always and I hope that it will continue to be a leader in all matters of public character so that the Republicans and Democrats, or other political organizations, may find in its pages a place for any article on public questions. I naturally turn to THE NORTH AMERICAN as the magazine above all other in which these questions will be discussed and in which there is to be no haggling as to whether the article will help the Republicans or the Democrats.

T. B. EDGINGTON.

Memphis, Tenn.

An Editorial Appreciated

SIR:

I congratulate you upon the latest issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and especially on the editorial that is quoted in this morning's *Journal of Commerce*.

THEODORE H. PRICE.

New York.

[The article was entitled *Is It a Fools' Paradise?*—EDITORS.]

"Is It a Fools' Paradise?"

SIR:

With reference to your editorial heade *Is It a Fools' Paradise?* I wonder if Americ is really in danger of an industrial crisis So much that has been anticipated in th last two years has failed to materialize, tha one is inclined to question whether som factor has not escaped attention.

The welfare of any community is obviousl dependent on its wealth, which means simpl the amount of goods of utility value whic can be produced and consumed. Inasmuc as the consuming capacity of any communit is almost unlimited, the only danger lie in not adjusting production sufficientl quickly to changing demand. For exampl competition for a market in a certain profi able line may result in increasing costs an over-production. Resistance from consum ers is then encountered and the produce finds himself loaded with high-costing in ventories on which he must take a los This brings unemployment and distress.

Judging from current financial review no such condition exists today. We hav the somewhat novel situation of high wage with low prices; and we are told that becaus of the great efficiency of transportatio inventories generally are low. This appea reasonable. If producers are making lo profits because of low prices, they have n incentive for over-producing. With lo prices consumers have nothing to gai through a buyers' strike. Where is th danger in such a situation?

DAVID M. FIGART.

New York.

A CHAMPION TO HIS SON

ALCOLM WHITMAN, after winning the National Tennis Champion- in 1898, 1899 and 1900, together with other championships in the same , decided to retire. He was urged, however, to defend in the International hes in 1900 and did so, winning both matches. Then he actually did retire, laying competitively at all in 1901. In 1902, however, he was persuaded to in the Internationals against the British team. This was the year in which is graduated from the Law School and took his Bar Examinations and he ired out, yet played as well as ever.

ter these matches, however, he went away to rest, and during this period the following article, as an expression of his own attitude toward the con- in which he had taken part, and as a reminder of what he would want to say to er, should occasion arise. Many years afterward—in fact, only a little ago—he dug it from his files and sent a fair copy of it to his son, as the sel of his own experience, not only for tennis but for any other worthy effort e.—THE EDITORS.]

A REMINDER

In any serious game of accomplishment, whether in business or in sport, when you el that you are winning, when your instinct tells you that you have the game well hand, be all the more cautious, all the more painstaking, all the more careful. lake assurance doubly sure. Let the prospect of your success quicken and enliven ou to renewed effort.

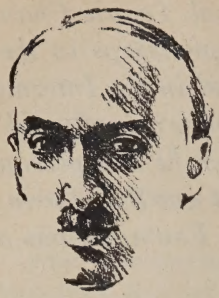
If you actually win, let it make you humble rather than proud. Never consider our crown of laurels, for too often it forms itself into a funeral wreath. The mbols of triumph can become the symbols of destruction in the twinkling of an eye.

Remember that the difference between winning and losing, between success and ilure, is but a hair's breadth. Leave no stone unturned. The best men of any ven talent are those that struggle on till the last detail is properly done.

Remember that the silent man you address may know more of the subject than ou do. Take nothing for granted in your search for information or knowledge. et your knowledge, if superior, demonstrate itself. It will in the long run. Do not y to prove your wisdom yourself. Be humble therefore in your knowledge, as well in your attitude toward success.

And above all, work hard at whatever you do. Work is the wine of the wise, the st antidote for boredom and the most wholesome recipe for a contented mind.

So stick to your last to the last, my Son.



THE AUTHOR

Announcing ...

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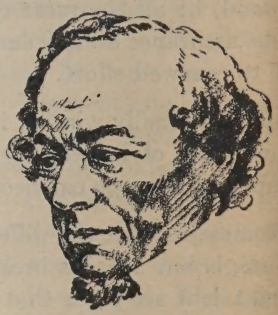
In the October issue of THE FORUM

André Maurois has rapidly become a force in French letters. It is good news, therefore, that he has written a new biography of England's famous statesman. M. Maurois is best known in this country for his *Ariel*, a life of Shelley. In England his *Silences of Colonel Bramble* and its two sequels are already hailed as classics.

He who would have solemn paragraphs about Disraeli must look elsewhere. For in this biography you will find only the man himself. Would you know what happened to the dropped apostrophe? The youthful Dizzy's taste in waistcoats? How to manage an Empress of India? The soul of a man and the life of the very good Queen Victoria's not-quite-so-good London?



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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

ATLEE POMERENE (*Why Democrats Favor Smith*), widely known as the former Senator from Ohio who prosecuted the Sinclair and Doheny oil cases, has just returned from Europe where he visited the battlefields of France. Born in Ohio, this public-spirited citizen began his law career with practice in his native State, to which he has returned since the termination of his second term in the Senate.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt (*Why Democrats Favor Smith*) is often seen posed with her four children, indicating that the dictates of motherhood and the home are preëminent in her life. In spite of this, however, she is active politically, being a member of the Democratic State Committee from the district where is situated her country place in Dutchess County, a director of the Women's City and County Club in Poughkeepsie, vice-chairman of the Woman's City Club in New York City, and a member of the Board of Directors of *The Woman Citizen*.

Philip Whitwell Wilson (*Divorce and the Church*) is an Englishman who, having married an American wife, has been making New York his home. A product of Cambridge, a member of the House of Commons for four years, he has also had long experience on *The London Daily News*, and *The New York Times*, as well as having contributed to this REVIEW in times past. *The Greville Memoirs* have just been edited by him, from whose pen we also have *The Christ We Forget* and other books on religious and political subjects. Although so weighty an authority in his own line, Mr. Wilson's secret desire is to write a series of hairbrained detective stories!

Donald L. Stone (*Uncertainties of Our Constitution*) owns to having done graduate work at Harvard and Princeton, and states that he is now Assistant Professor of Political Science at Dartmouth College. In view of much recent discussion of the intention of the Constitution makers, his article will be timely reading.

Donald Budd Armstrong (*A Long Life and a Merry One*) is a hygienist who has spent his life of forty-one years in an effort to make healthier citizens. After taking his college degrees, he plunged into committees and commissions organized for the prevention of tuberculosis. His outstanding accomplishments include directorship of the Health Experiment at Framingham, Massachusetts, development of the National Health Council, secretaryship of the Milbank Memorial Fund, and at present he is serving as Assistant Secretary of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. It is to be recalled that he established the first public laundry in New York City, that he wrote the Metropolitan Life's prize essay on sex hygiene for adolescents, and that he has battled manfully to demonstrate that flies menace babies' health.

Rheta Childe Dorr (*A Convert from Socialism*) is a journalist whose interest in sociology and politics has led to wide travel and extended sojourns in most countries of Europe. During the World War she acted as war correspondent on the Eastern and Western Fronts for *The New York Evening Mail* and its syndicate of newspapers. In Russia she accompanied the famous Women's Battalion of Death to the front, witnessing the last Kerensky offensive. Since the war Mrs. Dorr has spent nearly five years in the study of reconstruction problems in Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia and the Balkans. In this article she admits that her recent observations have turned her from an experimental Radical to a sober Conservative.

Edward Clarence Plummer (*Merchant Ships and the Navy*) was born within sound of the sea sixty-three years ago and has been devoted to it ever since. Coming from a line which for six generations had been ship builders, he himself worked as a boy in the trade previous to graduating from Bowdoin College. Although honored by his home State, Maine, in various ways, he was called to larger service when he became attorney for the Atlantic Carriers' Association and assisted in formulating plans for a restoration of American vessels to the foreign trade of the United States. Since 1921 he has been in charge of traffic of the United States Shipping Board, from which vantage he has spoken and written voluminously. We likewise wish to re-

cord that Mr. Plummer is the author of sea stories and poems, which shows that his advocacy of the briny deep is not wholly wrapped up in the practical.

¶ *Keyes Winter* (*Parasites of Finance*) is a fraud prevention chief whose present topic is the swindling of the unwary. Born in Indianapolis, he followed his father in a law firm, until the time of entering the service of the State of New York, as Assistant Attorney-General in charge of the Fraud Prevention Bureau. He came into prominence as a stock expert and prosecuted sensationally big cases, such as that of the Consolidated Stock Exchange. With his retirement from the Attorney-General's staff Mr. Winter has been elected Republican leader of the Assembly District in which his home is located in New York.

¶ *Carlton Kendall* (*Pseudo-Geniuses*) evidently knows the Latin Quarter wherever situated—London, Paris, New York, or in California. Yet he is not an artist, rather the author of books upon sociological subjects, for the study of which he has been tarrying abroad. While in Europe he made his headquarters in Paris and we may be sure he did not neglect securing "local color" by way of Montmartre.

¶ *John Clair Minot* (*What Door Does the Phi Beta Kappa Key Open?*) knows the world of affairs as well as the classics. Graduate of Bowdoin, he has written and sung of his Alma Mater as well as officiating on her Board of Overseers. Although Boston is the seat of his editorial experience, he is ably equipped to size up ability in other than literary lines.

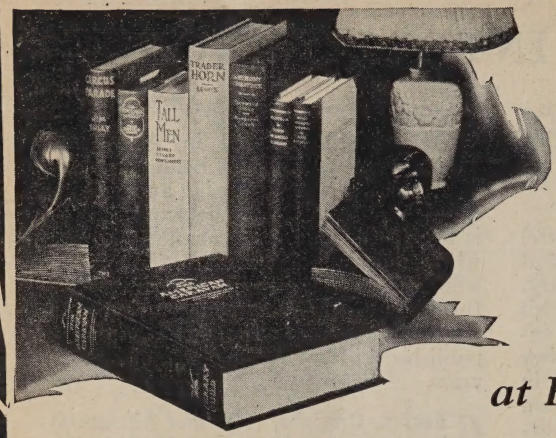
¶ *Robert P. Tristram Coffin* (*From Whitehead to Le Havre*), although born on the coast of Maine, must have lived once upon a time in the England of King Alfred or Richard Cœur de Lion, his gift of poetical interpretation is so real. And yet he is geniunely of our times with his humorous account of how he "adjutanted" a troup of Americans to France during the War, which will be of especial interest because of the recent gathering of the A. E. F. in France. Mr. Coffin is now Professor of English at Wells College, where he has installed in the Honor Course the Oxford idea of reading and enjoying rather than analyzing and reciting English literature. At the same time he is busily at work on a volume of essays, while enjoying the fruits of publicity which have come from the publication this year of *Dew and Bronze*, a book of verse containing some poems origina'ly published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

¶ *Earl L. Bradsher* (*Age and Literature*) has for seventeen years been teaching literature in institutions of higher learning, such as Dartmouth, and the Universities of Illinois, Texas, and Louisiana, respectively. He has formerly contributed to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and his work has appeared in *The Bookman*, as well as in *The Cambridge History of American Literature*.

¶ *Edwin L. Arnold* (*Giants and White Horses*), on leaving college, turned his attention to cattle-breeding on the wildest part of the Scottish border. He afterwards went out to India, where he opened up to cultivation a great tract of unsurveyed forest in Travancore. Returning to England, he now shoots and fishes during his leisure, and devotes his time to literature and journalism.

¶ *Parke H. Davis* (*Football and its Satellites*) has been actively identified with football for almost forty years. In his undergraduate days he was a player at Princeton, later a nationally known coach, founder of football at the University of Wisconsin, for fifteen years a member of the Rules Committee, in which capacity he originated and incorporated in the rules many of the game's most attractive features. He is the author of a classic history of the sport and now serves all the colleges of the United States as their statistical recorder.

¶ *Willis Fletcher Johnson* (*Thanatopsis, Old and New*), has long been connected with the editorial staff of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. He is a member of the Council of New York University, and the author of many works of history and biography.



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Rochester, N. Y.—"I was so enchanted with m book 'Tall Men,' that I actually forgot the world cares. I was really and truly thrilled with th book."—W. E. K.

Cedar Falls, Iowa—'Trader Horn' is surely find . . . If the Guild didn't publish another boo this year, I would feel satisfied with what I no have. 'Trader Horn' is worth a year's subscri tion."—E. F. S.

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Brooklyn, N. Y.—"A friend has asked me abou joining another book club, and I have advised hi to consider your proposition. I have just complete 'Tall Men.' Your selections always please me."— A. R. W.

New York City—"I love the charm and beaut of 'Mr. Fortune and his Maggot.' It is the first tim I have read the subject so exquisitely handled— had to tell you of my happiness that I had the sens to see the golden hours of beauty that lay in th path of the Guild."—E. R.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1927

WHY DEMOCRATS FAVOR SMITH

I

ON RECORD AND PRINCIPLE

BY THE HON. ATLEE POMERENE

As the National Democratic Convention approaches, a very solemn duty devolves upon the followers of Jefferson, and Jackson, and Cleveland, and Wilson.

What is here written must not be construed as a commitment for or against any candidate. We have many leaders who are capable and worthy. The time is not ripe for Democrats to commit themselves unequivocally, either for or against any individual whose name may be presented to the Convention. Candidates are often made or unmade within a few months. As the time for the Convention approaches, our vision should be clearer than now. Of this I am certain: The nominee should be a Democrat, and his platform should be Democratic. No one should be nominated because he is a one idea man. We should take stock of his views and his record as a whole. A many sided man was never more needed than now.

I

Among those uppermost in the thoughts of Democrats throughout the land is Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York. His friends are legion. They are full of hope and enthusiasm. On

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the other hand, in various sections of the country, there is opposition, bitter, intense, unyielding. Every Democrat owes it to himself, his party, and his country, not to be guided blindly by the friends of any candidate, nor to permit himself to be controlled by the bias and prejudice of his foes.

What manner of man is Alfred E. Smith? Nineteen times he has been a candidate of his party for various offices, and only once did he go down in defeat, in 1920, when the Republican National ticket carried New York by more than a million, while Governor Smith was defeated by only seventy-four thousand. Four times he has been elected Governor, and with each recurring term the voters' confidence in his manhood and statemanship has increased, until his name has become a household word in the Empire State. To them he is to the "manor born". He can "walk with kings nor lose the common touch".

The great German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, said: "The most uncommon of all the senses is common sense". Governor Smith is endowed with a full measure of common sense.

His official life has not been a bed of roses. At all times during the years that he has occupied the Governor's office the majority of the Legislature has been Republican. I am sorry to say it, but repeatedly the Republican General Assembly has sought to embarrass him, and I fear because it was seeking party advantage, and not the good of the Commonwealth. But he pursued the even tenor of his way, unafraid, confident of the rightness of his cause, and with an abounding faith that the adverse majority against him would be compelled by the force of public opinion to carry through his legislative programme.

The people of New York who know him best love him most.

We have forty-eight States, with forty-eight Governors, many of them able men, but in service to his State Governor Smith leads them all. Four times as Governor he has sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and of the State of New York, and no one is able truthfully to charge that he has not kept the faith. His has been a record of achievement. He has a genius for statecraft. Among the great Democrats who have been elected Governors of New York since the Civil War, three outstanding men come to our minds: Samuel J. Tilden, Grover

Cleveland, and David B. Hill. But great as these men were, Governor Smith, in purpose and achievement, is the equal of any of them. He is not a prophet without honor in his own country.

When the New York Constitutional Convention met in 1915, New York's greatest lawyer and stateman, Elihu Root, was the presiding officer. He said of Governor Smith, then a delegate: "Of all the men in the Convention, Alfred E. Smith is the best informed man on the business of the State of New York." And former Attorney-General George W. Wickersham said Smith was "the most useful man in the Convention".

No one is more responsible than he for the adoption of the Merit system in appointments to public office. He was the chief spirit in the establishment of the Budget system. He was first and foremost in having laws passed for the protection of the life and health of women and children. He succeeded in pensioning widowed mothers. He secured State aid for the promotion of the health of rural communities. He brought about the enactment of the Workmen's Compensation Law. He established labor boards to mediate disputes between employer and employe. He advanced coöperative marketing, largely extended the State highways, took special pains to extend the educational system of the State, and, because of his efficiency in the administrative departments of the government, reduced the income tax of the State by twenty-five per cent. and the direct tax on land values throughout the State by another twenty-five per cent. Many of these reforms were brought about in spite of the initial opposition of the Republican majority in the General Assembly.

With these achievements to his credit, why should his friends not consider him in connection with higher honors?

II

It is well known that Governor Smith favors the modification of the Volstead Law. In 1926 New York, by a majority of 1,164,586, voted for its modification. This is a mooted question and deserves serious consideration.

Notwithstanding his personal views and this vote, he recognizes so fully the obligation of his oath to enforce the law that he said in

his message to the Legislature, on January 15, 1927, with reference to the vote in that State favoring a modification of the Volstead Law:

> In the mean time, however, it must be borne in mind that until such modification is effected, the Federal statute and the Eighteenth Amendment are just as much the law of this State as any of our own State statutes. This has been definitely settled by a decision of the United States Supreme Court. *I again warn sheriffs and peace officers generally that it is their sworn duty to enforce these laws. Failure to perform this duty I will consider as serious an offense as a failure to obey the State statutes, and when laid before me, substantiated by proper and competent testimony, I will exercise without fear or favor the power of removal, wherever it is vested in me.*

It is better to have a Governor or a President personally "wet" who will enforce the law, than a Governor or a President personally "dry" who will not or cannot enforce it. All laws should be enforced, and enforced with vigor. If they are good laws, to borrow a thought from General Grant, they ought to be enforced. If they are bad laws, the best way to secure their repeal is by enforcing them.

What Democratic Governor of our day has accomplished more for his constituency or has a better code of political morals? No one who has watched his career can believe that he would not to his uttermost, if elected to the Chief Magistracy of the country, enforce the Constitution and the laws of the United States, and every provision thereof. His personal character, his political beliefs and actions, as well as his official record, are all a proper subject of inquiry, study, and legitimate criticism. His availability should be determined by his whole conduct and political belief, and not by any single act or view. I submit, such is the rule by which fair-minded men will judge him and every other candidate.

III

What then is the chief objection which is urged to Governor Smith's candidacy?

We are told that he is a Catholic. He admits it. What of it?

Has his religion made him less honorable as a citizen or less capable as a Governor? Have we come to a point where we must

disregard the qualifications or lack of qualifications of a candidate for high office, and support or oppose him simply because he belongs to one church or another? Are we to blind ourselves to the one principle of our Government which above every other has made this the most united, the greatest, country in all the world? I speak of freedom of conscience.

We ought to accord to every man and woman the privileges which we claim for ourselves. Have we forgotten our Americanism and our Democracy?

Harking back through the dim vista of past centuries, our Fathers saw the indescribable sufferings of men, women and children, because religious sects were intolerant of the creeds of one another; sometimes one to blame, and sometimes the other, all of them actuated more by zeal than by knowledge. The Fathers remembered these lessons of the past, and sought to prevent their recurrence. So they wrote into the Constitution these words: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States."

Before the Constitution was adopted, the discussions incident to its ratification by the States made it clear that the people demanded that a Bill of Rights should be added to the Constitution as originally written. The very first provision of the very first article of this Bill of Rights declared: "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." And be it remembered that Thomas Jefferson, the father of Democracy, led the fight for this Amendment.

Were the Fathers right or wrong when they adopted these provisions? If right, then we should support them, as well as every other part of the Constitution, by our every act, our voice, our vote. If wrong, then it ought to be the duty of those who so believe to propose an Amendment to the Constitution to repeal them, and to declare that there should be a religious test for office holders, and that Congress should have the right to make laws establishing religion and prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

Officers are required to take an oath to support the Constitution. Natural born citizens are not required to take such oath. But, whether required or not, it is, and ought to be, the duty of

every office holder and every citizen to support the Constitution, and the whole Constitution, and when any office holder or voter denies the eligibility of a candidate to office because of his religion, he is indirectly, if not directly, offending both the letter and the spirit of our fundamental law. He is nullifying it.

Who among those who oppose the nomination or election of a Catholic or a Jew to high office would not resent the action of a Catholic or a Jew who should oppose a candidate because he was an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, or a Baptist? Will any of them be so unfair or unjust as to arrogate to himself privileges he will not accord to his fellow citizens? If a Catholic or a Jew were to insist that no one should be eligible to high office unless he accepted Catholicism or Judaism, what a wailing and gnashing of teeth we would witness!

In every National crisis, from the Revolution to the World War, no American has ever thought of questioning the loyalty of his fellow Americans because of differences in religious belief. When the World War was on, did any mother fear for the safety of her son who was on the battle front because he was fighting, it may be, with a Catholic on one side and a Jew on the other? If they were good enough to fight the country's battles in time of war, let us not deny them the right to be candidates for office in time of peace.

To say that men and women cannot be trusted because of their faith is to belie our experience. Many able men in every branch of our Government service have been Catholics or Jews, and who has doubted them? Governor Smith in his letter to Charles C. Marshall refers to the enviable record of Chief Justice Taney and Chief Justice White, who for nearly a quarter of our country's history presided over the Supreme Court. Who would dare to slander their memory by questioning their loyalty to the country they loved so well?

And recently, one of the Naval Reserve Oil cases came on for trial before an Irish Catholic judge. The president of the defendant companies was an Irish Catholic. Word was constantly coming to the Special Counsel that the Government would lose; that the cards were stacked; that no matter what the facts and the evidence might be, the judge would decide in favor of his

coreligionist. It was a base slander upon an able and honorable jurist. He found fraud and corruption and conspiracy in the contracts and leases, and set them aside. And when the case got to the Supreme Court of the United States, it was an Irish Catholic Justice who handed down the unanimous decision of that bench, affirming this finding.

But the critics say that if Governor Smith is elected President he will fill all appointive offices with men of his own faith. By his fruits we ought to judge him. Under a recent law in New York, Governor Smith appointed the first Cabinet to sit in that State. He appointed therein two Catholics, thirteen Protestants and one Jew.

I have no patience with the injection of the religious issue into our campaigns, whether it is for or against a candidate. Those who require a religious test for office are rejecting the cornerstone of the temple of the Republic.

There are many great safeguards in the Constitution for the protection of our lives and our liberties. All of them were thought necessary "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity". I revere the Constitution. If some superman, with the power to execute his threat, were to say to me, "All the protecting privileges and safeguards of the Constitution save one will be taken away, and you can make your choice," I would answer: "Leave to the American people their religious freedom, which has made our country so great and so happy."

The free exercise of religion in this country is not due to one sect or creed. It was the common demand of all. While it is true that Protestant Virginia gave religious freedom to the Catholics in Virginia, it is also true that Catholic Maryland gave the same privileges to the Protestants of that State.

When I remember that Thomas Jefferson was the author of the statute giving religious liberty in Virginia, and through his great influence this same guaranty was put into the Bill of Rights, I do not see how any Democrat can raise the religious issue for or against any candidate. When I remember the guaranty of these privileges in the Constitution, I do not understand how any

American who believes in our history can raise it. And when I remember that Holy Writ bids us do unto others as we would be done by, I cannot understand how any Christian can raise it. Truly, no genuinely religious man will fight another because of his religion. It may be that some officers of the Catholic or Jewish faith have gone wrong. So have officers of other faiths. They are, however, the exception. Let that sect which is without sin cast the first stone!

I hope—I pray—that in November, 1928, the best qualified Democrat in the United States may be elected President. I care not whether he be Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant.

II

AS A PRACTICAL IDEALIST

BY MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

I am for Governor Smith, because of his astonishing knowledge of government, his power of clear, straight thinking, his intolerance of trickery and chicanery, his courage and unswerving honesty, but above all because he has a human heart and does not consider that success in the life of individual or nation can be measured by a bank balance or treasury credit.

The big question before our people today is whether we are to be more material in our thinking, judging administrative success by its economic results entirely and leaving out all other achievements. History shows that a nation interested primarily in material things invariably is on the downward path. Great wealth has ruined every nation since the day that Cheops laid the corner stone of the Great Pyramid, not because of any inherent wrong in wealth, but because it became the ideal and the idol of the people. Phœnecia, Carthage, Greece, Rome, Spain, all bear witness to this truth, which is far more fundamental and vital to us than Prohibition, high or low Tariff, Catholic or Protestant Presidents. Somehow or other during the next decade we will find a way to have practical temperance. We will not always have an ineffectual, politically-minded, partisan Tariff Commission. Religious intolerance is already dying out. But if we do

not stem the tide of crass materialism, we are headed for a really dangerous and critical situation.

We have had in our last three Presidents three distinct types: Wilson, the Idealist, with no knowledge of practical politics, and therefore without the ability to translate his dreams into facts; Coolidge, who apparently has no dreams, who glories in shrewd politics and firmly believes that economy is the first of the Ten Commandments, and that prosperity is in some way a kind of spiritual triumph. Between these two we had a President who unfortunately lacked the courage to denounce his friends when they proved corrupt and untrustworthy. The ideals of President Wilson failed to be established as the ideals of our Republic, because he lacked tact and understanding of men and measures; they were lost in the mire of corruption which marked Harding's Administration, and they have been completely forgotten under the dollar and cents régime of President Coolidge and his advisers. What we need, and it is a crying need, is a President who will combine Wilson's ideals with Coolidge's practical knowledge of how to achieve political results, who will not spare his dearest friend if he fails to measure up to his conception of the high honesty and responsibility required of every public servant. I believe Governor Smith is such a man.

His courage has been shown in this State in many political battles; for instance, in his steady and unswerving refusal to bow to the influence and power of a great newspaper man who had used his power for personal ends and earned the opprobrium of many good citizens; also, in his long fight for the people to control their water power, as against control by the big utility interests.

He is of the people and understands and respects them, but also realizes that they must be led.

He is a leader because his whole political life shows that he has a wonderful power of convincing people regardless of their usual political affiliations that he is right; a power due, I think, to the fact that he believes himself to be right with all his heart and soul, and never goes ahead until he is himself convinced. It is fortunate that a man of this rare ability has also the keen power of analysis and clear thinking which make his conclusions in the great majority of instances the right answers to the problems of

the hour. Compared to these qualities his personal attitude on Prohibition is of minor importance, especially in view of the fact that, in my opinion, this is not a question between parties, but within the parties, between individuals who wish their party to be either completely wet or completely dry. So far no group has won out in either party, and as a President, with all his influence, cannot vote on any law, this question remains one to be settled in Congressional Districts, regardless of whether the President wishes the Volstead Act modified or not. When we elect enough Congressmen who are convinced that their constituents want the Volstead Law or any other law strictly enforced, we will have it done and not before.

As to the religious question, Governor Smith has made his own answer and the country seems as a whole to approve. If a few captious souls still fear the influence of Rome, it is because they must find something to fear and this is nearest at hand.

One often hears it said: "Yes, Smith has been a wonderful Governor; but will he grasp National and International questions? Have his education and opportunities been sufficient to make this possible?" My answer is that you judge a man by his record and character. His record as an executive is unimpeachable, and no one has ever dared claim the authorship of any Smith policy. He has been constructively minded in the State. Why should he not be in the Nation? All will agree that his appointments have been made with merit as the first consideration; he believes in Civil Service and supports it and refuses to use Government employes primarily as factors in a political machine.

As Governor of New York State he has had to show executive and administrative ability, he has had to choose men to head departments which required technical ability, integrity and a general grasp of varied conditions, he has had agricultural and urban problems, questions of waterpower development, of waterways and highways, of labor conditions, of education, of public buildings and institutions, of taxation and finance; and in his handling and solution of these questions a vast majority of the citizens of New York State have repeatedly declared their confidence in his judgment, ability and character. The field is more restricted in area, but the problems are strikingly similar to National prob-

lems, and we can say at least that no man has been to a better school in preparation for added and broader responsibilities.

Can he grasp International situations? No one can tell until the need arises, but a clear thinking man is a great asset in any situation, whether it be abroad or at home. He has grown up in a party which believes in the people knowing what the Government is doing, and that the Government should be responsible to the will of the people. This principle applied to foreign affairs means open, straightforward diplomacy. The tradition established by the last Democratic President, Woodrow Wilson, added to this principle a spirit of friendliness. Under him we created the impression abroad that we were not looking at International questions in a purely selfish spirit, but that we were willing to take into consideration the other fellow's point of view, and above all that we wanted to find a way by which International differences could be settled by justice and not by might. It would seem safe to assume that this spirit would still exist in the heart of any leader of Democratic men and women, at least to a greater extent than it has been exhibited in the diplomacy and International relations of the last two Administrations under our political opponents. Governor Smith stated in his answer to Mr. Marshall, in speaking of Mexico: "I believe in peace on earth, good will to men, and that no country has the right to interfere in the internal affairs of any other country." Furthermore, a man who knows the value of experts in dealing with questions at home and has shown good judgment in picking his advisers, we may confidently hope will exercise this same ability when it comes to dealing with International affairs.

These are my reasons for considering Governor Smith the logical Democratic candidate for President in 1928.

DIVORCE AND THE CHURCH

BY PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON

On lower Broadway, in New York, there stands a famous church, the spire of which, in days gone by, rose above the roofs around it, a landmark visible for miles from every point of the compass. It was a symbol that the spiritual was supreme.

Today, that spire, though lofty as ever, is overshadowed by environing skyscrapers, and is to be seen through one vista alone, namely Wall Street, the wealthiest avenue in the world. The spiritual persists, but in aspect, it is subordinate.

The church, called Trinity, is dedicated to the ultimate mysteries of God. The skyscrapers are devoted to the uttermost elaboration of Mammon. According to Jesus of Nazareth, no man can serve both God and Mammon. Between such masters, he must choose.

The Rector of Trinity Church on Broadway is the Rev. Caleb R. Stetson, D.D., who finds himself, therefore, in what a General would call the strategic position. Every minister of religion, appointed to a community where wealth has greatly increased, is able to appreciate the situation. The Church is standing a siege, and the question is whether the Church will surrender.

According to Dr. Stetson, there is no doubt as to the point on the walls where a breach is to be attempted. The attack is not upon dogma. It is not theological. What challenges the Faith is Fashion. Not only is Mammon adopting Pagan marriage, but Mammon is demanding that marriage, though Pagan, shall be celebrated by the clergy in a Christian church. Persons, who seldom if ever attend public worship, shall have the right to commandeer the sacred fabric, to hand it over to the professional florist for decoration, and to introduce a hired orchestra into the innermost sanctuary. A service which inaugurates the Sacrament of Life is degraded into a mere event in the social calendar, an opportunity for vulgar ostentation, in which religion is treated

precisely as we treat a picture of the Madonna when it is put up for sale. As art, it is worth the money.

Nor is it only the manner of such marriages that offends Dr. Stetson. The parties who approach the altar do not intend that, of necessity, they shall be committed to a permanent union. The marriage, though spiritual in form, is regarded as a trial marriage only. In many cases, it is a prelude to divorce.

To the nation and, indeed, to mankind, here is raised an issue fairly to be described as fundamental. On marriage, as on other subjects, Christ declared His meaning with an uncompromising lucidity. It is a communion which is consummated by God Himself. A Home, consisting of husband, of wife and of children, is the unit of society. Any break in the Home, save by death, is a disaster. If Moses authorised divorce, it was only because the statesman must allow for "hardness of heart", and "in the beginning, it was not so". Divorce is not in accordance with Nature. Divorce is a denial of Nature. It is a device, comparable with prisons for the criminal and asylums for the insane.

With the rule of marriage laid down by Christ, we have been so familiar that we have been apt to take it for granted. Few of us realise that the rule is one which mankind, as a whole, has never accepted. The Apostles themselves were so startled by its severity that they asked whether, under such a restriction, it would not be well for a man to avoid marriage altogether. Indeed, Our Lord admitted that His was a saying that all would not be able to receive. Islam never attempted such a teaching. In Confucian and Taoist China, no such standard is enforced, nor did Shintoism and Hinduism, left to themselves, attempt an ideal so exacting. If, then, many millions of Asiatics live each with but one wife, the reason is not choice but necessity. Broadly, there are as many men in the world as women, and arithmetic is thus a measure of guaranty for morality. Finance is also a factor. A man may have only one wife because he cannot afford more than one. He is restrained not by conscience but by cash. In the United States, cash is now abundant. Multitudes of men have money to buy whatever they desire, and conscience is subjected to the test of tests. It is easier, said Christ, for a camel to

go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of happiness.

The rule of monogamy, laid down by Jesus of Nazareth, is thus as much a special observance of religion as caste in India or ancestor worship in China. The Christian Home is the costliest home in the world. With infinite pains, extending over thousands of years, it was founded on Jewish tradition and built into the Gentile community. Thus to establish the Christian Home, there has been, indeed, no period when the Church has not been compelled to labor zealously with both hands. In the Roman Empire, she had to deal with a society in which three out of four persons, women and men, were held by the law in a state of slavery. In Asia and in Africa, she is exercising the influence which, nineteen centuries ago, began to transform Europe. By instruction and by example, the missionary is founding homes. The influences which have to be defeated before a Christian Home can be started, are the influences which gain ground unless the Christian Home be defended. No marriage is secure which depends solely on sexual appeal. Few marriages are insecure which are maintained by mutual service and mutual sacrifice on behalf of others.

We are apt to assume that Christianity is a tide which flows but never ebbs. A nation adopts the Faith, is added to Christendom, accepts Christian marriage, and lives happily ever after.

It is not so. Christians can live on their capital and become bankrupt. Their Christianity, being nominal, may collapse. The wood, the hay and the stubble are consumed, and we discover how small is the residue of gold, of silver and of precious stones.

Today, there is no longer an organised Christendom. The term, Christendom, merely survives in books of reference, like *Whitaker's Almanack*. There is no Christian country. There are only countries, with Christians included among their citizens. The distinction between a Christian and a Heathen country is a distinction of degree only. In a Heathen country, be it civilized or barbarous, the Christians are few. In a Christian country, we hope that they are more numerous. But in both cases, the citizenship includes the Pagan. In both cases, the Pagan demands his own standard of marriage.

As long as there was a nominal Christendom, still intact, the law of the Home, sacred and secular, was one law. One wife and only one wife was legal. In enforcing the law, the Church supported the State and the State supported the Church. Yet even so, the law was evaded by the individual. There were illicit unions. There was the social evil.

Today, the partnership between the Church and the State is broken. Cæsar is again the Pagan that he was before Constantine saw the Sign of the Cross in the sky. In the United States, he is doubtless as attractive a Pagan as Marcus Aurelius used to be. In Russia he is at times a veritable Caligula. But in no case can we now assume that the Law of Cæsar will be what Jesus of Nazareth meant by the Law of God.

Where two laws are in force, the one sharply divergent from the other, there is a tendency for people to acquiesce in that law which imposes the least restraint upon their impulses. For this reason, the marriage law of the State is preferred to the marriage law of the Church, and wherever the State law is strict, there is a demand that it be relaxed. In Russia, once an Orthodox Catholic country, marriage is no more than a temporary registration, indistinguishable from free love. In Great Britain, divorce has been eased and Parliament, by forbidding publicity in the press, has greatly stimulated proceedings in the courts. The United States, while retaining laws of marriage, allows so many facilities for escape from them that the contract is scarcely more binding than in Soviet Russia. The dissolution of marriage has become an integral element in the system of marriage itself. By the breakup of homes, it is estimated that a population of 6,000,000 persons, husbands, wives and children, are directly affected.

When the Mormons practised polygamy, public opinion forbade the banns. According to Dr. Stetson, the tandem marriage is neither more nor less than a progressive polygamy—the kind of union which Jesus discovered in the life of the Woman of Samaria. In the opinion of many persons, prominent in art and industry, in finance and letters, a divorce, often repeated, is no more than an entirely justifiable adaptation of incompatibilities to the best interests of all concerned. No shame is involved.

No failure is implied. A divorce is as honorable an occasion as the marriage itself which it terminates.

Let us appreciate, then, the gravity of the new development in Western civilization. It is quite true that, since the days of Christ and His Apostles, there has always been a distinction drawn between the Church and the World. Catholics have been so conscious of that distinction that they have entered monastic institutions and left the World behind. To a Baptist like John Bunyan, and to Thackeray, the World was Vanity Fair and, in the World, Christians must live as "a peculiar people." Hence, there arose what in England was called "the Non-Conformist conscience", of which an extreme illustration is to be seen in the simplicities of the Mennonites. The Puritans frowned upon dancing, cards, the prize ring, the race course and the theatre. The Pope issues a command that Catholic ladies shall cover their knees.

But in all this, the object has been to abstain not so much from evil itself as from "the appearance of evil". It has been the outworks that the Church has tried to defend.

Today, the position is that the outworks have been stormed. The Puritan régime has come to an end. All of us dance. All of us play cards. All of us go to the theatre. Most of us "listen in" when Dempsey delivers his uppercuts. The question is no longer what shall be permissible in a Christian Home. The question is whether there shall any longer be a Christian Home. Divorce may now be respectable. The husband and wife may "remain the best of friends". There may be no quarrel between them. There may be no quarrel with public opinion. But assuredly, there is a quarrel, a quarrel to the death, with parentage and domestic unity.

The Church of Rome meets this situation with a firm front. Her marriages are indissoluble. No divorce is permitted. Any party to a divorce who marries again is living in sin and cut off from grace. It is a stern decree. Yet merely as statesmanship, it is supported by a strong argument. Whether or not the home be the unit of society, is a question over which some may differ. No one will dispute that the Home must be the unit of the Church. We may think that a nation can be run on clubs, colleges and

cabarets, with automobiles, golf courses and bathing beaches for diversion. But no Church, not even Laodicea, which depended on such a pursuit of pleasure has ever survived, except as a shadow of the real thing.

Yet it has to be added that even the Church of Rome has yielded, here and there, to pressure. No marriage is dissolved, but some marriages are declared to have been null and void. Such exceptions are few but, when they are reported in the press, the cynic raises his eyebrows.

What, then, does Dr. Stetson propose? If Pagans want to celebrate a Pagan wedding, so he suggests, let them hire a Pagan hall for the purpose. Unless a marriage implies a serious intention to found and maintain a permanent Home, let the Church refuse her blessing.

Many will agree that the remedy for easy divorce is difficult marriage. Recent inquiries by the Russell Sage Foundation have revealed the extent of child marriage in the United States. Freak marriages, too, are a shameful aggravation of the problem for which the black sheep among the clergy must be held responsible. No minister of Christ should allow himself or should be allowed by the Church to conduct the service of marriage from an airplane, on the stage, or in any other manner designed to promote a blasphemous publicity. Moreover, the churches would render an immense public service if they did two things: First, concentrate every effort upon securing without delay a marriage law that will be uniform in all the States; and, second, refuse to conduct any marriage unless the leave to marry be antedated by three clear weeks. Let the snap weddings take place at the City Hall.

But the reform of the law and practice of matrimony, however urgent, does not exhaust the problem with which the churches are confronted. Divorce is an accomplished fact. In that fact, old and young, innocent and guilty, are inextricably involved. What is to be the attitude of the churches towards this vast population? Essentially, it is the problem which has to be solved by the missionary when he discovers that a promising convert is a husband or wife in a plural union.

The problem is one of the utmost complexity. On the one

hand, the Church is a fortress to be defended against the assaults of the world. On the other hand, she is a City of Refuge which throws open every door and invites the world freely to enter. A man or woman, when divorced, whether innocent or guilty, whether single or remarried, may be and often is as near to the mind of Christ in many ways as the most correct of husbands or wives. Not one of us has a right to play the Pharisee to any Publican. Our Lord Himself came into the world, not in order to condemn the world, but that the world through Him should be saved.

No one, whatever his status, should ever be excluded from the Throne of Grace. But no one, coming to the Throne of Grace, should be allowed to forget that it is a Throne. The welcome of the Church should be extended to all. But no one—not even the divorced members of a choir, to quote one instance—should be permitted to muffle the message of the pulpit.

But mere denunciation of divorce, however provocative, is not enough. The failure of marriage is a failure of piety. It means that we are not cultivating the Christian virtues. Divorce is not the disease itself. It is the fatal termination of a disease. The Church should administer to all who are diseased the healing wisdom of her Founder. She should labor for reconciliation in divided homes. She should discourage the causes of division—months of voluntary and quite inexcusable separation, constant and restless travel, overspending on the one hand and overstrain at the office on the other, a neglect of worship, a failure in worship to see beyond the Church and into the heart of the Redeemer Himself.

The Church will solve this problem if she studies Christ—not unless. He resisted sin. He died for sinners. Let the Church emulate that dual courage.

UNCERTAINTIES OF OUR CONSTITUTION

BY DONALD L. STONE

ALL through the hot summer of 1787, delegates from twelve of the thirteen Confederated States of North America met in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, debating and slowly formulating the present Constitution of the United States. Clashes of opinion were continual; serious deadlocks were frequent. At times it seemed that the Convention must dissolve with its work undone. But the knowledge that the existing Government was an utter failure, and that anarchy was just ahead, kept them at their task. Gradually, the hardest difficulties gave way to reasonably satisfactory compromises. When the instrument took final form, all of the States present signed it, though sixteen of the fifty-five delegates were unwilling or failed to do so.

Once in effect, the new Constitution surprised even its more ardent champions by its smoothness of operation. As decade after decade went by, the world came to realize that the new Nation of America had produced a Constitution unique in its practical qualities, in simplicity, in easy adaptability to circumstances.

The conditions of the time were largely responsible for the remarkable success of the Philadelphia Convention. But the same circumstances which caused the Constitution to be a great success produced inevitably some incidental weakness. The need for a practical instrument, which the States might adopt, forced the framers to be silent on some controversial matters of great importance. Brevity and simplicity were gained in some cases at the expense of precision. And of course the members of the Convention did not think of everything. Probably at no time in American history could a more representative, a more able, a more earnest group of statesmen have been assembled. But after all they were men and not demigods. They cannot be blamed for failure to anticipate all contingencies, or for a lack of prophetic vision as to the needs of later centuries.

Ours is an extraordinarily good but not a perfect Constitution. There are some vague clauses, there are some important subjects which are entirely omitted. Part of the vagueness and obscurity has been corrected by amendment, more has been partially adjusted by Supreme Court interpretation or by the established procedure of Congress and the Executive. In a number of instances, however, the Constitution remains obscure or silent even today.

The gravest omission in the Constitution was finally settled at the expense of civil war. If the framers had stated squarely whether a dissatisfied State was at liberty to withdraw from the Union, the country would have been spared years of argument on "States' Rights", and the ultimate appeal to arms. It is not of record that the question was discussed in the Philadelphia Convention. Of course, a statement on that point could not have been included, for practical reasons. The States were too uncertain on the question of surrendering their autonomy to the new National Government for the framers to have risked a bald declaration that a State could not quit the Union if it wished; and to have given States express permission to leave the Union would have created a government too much like the old Confederation.

Another capital omission was the lack of precise statement regarding the power of judicial review of legislation by the Federal courts. Nowhere in the Constitution is the Supreme Court given express power to declare a law passed by Congress void for conflict with the Constitution, though in the case of State legislation the power may be fairly implied. Chief Justice Marshall successfully claimed the right for the Federal judiciary, and it may be demonstrated that the more influential members of the Philadelphia convention and the later ratifying conventions in the States thought that the Federal courts would have the power. But a definite statement on the subject would have spared the Nation a long controversy which has not yet entirely subsided.

Of the constitutional questions which still remain unsettled, the most interesting are those concerning the election, tenure of office and powers of the President. The difficulties with reference to the election of the President come chiefly from the operation of

the Electoral College in a way utterly different from the manner intended by the Fathers.

Suppose that Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Dawes had both been killed in an automobile accident after the election of 1924 and before the January, 1925, meeting of the Electoral College. The Electors would then have found themselves under the embarrassing duty of doing just what the Constitution contemplated that they should do! They would have had to vote for the men they thought best qualified for the offices of President and Vice-President. In such a case, if there were time, there might be a hastily called convention of the Republican Party, and the Republican Electors would doubtless consider themselves morally bound by its decisions.

If the fatal accident had occurred after the Electoral College cast their vote, there would have been no law to cover the case. At 1 P.M., on the second Wednesday in February, Congress would have met in joint session to count the Electoral votes, only to discover officially that the Electoral College had voted for men no longer living. Under existing conditions, Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State would then have assumed the Presidency until March 4. But he would have had no Constitutional warrant for continuing in office beyond that date. Some extra-Constitutional solution would have had to be found. There is no Constitutional provision for a second meeting of the Electoral College.

When no candidate for President or Vice-President receives a majority of the Electoral votes, by the provisions of the Twelfth Amendment the election is to be made by vote of Congress. Though an election of the President by Congress has occurred only twice in our history, there is always the possibility that a third candidate may develop sufficient strength to prevent a majority in the Electoral College. The Constitution provides that the House shall vote for President on the highest three candidates, each State to have one vote. If there is an equal political division of a State's representatives, its vote is, of course, lost. Twenty-five State votes, a majority, are necessary to a choice. Suppose that there is a stubborn deadlock in the House, with A having twenty votes, B eighteen and C five, with the vote of five States lost because of tied delegations.

In the mean time the Senate has been voting, as individuals, on the two highest candidates for Vice-President, and, by the Constitution, the candidate elected Vice-President by the Senate will assume the functions of the President on March 4, if the House has not then made a choice. But a deadlock in the Senate is also possible. With 49 votes necessary to a choice, if there were two vacancies in the Senate and a continuing tie vote between A and B at 47 votes each, we would come to March 4 without either a President or a Vice-President. Here again there would have to be an extra-Constitutional solution. A decision of some sort would have to be made after the second Wednesday in February and before March 4, for the life of Congress ends then automatically. The new Congress would not meet until the following December, and there would be no constituted authority to summon it in special session.

Deadlocks in the Electoral College are fortunately rare, but the unexpected has a disconcerting way of happening. A much more menacing uncertainty of the Constitution has to do with the case of physical or mental incapacity of the President to perform his duties.

The Constitution provides that those duties shall devolve upon the Vice-President in case of the death or disability of the President. But nothing is stated as to how or by whom the President's disability shall be determined. When a President is ill, there is an understandable reluctance on the part of Congress to declare him incapacitated. Nor is its right to legislate in this regard altogether clear. What makes the matter still more perplexing is the personal attitude of Presidents in such cases. No President can be counted upon to resign his high office so long as he thinks himself able to carry on his duties or has hope of his own recovery. In 1881 President Garfield was shot by an assassin and lay critically ill for two months before his death. Congress had no desire to declare the office vacant, for his recovery was always possible. But for those two months the country was without a responsible head.

The case of President Wilson was potentially even more dangerous to our National interests. After his stroke of paralysis in 1919 he was too ill for several months to see visitors or to

transact much Government business. There could be no regular Cabinet meetings, and an attempt by the Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, to hold informal meetings eventually cost him his Cabinet post. There was much uncertainty as to the nature of the President's illness or his chances of recovery. State papers requiring his decision were sent to the White House and came back initialed with his approval or disapproval. But only his physician, his Secretary and Mrs. Wilson positively knew whether the President was really able to give them adequate consideration. An unpleasant fear that the President's powers might possibly be in the hands of an informal and unconstitutional regency was happily dissipated by his partial recovery. The country should never be again subjected to an uncertainty of this sort. The general public confidence in the integrity of the President's household which saved this situation might fail in another episode of the kind.

In case the Vice-President assumes office because of the disability of the President, if the President recovers does he again assume office? The Constitution is silent on the point.

Two requirements of the Constitution as regards Presidential eligibility have never received definition. The President must be "a natural born citizen" of the United States. Would a child born abroad of American parents be eligible? Probably yes, though a strong candidate may some day lose his chance of nomination because of doubt on the subject. The President must "have been for fourteen years a resident within the United States". Does this mean for the fourteen years immediately preceding his election or any fourteen years? No one knows.

The President's salary may not be increased or diminished during his term of office; a wise provision. By decision of the Supreme Court it is a diminution of a Federal Judge's salary to force him to pay income tax if he was on the bench at the time the law was enacted. The reasoning does not, of course, apply to a President who assumed office with the law in force. But could Congress repeal the income tax law so far as the President is concerned? Apparently not, for the effect would be to increase his salary while in office. The income tax might be repealed for the whole country except the President of the United States!

May the President sign a bill after the adjournment of Congress? It had always been thought that he could not, and no President ventured to do so until Mr. Wilson signed eight bills in that manner in 1920.

If the President may have his Constitutional ten days to consider legislation, even after the adjournment of Congress, he will be greatly aided in considering last minute legislation on its merits.

When the President is abroad, as Mr. Wilson was in 1919, can Congress enact laws in his absence? Apparently not, for he is entitled to ten days' consideration of measures "after they are presented to him," and the actual bills must thus be presented even in his absence. Courier service between Congress and the President *in absentia* would seem the only solution.

There are two methods by which the Constitution may be amended. The first, which is the only one that has been used, starts with Congress. By it a proposed amendment is passed by a two-thirds majority of both Houses and is then referred to the several States. Ratification may be by the State legislatures or by special conventions in the States as Congress may direct, though Congress has never ordered the latter plan. The alternative is for the legislatures of two-thirds of the States to petition for a Constitutional Convention to propose amendments. If this should be done, Congress would be under the duty to call such a Convention.

Upon what basis would that Constitutional Convention be organized? How many delegates would each State have? Would each State vote as a unit or as individual delegates? What would be a quorum and a majority necessary for approval of amendments to be proposed to the States? There is no Constitutional provision on these points. If two-thirds of the States' legislatures ever petition for a general Constitutional Convention, some difficult questions of organization and procedure are in prospect.

Nor are all matters quite clear under the customary amendment machinery. Congress passes an amendment and refers it to the State legislatures. No definite time is provided within which approval must be given. Constitutionally then, there is no limit.

It is still theoretically possible for three-fourths of the States to ratify the amendment proposed by Congress in 1810 which would prohibit a citizen from accepting a title from a foreign country. There is still pending, legally, a proposed amendment of 1861 that prohibits any amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery!

May the legislature of a State reverse its vote on a proposed amendment? The practice of Secretaries of State is to refuse a State that right after the approval has been certified to them, on the ground that the State has definitely exercised its sovereign will in the matter. Thus Ohio and New Jersey were not allowed to repeal ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment. There is, however, no express Constitutional provision on the subject. May a State which has voted against an amendment reverse its vote? Here the decision is the other way. The provision of the Constitution that the amendment shall become effective when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States has been considered by the Federal executive authorities as not precluding a later affirmative vote. Thus ten Southern States rejected the Fourteenth Amendment immediately after the Civil War, but reconstruction governments in those States later reversed the action and the Amendment was adopted. The Supreme Court will not question the attitude of Congress or the Executive in these matters, stating that it has no power to review the certified ratification of a State so long as on its face it appears to comply with the provisions of Article V of the Federal Constitution.

Congress is given the power "to declare war". May it also declare peace? Or must it wait until a treaty of peace has been negotiated by the Executive and ratified by the Senate? The question was an academic one until July 2, 1921, when Congress, impatient of the continuing technical state of war with Germany through failure of the Versailles Treaty in the Senate, declared peace with Germany and Austria by joint resolution. The position seems logical, for the power to declare war may be held to infer the right to declare that hostilities have ceased.

Does the House have any share in the making of treaties? By the Constitution, the President negotiates treaties and two-thirds of the Senate (present) ratify them. No mention is made

of the House. But all bills for the raising of revenue must originate in the House. When a treaty, as for the purchase of the Virgin Islands, requires an appropriation, does this give the House the right to discuss the question on its merits? The House has frequently claimed such right, but has never actually refused to appropriate the necessary money.

Suppose that the President has difficulty in getting a treaty ratified. Can he accomplish his purpose by an informal understanding with the country in question? There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent his doing so, unless he encroaches on the legislative powers of Congress. In fact, "Executive agreements" as they are called are common. Of course, money may not be appropriated or territory definitely acquired by this means. But such important matters as the international protocol fixing China's liability after the Boxer Rebellion, and the agreement with Great Britain not to maintain war vessels on the Great Lakes, were Executive agreements by the United States. International agreements for the determination of financial and other disputes by arbitration are frequently made by our Executive on this basis. It is by no means unlikely that there may some day be a serious quarrel between Congress and a President who has endeavored to do something by Executive agreement which the Senate has not approved in treaty form.

The power to declare war is vested in Congress alone. But our history shows that it is possible for a President, through his control of foreign relations, to get the country into a situation in which war is inevitable. In 1846 there was a boundary dispute with Mexico. President Polk sent troops into the disputed region and the Mexican garrison fired on them; whereupon the President informed Congress that war with Mexico existed as a result of Mexico's own act. In 1895 President Cleveland, in a message to Congress, referred to Great Britain's attitude in the Venezuelan boundary dispute in terms that might easily have been regarded by Great Britain as a *casus belli*.

Did the framers of the Constitution foresee that the reserved rights of the States might seriously embarrass our foreign relations? By international law our Nation is a unit. Other countries are not concerned with our Constitution. When sev-

eral Italians were lynched in Louisiana in President Harrison's Administration, Italy not only demanded an indemnity but insisted that the Government in Washington punish the murderers. The crime was by our Constitution wholly within the jurisdiction of the State, and the Federal authorities could not see to it that the Louisiana sheriffs and grand juries did their duty. While refusing to acknowledge fault, Congress appropriated a sum of money for the widows and children of the victims and the matter was dropped, though Italy for a time withdrew her Minister at Washington. Control of public schools is an undoubted State right. When California in 1913 was on the point of enacting legislation barring Japanese from the public schools, in violation of the treaty rights of the Japanese in America, Secretary Bryan was forced to make a trip to Sacramento to plead with the California legislature. But difficulties of this sort are inherent in our type of federal government, and are not the outgrowth of the wording of the Constitution.

Civil officers of the Federal Government may be impeached for "treason, bribery or other high crimes and misdemeanors". What are high crimes and misdemeanors? As the House impeaches and the Senate tries the accused, the definition of the phrase is perforce left with them. It is apparently settled that mere incompetence is not cause for impeachment as a high crime or misdemeanor. But how else could an incompetent judge who refuses to heed the broad hints of his colleagues or Presidential requests be removed? And how about a judge who becomes insane and refuses to resign? Can an officer of the Government avoid impeachment by resignation? The Constitution does not say. But the Senate by resolution, in the case of Secretary Belknap in Grant's Administration, decided that it still had jurisdiction in such a case.

There is after all far less uncertainty and omission in the Constitution than one might naturally expect in a document which was drawn up for another age, and to meet the needs of a people living under altogether different conditions. The enduring marvel is that the framers did their work so well, and that Congress and the Supreme Court have been able to expand it to meet new needs as satisfactorily as they have done. Three of the

omissions at least are, however, serious enough to demand correction by amendment. There should be an amendment to provide for the possible failure of both the Electoral College and Congress to elect a President. There should be another defining the "disability" of the President, providing for its determination, and settling the terms on which the Vice-President would succeed him in such case. The powers of the President to bind the Nation by Executive agreement should be clarified. Other possible amendments might very properly provide for the organization and procedure of a Constitutional Convention, if one is ever held; for a more explicit definition of the grounds of impeachment of Federal officials; for more complete Federal supervision of Federal elections.

Such of the remaining obscurities and omissions as are not covered by Supreme Court decisions, or settled by the traditions of the Government, appear to belong to what may be called the harmless curiosities of our Fundamental Law.

A LONG LIFE AND A MERRY ONE

BY DONALD B. ARMSTRONG, M.D.

BACK in 1910, when Roosevelt returned from his African lion hunt, New Yorkers were enjoying a musical comedy in which, in a song rendered in a most pessimistic vein by a comedian, was the phrase "always happy and bright", which led through the song with seeming logic to the concluding refrain, "a short life but a gye one". And thus goes popular tradition. "A short life and a merry one". It may sound like common sense—and is a good deal like much "common sense" which so often is common ignorance. Here, as is not infrequently the case where medical or biological problems are concerned, popular tradition is in error. In fact, the short life is seldom merry, and the merry life is not only historically long, but getting longer.

Consider certain examples of "short life" and appraise their content of merriment. In 1900, the infant death rate of New York City was 183 a thousand born. Babies lived short lives in those days. The rate now varies between sixty and seventy. How happy were the hazardous lives of the marasmic, milk-poisoned, fly-contaminated babies of 1900?

A life table constructed for certain communities in Massachusetts and New Hampshire by Dr. Edward Wigglesworth for the year 1789 tells that the expectancy of life at birth was then twenty-eight years. At the present time, for the Registration Area of the United States, it is fifty-eight years. Life was shorter in 1789. Was it merrier? Compare the short, parsimonious life of the New England Eighteenth Century puritanical tradesman, beset with fears, diseases, obsessions, long hours of work, and little or no play, with the relatively free, comparatively luxurious existence of the average business man of today, freed from much of the fear born of ignorance and superstitution, protected from infectious and epidemic disease, enriched with opportunities and time for recreation, and blessed with thirty years more of life to

enjoy these privileges. The modern man's life is longer and merrier. Science has increased life duration. Increasing duration has permitted more time for the development of science, and for the enhancing of the means for increasing the duration of life—a benign, cumulative circle of cause and effect. Life is longer partly because it is merrier, for we have learned how better to utilize opportunities for happiness. It is happier because it is longer, allowing more time for the development of resources productive of happiness.

The significant thing for the average man of today is not only that he lives thirty years longer than his forefathers of 1789, with much less illness and much more comfort, but also that he can today add ten or twenty additional years to his life span. He does not have to wait for new discoveries. They will come, and will still further increase his life potentialities. He has only to apply established knowledge concerning disease prevention and life prolongation to his individual life.

What does this mean in terms of individual opportunity and responsibility? How can knowledge of health conservation be applied?

It is well to recognize where we are in the evolution of public health. In modern well-sanitated cities the community, represented by the health officials and organized forces of medicine, has pretty largely done its work. Water supplies are protected. Safe milk supplies are assured. Sewage is disposed of. Typhoid fever, which used to kill fifty or more in every 100,000 every year, now completely disgraces a community if it is responsible for more than two or three deaths in 100,000. Diarrhœal disease or summer complaint, from which the babies used to die like flies and partly as a result of flies, has been definitely dislodged as a primary cause of infant mortality. The earlier widespread contagions such as smallpox and diphtheria have been or are being rapidly eliminated through established methods of artificial immunization. Tuberculosis, a few years ago the first cause of death, has been pushed well down into fifth, sixth or seventh place in many communities. Much has been accomplished, but it is only a beginning. Far greater progress may be anticipated. The significant point is that future progress in the battle against unnecessary disease and

premature death is no longer primarily the burden of the Health Officer and his organized forces but is a matter of personal hygiene, nine-tenths of it the responsibility of the individual.

There are two kinds of personal hygiene. There is what has been called "suppressive personal hygiene", through which an effort is made to limit the spread of disease from one individual to another by personal action. Avoiding the sneeze that spreads disease; teaching children to wash their hands before they eat—these are examples of this type. Of increasing importance is the other type, "creative personal hygiene", which is in reality the science and art of living and depends for its successful practice upon the individual. It includes all of our resistance-increasing, health-promoting, strength-conserving personal efforts, and is concerned with such matters as exercise, diet, the kind of air we breathe, and similar factors of personal physiological economy.

What are the destructive forces against which these types of personal hygiene are opposed? What are the disease forces still unnecessarily curtailing life today? They are, for the most part, in civilized communities, not the old time scourges such as smallpox, typhoid fever, tuberculosis and diphtheria. They are, rather, to an increasing extent, the degenerative affections of the vital organs of the body, such as the heart, the arteries and the kidneys. In the Registration Area of the United States, deaths from heart diseases increased from 137 in 100,000 in 1900 to 221 in 100,000 in 1924. In New York State the rate increased seventy per cent. from 1900 to 1926. Cancer plays an increasingly important rôle, partly because more of us live to reach the cancer age. It is true that certain of these degenerative affections may have found their inception as a result of tissue injuries received from early infections. This is supplemented by the wear and tear factor, the gradual aging process which seems to go on to some extent inevitably. It is important to remember, however, that each of these vital organs in the normal individual started its work in life originally with a very large margin of safety. The infant or the young child has a great deal more liver tissue or kidney tissue than he can use. Some will be used up in the normal process of living. A part of his reserve cell supply may be "called up" for service and may be destroyed in his battles with the toxins of scarlet fever or

diphtheria. The margin of safety may be still further cut down by hazardous, unbalanced, excessive methods of living, eating, working and playing. But the average individual who reaches forty or fifty years of age, and is functioning with a reasonable degree of efficiency and pleasure, presumably still possesses a sufficient margin of safety to carry him through the average day's stress and strain. How is he to ascertain his status, and how is he to get a prescription for a balanced life? The answer is the keynote and foundation stone of creative personal hygiene, namely, the periodic health or medical examination.

An automobile that needs repairs is taken to a garage. An automobile starting out on a long trip is usually overhauled. The average individual is always on a long trip and the average adult generally needs some repairs. He can still go to a store and buy a set of store teeth, but science has not yet evolved an emporium for purveying the vital organs, such as the heart, the lungs, or the kidneys. It is important to take care of the original equipment.

It is true that the average man of today takes better care of himself than was the case twenty years ago. He is usually a confirmed week-ender. He takes an occasional day off to go to the ball game or the beach. He takes a vacation of two to four weeks at least once a year. In these respects he lives an astonishingly different life from that of his ancestor of 1789. Of course, it is possible for the modern man who sits at the desk all week, and then plays eighteen or thirty-six holes of golf on Sunday, to overdo it. In some cases this no doubt does more harm than good. There is no question that regular daily exercise would be better. Yet in the majority of cases the advantages of even occasional rather strenuous exercise seem far to outweigh the hazards. It is frequently pointed out that few persons after fifty are wholly well. Faulty habits of living and the diseases which come with advancing age are frequently found among those who have thought themselves in sound health. Overweight and serious underweight, disturbances of digestion, early diseases of the heart or lungs or kidneys, infected teeth, tonsils and sinuses, impaired vision, disorders due to improper balance of work, rest and recreation—such are the important findings which examination only can detect in time to correct or arrest.

After fifty, the human mechanism is definitely in the cancer age. There is as yet no medical cure for cancer, which, to be effectively treated, requires the use of surgery, the X-ray or radium. But cancer is always at first a local condition and through proper precaution may often be detected early and treated effectively.

That defects both minor and serious can be detected early and treated successfully was demonstrated by the experience of a leading insurance company, which insists upon periodic health examinations for its employees. In one recent year, 7,530 men and women employed by it were examined. Of these, 1,880 were found to have some physical impairment, requiring medical or dental advice or treatment. They were for the most part referred to their own physicians or dentists for this service. A year later this group was re-examined and it was found that more than half of these impairments had been overcome.

In short, the three principal advantages of the periodic health examination are: 1.–The detection of early symptoms of disease that may, if untreated, become serious or fatal later; 2.–The furnishing of definite knowledge to the individual as to his health status and as to rules for healthful living; 3.–The "grand and glorious feeling" of going about one's work and play with an assurance which only the doctor can give when he finds the patient free from disease and defect, and living in accordance with the rules of health.

It should be remembered that physicians were originally trained to treat the sick. Until recently, they have not had a primary interest in the well. It is now increasingly easy to find a physician who is interested in his patient, who is desirous of keeping him well, who is competent to carry out a thorough examination, and who is able and willing to give constructive hygienic advice. More and more the medical profession is realizing that there is a tremendous field for medical service in this private practice of preventive medicine. Most individuals can with advantage be advised how to work wisely, how to play safely, how to live happier lives in a hygienically constructive manner, with the logical sequence of a fuller life with greater duration—a longer life and a merrier one.

A CONVERT FROM SOCIALISM

BY RHETA CHILDE DORR

EVERY normal person, I suppose, at one time in his life gets religion. That is a different thing from being converted, because conversion is, or ought to be, an intellectual as well as an emotional experience. I became a Socialist by getting religion. I got converted away from it by the logic of facts.

From a very small child, two glaring social injustices racked my soul, poverty and the subjection of women. I saw no sense in either, and I early resolved to oppose them. In my early twenties I was cast out into a world where I had to fight both, and gladly I buckled on my armor to do it. Although I was a female, I had a man's ability to earn a very good living. I knew that, because my services as a reporter and writer were sought by the then most distinguished newspaper in New York. It was a mark of ability to be asked to join the staff, a mark of special ability if you were a woman, because in those days very few women could get a job on a newspaper anywhere. Yet because of my sex I had to accept a salary hardly more than half that of any of my male colleagues. Moreover, I was given to understand that I could never hope for a raise. Women, the managing editor explained to me, were accidents in industry. They were tolerated because they were temporarily needed, but some day the *status quo ante* (woman's place is in the home) would be restored and the jobs would go back where they belonged, to the men.

I moved up at once to the anxious seat, for accident or not I had to live by industry. I knew personally half a dozen women in the same case, and I knew by sight thousands more. I used to watch, morning and evening, this great army streaming from the East Side and from the upper reaches of Harlem and The Bronx, crowding the street cars and elevated trains, overflowing the pavements, disputing the way with a hardly larger army of

men, the women's voices sounding a shrill, persistent soprano note in the human orchestra of toil.

In order to get closer to working women and find out just how accidental they were, I went to live in a tenement house in the very center of the Ghetto, and there, while my chief occupation was the study of women in industry, my whole being blazed with wrath at the hideous poverty surrounding me. All suffered; men, women and children; and there seemed no way out. Most of the people worked in garment factories, and I saw them at their ill-paid toil. One August day I saw a presser, crazed with the heat, throw down his gas iron, run screaming through the crowded room, and plunge headlong into the street four stories below. I saw whole tenement populations stretched on the pavements at night, vainly trying to gain strength in sleep for another day's drudgery in the steaming workshops. I saw families evicted, their miserable furniture thrown into the street. I used to drop my tiny contribution into the extended plate, all the time wondering why. Why try to get another home as bad as the last? Why not find out how to get a better home? That's what I was trying to do. I used to go to the roof on summer nights and look down on open windows where sagging forms drooped over meager evening meals, and I asked them all silently: "Why do you endure it? You are the many, they are the few." I was now, as you might say, under conviction.

A turn of fortune common in the journalistic life suddenly took me out of the Ghetto and sent me to Europe on a mission. In England I met H. G. Wells. I was worshipping H. G. Wells just then, because of the solution of the world's woes offered in his current novel, *In the Days of the Comet.* It seemed so plausible. Just a breath of perfectly pure air, one little gaseous element from space breathed into the minds of the people, enabling them to see that war was idiotic, poverty a crime, sex differences an absurd distortion of the truth. All that was necessary then was to go to work like a family and clean up the mess. Talking about the book with Mr. Wells, I told him that he alone had found the solution. Let people learn to understand. Surely if the rich understood that the masses went hungry, they themselves could never again enjoy luxury. They wouldn't be able

to swallow their fine food. Not if they really understood. The thing was to teach them to understand.

Mr. Wells beamed at me. "You probably don't know it," said he, "but you are a Socialist."

"Oh, am I?" I cried, and got religion on the spot.

I was made a member of the Fabian Society, tarrying in London long enough to attend several meetings. It was easy to remain saved in gatherings where Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence read papers and made speeches, while Bernard Shaw interpolated glittering epigrams and paradoxes from the floor. What a programme for abolishing poverty they had! Woman suffrage, maternity benefits, unemployment insurance, old age pensions. Everything seemed covered, from the cradle to the grave. Gladly I promised to join the Socialist Party as soon as I reached home. "You will be surprised," said Edward Pease, secretary of the Fabian Society, "to find how many of your friends are quietly Socialists."

And so it proved. I joined a branch of New York Local No. 1, a group containing so many well known writers, artists and social workers that we were derisively called the Highbrow Branch. None of our members was as famous as the leaders of the Fabian Society, but at least a score of us were of the arrived, and our meetings were intellectual feasts. We too had our generous social programme, and distinguished visitors often came to discuss it with us. John Spargo, Charles Edward Russell, John Sloan, Vida Scudder, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Morris Hillquit, a whole galaxy. We heard how useless was all organized charity, all philanthropy, to raise by one inch the deadly level of poverty. We confirmed our belief in the helplessness of the old political parties, both in the octopus grip of the money barons. Even Roosevelt, well intentioned crusader, submitted to the iron rule of Wall Street because he, like the others in power, was afraid. Afraid of what? The People. In an actual government of the People, for the People, by the People, there could be no poverty, no oppression, no privilege. The People, who knew from experience what hunger, want and injustice were, would never tolerate such things, once they came into power. And they were coming

in, thanks to the intelligent, like ourselves. Every year the Socialist ranks gained recruits. In the November elections of 1910 over 600,000 Socialist votes were cast, and in November, 1912, this vote was increased to 901,962, one-sixth of the total vote cast. The Millennium seemed very near. The People were soon to rule.

We had a few disturbing experiences with The People. Our highbrow branch was not composed entirely of highbrows. We had a minority of East Side immigrants, and frequently when some measure came up for debate and decision this minority, which usually stayed away from the intellectual love feasts, was present in full force. Not only that, it brought comrades from various down town branches. These had no vote in our branch, but they could talk; and, believe me, they did. Having obtained the floor, they talked endlessly and sometimes offensively. They accused us of wilful ignorance of the real meaning of the class struggle and the inevitable world revolution. They charged us with being one hundred per cent. Americans under our skins. We were cowards, they said. By the time they began to be really colloquial a few women left the room. If married they dragged their husbands with them. When midnight struck, one o'clock, two, a few more intellectuals cleared out, and when enough of them were gone The People, the East Siders, did the voting.

I think it was in 1912 that my newspaper sent me to Milwaukee to report a Socialist convention. The party had elected one Member of Congress, legislators in half a dozen States, and mayors and other minor officers over one thousand in number, and this made the convention news. At this gathering my feminism had an affront. There was an afternoon session given over to jubilation for the members who had won in the last election, and the platform was crowded with victors, all men. Down in the body of the house sat Mrs. Berger, wife of the Congressman, and herself an elected member of the Milwaukee Board of Education. Leaving my seat at the press table, I sought an explanation and was told that Mrs. Berger hadn't been invited to the platform. Nobody had remembered her. At my insistence she went up and took a seat well back of the men. Was it possible, I asked myself, that even Socialist men were indifferent to woman

suffrage? Shortly afterward I discovered that it was possible indeed. A State suffrage amendment submitted to the voters of Wisconsin was defeated, a very large number of adverse votes coming from the strongest Socialist wards of Milwaukee.

Two years later came the World War, and to my shocked dismay my party, or an overwhelming majority, went over lock, stock and barrel, to militaristic Imperial Germany. They cried aloud against exportations of food and ammunition to the Allies, at the same time demanding forcible measures to prevent the blockading of German ports against the same supplies. Any kind of American preparedness was bitterly fought. A referendum to the party in the winter of 1915–16 on military preparedness resulted in a vote of 11,041 to 792, that any Socialist official supporting a dollar of expenditure for army or navy purposes should be expelled from the ranks. There was no compromise on the part of The People. At a special convention called in St. Louis in April, 1917, John Spargo introduced a resolution to accept the war as a fact, and calling on the Government to adopt a programme of democratic collectivism. By a sweeping majority this was defeated, and The People resolved on a policy of "continuous, active and public opposition to the war", which was branded as the wickedest and most inexcusable in the whole history of civilization.

Almost to a man the Americans left the party. Some were expelled for engaging in Red Cross and other war work, some for the crime of submitting to the draft. Charles Edward Russell was expelled for going with the Root Mission to liberated Russia. I was not expelled, because I had already left a party which no longer wanted democracy but tyranny. The Socialists wanted Germany to win the war.

Still my faith in Socialism itself endured. It held out after five months in revolutionary Russia with the Socialist Kerensky demonstrating every day the futility of theories when opposed to facts. It began to evaporate in France where for some months I watched hard-boiled facts roll back the catastrophic German theory. But it needed three years of continuous residence in post-war Europe completely to convert me from Socialism. The first year and a half I lived in Czechoslovakia. The rest of the time in

Germany, France, Rumania and Italy. Politically at least, all these countries were free. Empires had crumbled. Self determination had been achieved. Oppressed minorities had regained their fatherlands. Manhood suffrage, and in Czechoslovakia and Germany universal suffrage, was guaranteed. In all parliaments the Socialists had large blocks of seats, and in some they represented a real balance of power. The rich had grown poor, the poor relatively rich. Landlords were forbidden by law to raise rents. In Soviet Russia all the privileged classes had either been murdered or banished. The People ruled.

Or did they? As a matter of fact, no; because even with power in their hands they did not know how to rule. All they knew was to repeat the mistakes of the men who had preceded them, and even more malevolently, more ignorantly, they proceeded to repeat. Knowing what hunger was, what oppression, injustice and terror were, they worked hard to inflict it on others. In half a dozen countries I saw this. The fight for privilege. In every Parliament there were numerous Socialist groups, all hating each other until it came to voting for some necessary or beneficent piece of legislation, and then they united to fight the Government. With the help of French army organizers, Czechoslovakia held fast, inching slowly ahead. In Rumania the united people moved swiftly to the verge of chaos, where they remained tottering. In Poland, Italy, Greece and Spain they gladly adopted a military dictatorship. In England they saved the country by going back to Conservatism. All to defend themselves from Socialism. I was irresistibly reminded of the East Siders who knew only enough to out-stay, out-talk, out-swear and out-abuse the intelligent majority in our highbrow branch back home. That's what The People almost succeeded in doing in Europe.

One day in Prague I had a little light on the subject in the course of a long conversation with the wise and benign President of Czechoslovakia, Thomas G. Masaryk. Sitting on the green lawn of his summer palace near Prague, he explained why it had not been possible to realize the dream of a purely Socialist constitution for his country. It is only necessary to repeat his closing words:

"Any form of government is possible," said President Masaryk. "Socialism is possible, Communism is possible. But first you must provide a human race which sincerely desires an unselfish government and knows how to get it."

Since there was no such human race in sight, I embraced what seemed the only rational policy open to me. I hurried back to the United States and allied myself permanently with the Republican Party. It might almost as easily have been the Democratic Party, but unfortunately the Democrats do not seem able more than once in a generation to deliver the goods. That is now all my enthusiasm, helping the people who are able—Coolidge, Mellon, Hoover and a few like them—to deliver the goods. If the goods are not as fine as those I once demanded, they are, I realize, as fine as any that a race barely out of the jungle knows how to wear. I am growing quite fond of Congress, too, because it is so truly representative of a free and independent people who will not even vote when they have a chance. Why not trust Congress, rather than a population nearly half of which habitually stays away from the polls? Why sit around and curse a few who have garnered great harvests into barns? Why not instead follow their example as nearly as possible? The feudal lord who sweated blood out of his serfs was a terrible brute, but at least he had learned how not to sweat, which is more than the serfs could say for themselves for a thousand years.

I have been converted out of Socialism because Socialism doesn't work. As to whether or not it ever will, is not my concern. The best hope for the human race, in my opinion, is contained in another thing President Masaryk said to me. I asked him if he felt at all encouraged by the progress they had made in the three years of the Republic's difficult life.

"Oh, yes!" He exclaimed. "Why in three years we have established, in illiterate Slovakia alone, two thousand elementary schools, twenty high schools and a university."

In the old Austrian Reichsrat, the small party of which Masaryk was leader called themselves the Realists. That, after all, is the party to which I became a convert.

MERCHANT SHIPS AND THE NAVY

BY EDWARD C. PLUMMER

With the coming of English settlements to the New World, there came also a realization that ocean-going shipping, locally controlled, was essential to the security of such settlements. Before the Popham pioneers of 1607 had completed their fort at the mouth of the Kennebec River, they began the construction of a vessel, the *Virginia*, to connect them with the Old World. No sooner had the Puritans established themselves on the shores of Massachusetts Bay than they, likewise, proceeded to build a ship, significantly named *The Blessing of the Bay*. Both of these vessels were community productions, constructed by joint labor for the common use. "The general fear of want of foreign commodities set us on work to provide shipping of our own," is the explanation given by Governor Winthrop, under whose direction this work was carried on. Readers of Bradford's simple narrative will recall the pathetic hardships suffered by the Pilgrims before a release from that oppressive contract under which they had been transported to Plymouth permitted them to attain a position where they could build ocean-tonnage for themselves.

Shipbuilding, which began in this country as a community effort, was thereafter encouraged as a private enterprise. Shipwrights were exempted from military service, a bounty not easily measured by money in those days of Indian perils. The abundance of first class shipbuilding material, so invitingly near bays and coves where vessels could be constructed, and the fact that water furnished the most convenient means of communication among the scattered Colonies, brought such a maritime development there that within thirty years after its humble beginning Sir Joshua Child, reporting on this industry to the British Parliament, pointed to these New England Colonies as the competitors in shipbuilding and ship operation which Great Britain had most reason to fear.

Following this warning, there came repressive legislation by

Parliament and restrictive regulations, which compelled Colonial vessels to pass all their European cargoes through England's home ports and burdened the direct West India traffic of these people with heavy taxes. The shipping men of New England met these restrictions by developing vessels that could out-sail not only the royal guard ships, but also the piratical craft then haunting Caribbean and Mediterranean waters. Such naval superiority soon enabled the Colonists to build up a large surreptitious trade, particularly with the West Indies. But frequently these enterprising representatives of the New World ventured to ports in Spain, Portugal and the Mediterranean, where they not only disposed of their cargoes, but frequently sold the ships themselves.

John Hancock was one of the Colonists financially interested in such shipping enterprises. Therefore, he came to be called a smuggler; but he was only one of many. The profits in this outlawed traffic were great; and thus the repressive policy of the British Government in effect offered bounties for the building and operation of efficient ships superior to those of their competitors; one result being the creation of a merchant fleet which proved to be of tremendous value during the Revolutionary War. Before the close of 1777, one hundred and seventy-four of these Colonial merchant vessels had been duly commissioned as American privateers, carrying 1836 cannon and nearly ten thousand men. During that same period, as Parliamentary records show, these privateers captured 733 British vessels, which fact demonstrates how effective such extemporized fighting craft could be. These operations caused a strong movement for peace to be started in England before the war had continued two years.

Though as early as 1720 the shipwrights of London were formally complaining to the Lords of Trade because New England "had drawn over so many working shipwrights that there were not enough left at home to do their work", and even asked that shipbuilding in the Colonies be prohibited, this maritime industry continued to develop, particularly in New England and New York; so that when the War for Independence opened, one-third of England's merchant marine consisted of vessels built by the Colonists. The fact that ships built in England cost from

fifty per cent. to seventy-five per cent. more than similar vessels built in the Colonies, had an appeal that many British merchants could not resist.

But separation from the Mother Country changed all this. The old Cromwellian laws, limiting cargoes to British-built ships, at once took effect. The West India ports were closed not only to the ships of this new-born nation, but to the dried fish and other New England products which had furnished such abundant cargoes for them. The thirteen States treated shipping in thirteen different ways. As there was no United States Navy, such of this country's vessels as ventured abroad went as maritime orphans, depending on their own fighting resources. Discriminating duties and heavy tonnage taxes confronted them wherever they went; and there was no offsetting legislation to give their flag any compensatory protection. The period from 1783 to 1790 was the most discouraging ever known to American shipping.

Those men who composed the first Congress of the United States had full knowledge of our shipping's unhappy condition. They knew by what artificial means that condition had been brought about. Their leaders resolved that shipping should be restored.

Of course, there then were, as there always have been and still are, men who, for reasons not always fully stated, opposed bold and effective action for the benefit of American shipping. But under the leadership of President Washington, strongly supported by Jefferson, Hamilton and Madison, the first strictly legislative act passed by that first Congress provided impressive preferences for an American merchant marine. Besides these so-called discriminating duties, Congress ordered tonnage dues of fifty cents a ton to be collected from all foreign vessels entering United States ports; while they charged our own ships but six cents a ton. This legislation, in effect, gave our vessels a subsidy of forty-four cents a ton every time they returned from a foreign port.

Such laws in behalf of American vessels offset the discriminatory legislation of foreign countries and enabled our cheaper cost of ship construction to make itself felt again. At once American shipping revived. In ten years our vessels were carrying ninety per cent. of this country's international cargoes. Those who

either do not understand the subject, or who wish to prevent others understanding it, elaborately argue that the legislation originally enacted in behalf of American shipping was really retaliatory and therefore of a negative rather than of a positive character. Therefore, they deny that it should be considered as a precedent for the giving of government aid today.

Of course, the simple fact is this: Cheaper costs of production gave our ships a great advantage over foreign competitors. The foreigners offset this advantage by imposing discriminating duties and extra port charges on American ships. This was assumed not only to neutralize the natural advantages which American-built ships had in lower costs, but also to create something of an advantage in favor of the foreigners. Then Congress threw its legislative weight into the balance and, as Madison so forcefully predicted, no further attempt was openly made to destroy our merchant marine. Therefore, arguing whether the so-called discriminatory legislation enacted by the founders of this Government was offensive or defensive, is academic folly.

Without lower costs of construction, the preferential rates established by Congress would not have been sufficient to achieve the end sought. Without that preferential legislation our merchant marine could not have survived.

But, with the advent of steam and iron hulls, what has been called our natural advantages in shipping disappeared. While we clung to and developed the old, England adopted and developed the new. Parliament authorized the establishment of the Cunard Line in 1839 and gave it an annual subsidy of $425,000. Other British steamship lines were similarly established. Up to the outbreak of our Civil War, not a steamship line had been established without Government aid. The fact that a contract for the payment of $1,200,000 a year for a service to the Caribbean was made in 1841, when it was admitted that the mail pay earned could not possibly exceed $200,000 per year, showed that the necessities of the case were clearly understood by English statesmen and the necessary subsidies were authorized.

Then the United States started to follow in England's footsteps. It provided a subsidy for the Collins Line. England met this challenge with increased payments to the Cunard, until these

ships were receiving $850,000 per year. Then two Collins vessels were lost; sectional feelings were roused against this line, which it was appreciated would provide powerful auxiliaries to the Navy; further Government support was refused, and that great American mail line disappeared.

Failure of national support and those Civil War years gave our competitors, particularly England, an opportunity to modernize their fleets and secure footholds in all important ports.

The advantage of cheaper shipbuilding materials, which so long had been with the United States, was removed to England. Labor costs in the United States had become the highest in the world. Shipping conditions between the United States and England had been, from a commercial point of view, completely reversed. After our Civil War had closed, we found that it was not only impossible for our merchant marine to regain its former commanding position, but also that it could not even maintain what little strength was then remaining. Four years of that post-war struggle finally awakened Congress to the fact that our country would soon be without a merchant marine to serve our commerce with foreign countries. It started investigating, and for fifty-eight years it has intermittently grappled with the problem.

It began by appointing the Lynch Commission in 1869. Since then it has had periodical investigations, one of its most notable efforts being that conducted by the Gallinger Commission, so called. The Commission visited all the important ports in the country and in 1905 rendered a three volume report. In 1914, another Congressional investigation resulted in a four volume report. In 1919 began those hearings which assisted in producing the Merchant Marine Act of 1920. This act opens with the following emphatic statement:

> That it is necessary for the national defense and for the proper growth of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine of the best equipped and most suitable types of vessels sufficient to carry the greater portion of its commerce and serve as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency; and it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to do whatever may be necessary to develop and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine.

Nevertheless, after all these prolonged labors, the Senate on July 3, 1926, directed the Shipping Board "to prepare and submit to the Senate comprehensive and concrete plans for building up and maintaining an adequate merchant marine for commerce and national security". This resolution would appear to be a rather naïve admission that those extensive endeavors by Congress, covering a period of more than half a century, had left the shipping problem unsolved. So the Shipping Board, complying with this order of the Senate, assigned the task to a committee of three Commissioners. I was Chairman of that special committee. All the Commissioners, however, joined in the work of holding hearings at important ports and shipping points in the United States. All data bearing on this problem of a merchant marine for our foreign trade was brought up to date. As one result of this work, the capacious files of our Bureau of Research are loaded with abundant facts open to all.

Now, it is interesting to note that all of these elaborate investigations, covering a half century period, have in reality added nothing in the way of pertinent information to what appears in that succinct report made by the Lynch Commission of 1869. In fact, the Lynch Commission had an advantage denied to subsequent Congressional investigators; because there appeared before it veteran shipping men who not only had taken an active and important part in bringing American merchant shipping to the glorious position in world commerce which it achieved in the 'Fifties, but also had passed through those four years immediately following the close of the Civil War, when the pressure from more cheaply built and more cheaply operated foreign vessels was so rapidly crushing the remainder of our merchant fleet.

Among those witnesses appeared A. A. Low (father of the late Seth Low), one of the merchant princes of his day. As now the Standard Oil Company and the Steel Corporation have, purely as a matter of business sense, great fleets of ships serving their world enterprise, so A. A. Low had a great fleet of ships serving his extensive business and visiting all important world ports. He, like those great corporations, knew that for permanent success one must have "delivery wagons" of his own. He knew what had made it possible for him, during that quarter of a century before

the Civil War, to construct and successfully operate his American-built ships in competition with foreigners. He also knew what the causes were which, between 1865 and the time when he appeared before the Lynch Commission, had been driving his ships off the seas; and he told that Commission not only what those causes were, but also how to meet and overcome such conditions. He said in part:

> Most of our laws are formed with a view to protecting our various industries; but the laws which protect our general industry bear oppressively upon this particular interest, so that the laws which are designed for the protection of American industry are really a burden upon our shipping industry . . . I believe that the policy of England, in subsidizing lines of steamers to the various parts of the world, has given her a prestige which is almost insuperable. . . . My own impression has been that large subsidies should be given as an inducement, and that those subsidies, while they would cost the government something in the beginning, would cost the government nothing in the end. . . . I believe it has been the deliberate purpose of England to maintain her supremacy upon the ocean by paying larger subsidies than any other nation, so long as subsidies were necessary to preserve their control.

When the Shipping Board made its recent report to Congress, it had before it not only all the information which had been collected by the Lynch Commission and other Congressional investigators, but it also had the actual costs of maintaining and operating American ships in the foreign trade of this country during the last five years. It was able, therefore, to place actual payrolls of its own American merchant ships alongside the payrolls of similar foreign-flag vessels competing in the same trade. It had actual figures on repair costs, food expense, insurance, etc., to lay alongside corresponding expenses of foreign-flag ships. Through the courtesy of companies then having ships built abroad, after they had received bids from American as well as foreign yards, it secured knowledge of present actual construction costs at home and abroad. It found, in short, the same crushing handicaps which A. A. Low had found more than half a century before; and it offered the same remedy, though in two different forms; one being through national subsidies paid to private operators; the other through a form of Government operation, where the increased expenses resulting from foreign competition are paid directly from the Treasury, as is being done now.

The amount of national aid, however supplied, required by American merchant ships if they are to compete successfully in general trade with foreign ships, is found to be from five to nine per cent. of the capital cost of the ship; the percentage varying of course with the type of ship and the nationality of the steamship lines with which it is in competition; i. e., in an international trade where the foreign ship would be making a profit of from five to nine per cent., the American ship doing the same amount of business would merely be breaking even. Therefore, it is obvious why prior to the World War American merchant ships had practically disappeared from international trade; and why since the World War, with the ships of foreign nations returning to their regular services, the great United States fleet operated by the Government prevents those pre-war conditions from existing today. Of course, ships owned by and operated as an adjunct to a great industrial concern which can supply its own cargoes, are in a class by themselves.

When it is remembered that the international commerce of the United States amounts to some ten billions of dollars annually, and that the freight money for the ocean transportation of this commerce totals some six hundred million dollars a year, it is easy to see how important this business is, and how necessary it is that there should be a fleet of American vessels sufficiently large to insure prompt and efficient handling of the same.

The real difficulty, which so far has been insuperable and appears whenever it comes to enacting legislation which will enable American ships to live in international commerce, has been how the handicaps under which American ships now labor, and for more than sixty years have been laboring, can be removed. For more than a generation the claim was insistently made, and really prevented remedial action during all that time, that if Americans were allowed to buy ships abroad, the problem would be solved. At last the Panama Canal Act made that liberal provision, but no American owners of foreign ships took advantage of it. Shipping men all knew that the greater costs of operation made successful competition with foreigners impossible, no matter where the vessels were built.

In 1920, Congress enacted the Merchant Marine Act, which

made possible a return to the discriminating duties and tonnage taxes provided for by the First Congress. It also provided for preferential rail rates on goods carried to and from the United States in American vessels; a system which had been so advantageously employed by Germany in building up its great merchant fleet. Other less important aids were provided for. But commercial treaties prevent a restoration of the old discriminatory and tonnage tax policies. Because there is a feeling that such a restoration would be unwise, those treaties are not modified. The same reasoning has prevented an application of the preferential rail rate provisions. Therefore, the two important aids which Congress, by an overwhelming vote, declared in 1920 were absolutely necessary if United States ships were to live in foreign trade, have never been, and are not now, available.

But even now, with the solution practically limited to some form of Government subsidies, there is a division as to which form this Government support shall take. Advocates of American ships, privately-owned, demand legislation whereby an owner shall, under a contract covering the average life of a ship, receive payments, so long as his ship continues to serve the foreign trade of this country, sufficient to offset this five to nine per cent. handicap; and it is held that, just as competition in the coastwise trade of the United States, which trade is limited to American vessels, maintains the lowest practicable rates for transportation there, so American ships engaging in foreign trade by the aid of this Government subsidy would insure just rates of transportation to and from the United States.

Advocates of Government operation, either direct or through the employment of established shipping firms under Government control (which latter practice is the one now in force), hold that a merchant fleet owned and operated by the Government would furnish transportation to and from this country at actual cost; that beyond paying the interest on bonds issued to provide money for building the original fleet and for creating a sinking fund to insure proper replacements, as original ships disappear or become obsolete, there would be no incentive to take advantage of shipping needs to charge increased rates for transporting cargoes; and that with Government operation there would always be some

ships of this great national fleet which readily could be diverted to any ports where surplus cargoes were piling up. These advocates now point to the instances of 1924 and 1926, as demonstrating the strength of their position.

In the two instances cited, there had appeared a scarcity of tonnage serving American ports, at the time when the great grain and cotton crops from the West and South were ready for shipment. Sufficient foreign vessels failed to appear. The Shipping Board, out of its large reserve fleet, supplied the necessary tonnage; of course, at a loss but to the great benefit of the agricultural interests involved. In 1926, ninety-two extra steamers were supplied by the Shipping Board for this special service. The demand for tonnage became so great that the Shipping Board was flooded with telegrams from the West and South. Commercial bodies were demanding action. But the Shipping Board had foreseen this situation; and while, out of regard for the rights of private shipowners, it would not unreasonably interfere, it did supply the tonnage required to move more than twelve million bushels of grain and nearly one and one-half million bales of cotton; and it prevented transportation charges being unreasonably raised. The cost of putting these extra ships into service and of transporting their cargoes exceeded, by some three million dollars, the revenue received. This excess cost was, of course, in effect a subsidy paid by the Government.

During the first half century of this country's life, merchant shipping was recognized by all as a most important adjunct of the Navy; largely because merchant ships could so readily be transformed into fighting craft. But today, merchant ships are of even greater importance, as a part of naval strength, than in those old days; not only because all fast steamships are so readily available for scouting purposes and troop transportation, but also because the fighting fleets of today, being no longer wind-driven, depend upon freight ships for motive power as well as for food and munitions. The fact that a battleship, which in time of peace consumes an average of about six thousand tons of fuel oil a year, in time of war requires some fifty thousand tons of fuel oil for the same period, indicates how large must be the fleet of these auxiliary craft to meet the emergencies of war. To maintain

directly such a fleet as part of the Navy in times of peace would be, of course, an unthinkable wastefulness. Therefore, the only economical way to insure adequate auxiliary fleets for national defense is through a merchant marine.

At present, there are engaged in the United States foreign trade some five hundred vessels, mostly owned by the Government or purchased from the United States at low figures. The mere wages and repair bills on these vessels amount to some $30,000,000 annually. The wages paid on our Shipping Board vessels alone last year were $13,494,263, or more than the total sum required to cover the deficiencies resulting from the Government's ship operations. Practically all this money is spent in the United States. If this fleet of American vessels is to continue, there will have to be built each year at least a quarter of a million tons of ships. The cost of these ships would be some forty millions of dollars, but their construction would mean steady employment for a vast amount of American labor. Furthermore, the total amount of freight money earned last year by American ships while serving the international ocean-borne commerce of this country was about one-third of the total amount paid for such transportation, or some $200,000,000. Now, mere interest on the above amounts which American vessels, through their operations, are keeping in this country more than equals what it is costing to keep these ships going in our foreign trade.

Therefore, either continuing Government aids to American ships in the way it is now being done, or directly paying a subsidy which would enable private Americans to engage in foreign trade as they did when enjoying advantages now possessed by foreign competitors, means, in fact, not a national outlay but a national income, even if nothing is considered excepting cold-blooded bookkeeping figures; while if any consideration whatever is given to the tremendous advantage which American ships admittedly are to American trade with foreign nations; or to what an adequate merchant marine means to the Navy, the national need becomes so overwhelming and the advantages so obvious that the urge for action should be irresistible.

PARASITES OF FINANCE

BY KEYES WINTER

It has been estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury that over $1,700,000,000 annually is taken from the public by stock frauds. If these figures include losses from fake mines and oil prospects, stock market gambling, bucket shops and double and treble commissions paid for rigging markets and faking market sales, exorbitant promotion profits, watered stock and inflated balance sheets, fake reorganizations of defunct business, freeze outs, memberships in empty mutual welfare corporations, fake guaranties against stock losses, bonds secured by uncompleted or vacant buildings, certificates of anæmic investment trusts, forged trade acceptances, as well as the thousands of varieties of badly conceived ventures floated chiefly on air, then this estimate is over modest.

Out of one hundred and fifty questionnaires sent out haphazardly by the Attorney-General's Securities Bureau, and returned by corporations, twenty-eight revealed fraud in the sale of stock and handling of corporate assets.

An investigation of the Consolidated Stock Exchange disclosed that its brokers in August, 1925, were short over $3,000,000 worth of securities out of $12,000,000 pretended to have been bought for the public. This $3,000,000 was "cleared" out of existence by an ingenious bookkeeping system of offsetting purchases by a fiction called "loans to brokers".

Suspend trading on our exchanges at any given time and balance their members' accounts, and we shall find that millions of shares supposed to have been bought for the public are nowhere in existence. In their place are book entries charging third persons with an obligation to buy these securities in the future.

In the last year in a room in a fashionable New York hotel I discovered an ex-convict foisting millions of shares on the public, scattered from Maine to California. It was worthless paper representing abandoned mines bought for a song. His principal

tool was a bogus newspaper in the columns of which he posed as an impartial financial adviser and quoted in screaming headlines and lurid text the published market quotations of a crooked stock exchange in Boston. From a borrowed capital of five thousand dollars this swindler had realized at least five millions of dollars.

These millions are taken not only from the ignorant and the gullible sap, but also from lawyers, doctors and professors. What is the reason that the normally shrewd American is taken in by frauds to this extent? After an observation of two and one-half years, I find these outstanding facts which may have some bearing on the question: Americans are great newspaper readers. They are publicity ridden. Propaganda on every conceivable subject is constantly fed to them. They absorb half facts on the jump, seldom from personal observation but from screaming headlines and tabloids, from cunningly worded advertisements, and from the radio and the moving pictures with their distorted views of the antics of the rich. Few outside of their professions acquire the wisdom and caution that comes only from research and the contemplation of hard-earned facts.

In this psychology, corporate financing with its jingling jargon and mysterious phrases finds a favorable reaction. The corporation itself is a pure fiction, manufactured by filing a paper in a public office. Whatever substance it may have is controlled entirely by the selfish interests of its promoter. He may add or subtract anything to make the picture pleasing to the public fancy, and in dressing up his article he usually follows the current fashions. When presented to the public, the offering is painted in rich-sounding technical terms, which convey half truths that stir the imagination but give little if any information.

Fraud consists essentially in taking advantage of some false belief or illusion in a trusting person, and by that means inducing some action that otherwise would not happen. In fraudulent transactions in securities, we seldom find positive misrepresentations of facts. In the richly fertilized field open to the stock swindler, that crude form of operating is inartistic and obsolete.

A sale of a barrel of potatoes assorted with field rock, or of a can of milk drawn the most part from the stable pump, is an objec-

tionable and irritating practice, but it has little about it of public concern. But, on the other hand, the wholesale distribution of a fake stock through pseudo-brokers with Wall Street addresses is a matter of infinite public consequence. And this is particularly so when the fraud is done by listing the stock on a public exchange, by arbitrary inflations of prices, by washed sales, or by other forms of manipulation, by publication of these false quotations in the daily papers, or in fake newspapers shoveled out through the mails by the hundreds of thousands, by cunningly circulated rumors of pool operations, by subsidized market letters, by torrents of confidential telegraph and long distance telephone advices to buy for a rise, by the use of public names whose owners either voluntarily prostitute them for this purpose or which are filched without the owners' consent.

Against raids like these, our gullible public is unable to protect itself and is utterly helpless.

Give the fraudulent stock promoter a remote tract of land in a South American jungle with an abandoned canal, and a casual traveler's romantic deductions peppered with a few legends of the wealth of the Incas, then the telephone, the telegraph, the mails, the radio, the stock ticker, the financial newspaper and the tipster sheet will do the rest. Millions of ripe suckers are listening in as the lurid story is broadcast. A wealth equal to that of the Incas is tapped, but it flows in a steady stream out of the savings banks and through the brokers on the exchanges into the pockets of a cunning swindler lurking in the background.

Out of these frauds the entire system profits. Hundreds of thousands of dollars go to the telephone and telegraph company, thousands to the postal service, hundreds of thousands in double, triple and quadruple commissions to the unscrupulous brokers who manipulate the market, thousands to the subsidized market letter, and untold amounts to insiders who gamble against the public on the sure collapse of the fraud. Out of all these transactions, what the public gets is a conventional stock certificate with an assignment on its back. This represents the dreams and hopes of the owners, their visions of profits and their shares in the romance of business and enterprise. Usually these certificates are such trifling parts individually of tremendous issues

that it is difficult to perceive any practical benefit to the owners, even if the myths they represent were realities.

In a great many instances, however, the victim of these frauds does not even get a stock certificate. Most transactions in securities are made by the payment of only a part of the price, enabling the customer to buy more shares with the same money. To pay for the increased shares the broker is supposed to advance the balance of the price and to hold the stock to protect these advances. All of these shares are then mixed up in one common pot and are in no way earmarked or identified with any particular customer. What the owner gets to represent his purchase is a book entry in the broker's ledger. In the many transactions on a modern exchange with its complicated machinery, this entry becomes so involved with other book entries relating to the stocks in the common pot, that even the most expert auditors have difficulty in unraveling them. The result of this is that brokers, finding it inconvenient to tie up their resources in stock, often satisfy their customers merely with the book entries. In most instances, these perhaps are about as useful and valuable to the customer, who gets precisely the same thrill out of them as he does from the certificate.

Under the complications of modern corporate financing, public clamor early called for State protection against security frauds. The individual was helpless to protect himself, and the penal laws with their exact definitions and the difficulty of obtaining convictions from unskilled juries and adequate sentences from tender judges were wholly unsuitable to cope with these subtle public wrongs. Consequently commencing from the West, forty-five States one after another passed laws to prevent the sale of fraudulent securities. The States of New York and New Jersey, the most prolific sources of security frauds, strangely enough were the last to adopt them. In forty-two States securities and dealers in securities are licensed and applicants for licenses must satisfy the public officer charged with administering the law, of their fitness to sell securities and also of the fitness of the security proposed to be sold. To eliminate the comparatively few dishonest members, the burden of qualifying is here placed on the entire body of security dealers.

In New York, New Jersey and Maryland, on the other hand, any one may freely deal in any security until the Attorney-General discovers that the security is fraudulent or is fraudulently sold, or that some fraud is perpetrated in connection with its sale.

To enable the Attorney-General to expose fraud, he is given broad and drastic powers of investigation, of subpœnaing witnesses, examining them and compelling the production of books and papers. Charges are not required, but mere suspicion or the public interest is sufficient to warrant the investigation. Severe penalties are provided for refractory or contumacious witnesses, who may be arrested and sentenced to a fine of $5,000 or two years' imprisonment for refusing to attend, answer questions or produce necessary documents. Receivers of fraudulently acquired property are provided for, as also are injunctions against fraudulent practices.

At a glance the licensing laws appear to be more effective and drastic than the mere subpœna power and injunctive relief given to New York State's Attorney-General. But in practice and under the conditions prevailing in New York with its enormous volume of complicated financial transactions, the Martin Act, as our Blue Sky law is named, has proved entirely adequate and effective and has presented fewer administrative difficulties than the Licensing acts.

Armed with a subpœna commanding the instant appearance and examination on the spot of the dealer in securities, whether at his office, on the street or in his house, the Attorney-General and his deputies at any moment may surprise the fraud doer in his operations. His confidential books and secret contracts, his hiding places, his hidden profits and his intricate web of intrigue are subject at all times to an immediate and thorough exposure. It has become perilous for even the most cunning operators to work.

As I have pointed out, these frauds are carried out by concealments of the truth and by false appearances. So, when the truth is baldly published, the most intricate and subtle fraud expires of its own weakness. Let the naked and unvarnished facts be disclosed about a dry oil prospect, or a fallow copper mine, and it is difficult to conceive of even the most confirmed sucker nibbling at this unsavory bait.

In two years of administering the Martin act, we have examined several thousands of promotions and stock selling schemes. Hundreds have been absolutely squelched, not by forbidding the sale of the stock, but by requiring that certain unpalatable facts about them be revealed nakedly and baldly to prospective purchasers.

But beside those that were so restrained, thousands of other promotions have died in still birth, from the certainty of exposure.

As a result of two years' administration of this act on a budget of $175,000 a year for the period, there has been a general exodus of professional security swindlers from the State of New York and the public of this country has been saved countless millions of dollars.

And what is more to the point, there has been an appreciable uplift in the moral tone of Wall Street.

After all is said, the conduct of the individual is guided not so much by State supervision and a forced correction of his errors, as by the general conscience of the community. In the compact heterogeneous population of New York City, with its close contact one with the other, it is my observation that the vast majority are led by conscientious principles, and that the deliberate cheater is the rare exception. When their appearance is respectable and is surrounded by a halo imparted by the romance of big business and success, then fraudulent transactions gain ground and flourish. But thoroughly ventilate and label them with the ugly name of fraud, and the leaven of public opinion will get in its good work. A sneak is essentially a moral coward. He is peculiarly sensitive to the scorn of his neighbors.

PSEUDO-GENIUSES

BY CARLTON KENDALL

On the furbelow of every profession from medicine to religion is an army of pretenders who endeavor to assume outwardly the attributes of that profession and masquerade as its legitimate practitioners. It is only natural, therefore, that such a "profession" as genius with its attendant publicity and social privileges should attract hordes of these imitators.

I

The rewards of genius are too great to be overlooked by the aspirants for easy fame and fortune. These aspirants we may aptly name "pseudo-geniuses". They are of three classes: the mentally deranged, the temporarily deluded and the deliberate impostors. The first class MacDonald defines as mattoids, persons suffering from cerebral diseases distinguished by psychofunctional disturbances. "Such persons," he says, "show peculiarities in thought, feeling and action and they are called strange and foolish because the great majority of men feel or act otherwise. Their combinations of ideas are uncommon, new, striking and often interesting; yet they are incapable of making use of these new thoughts. Such individuals are not yet insane, but still they are not quite right; they form the passage over to insanity—they are on the threshold." Lombroso designates them as strikingly peculiar, eccentric and original, generally in useless ways and closely allied by heredity to mental diseases. They may have peculiar talents in certain lines but lack the critical power, the capacity to look at themselves from an outside standpoint, and so consider their oddities higher than the virtues of others.

Many of them with a little self-concentration could cure themselves of their malady and apply their talents with intelligence. They are most commonly found in the numerous "artistic

colonies" scattered over the world—such centers as Greenwich Village, Soho, Carmel, the Latin Quarter and Montmartre. They are frequently known as "Quarter or Village Celebrities", a name which contains an ironical truth of which most of them are unaware.

Like quack phrenologists, palmists and destiny diviners, they regale themselves in costumes designed to alarm the innocent bystander, often under the hallucination that by borrowing a few eagle feathers they become eagles. In accordance with popular concepts, these costumes frequently combine the stereotyped long hair, the flowing tie and the theatrical personality of a Cyrano de Bergerac. Their dwellings are likewise often exotic with hectically painted doorways and weird interiors—both the results of conscious effort to impress the beholder with the owner's cleverness, originality and claim to fame. Their complexes are sex and egotism, and they are in no immediate danger of suffering from oratorical suppression of either. The honest and decent person they look upon as "banal and mundane", and maintain the mental attitude that "one must be a little queer to be an intellectual". Publicity is their phobia; to shock, to attract attention to themselves, to produce a sensation, their delight. Inventing iconoclastic philosophies, posing as Anarchists, Atheists or sexual perverts, they partly satiate their "hero cravings" by being the object of some old lady's scandalized glances. In restaurants and public places one often hears them launch forth in unnecessarily loud, affected accents upon diatribes against the intellectual stupidity of the *bourgeoisie*. No doubt they feel they are voicing an original discovery.

Unfortunately many of them are unable to earn an adequate living, and so often exist in the most haphazard fashion, blaming their lot upon a society which is as yet uneducated to the level of paying substantial prices for a few lines of prose masquerading as "spectroscopic poetry"; or a grotesque statuette which an African ethnologist might mistake for one of the phallic gods of the Mandingo Tribe, were it not captioned "the hypersensitive dynamicism of an Œdipus complex". "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in ourselves, but in our stars, that we are underlings," is the tone of their lamentations.

The art, if we may call it such, produced by these mattoids is exotic, like their dwellings. Unable to rise to high states of lucid consciousness, their æsthetic concepts are lacking in perspicacity. Unheedful that the reproductions of true art depend upon the intensity, sincerity and worth of the underlying mental image, they attempt to achieve results by dexterity of superficial technique of execution.

Sexual exhibitionism is frequently noticeable in their work. A lack of definite mental, ethical or æsthetic viewpoint is also apparent. Having nothing to express, they try to cover their shallowness with sensationalism; attempting, as Benedetto Croce remarks, "to conceal their internal emptiness in a flood of words, in sounding verse, in deafening polyphony, in painting that dazzles the eye or by heaping together great architectual masses which arrest and astonish us without conveying anything whatever."

Their entire life and outlook is curiously bent to justify their deficiencies. As might be logically induced, they scorn sincerity, or else profess it without practising it. Possibly they instinctively realize that sincerity is the sword of Damocles, hanging over their unstable thrones.

Were it not for their harmful influence upon the young men and young women who come to the great cultural focuses of civilization to study art, literature or music, one might be tempted, in consideration of their infirmities, to leave these mattoids like village fools to pursue their little orbits as the fireside luminaries of a dull winter's evening. But this type of pseudo-genius is a genuine menace to society and the direct inspiration of many a blasted career.

Of their sexual orgies, which rival if not surpass the wildest feasts of Babylon and Rome, too much has already been written. Their neurotic attempts at new art bring derision upon the head of anyone who attempts to express reality in new forms, or to depart sincerely from the accepted interpretations of nature. It is they who bring upon honest geniuses the wrath of outraged respectability, and who justly merit the denunciations of even the most bigoted of reformers—if one can hold them mentally responsible for their actions.

II

In addition to these mattoids, a second class of pseudo-geniuses exists. These are the temporarily deluded, and are usually attracted by the exoticism of the so-called "artist colonies", like moths by a candle flame. They are, in no sense, to be classed with the mattoid type, for they lack the inherent viciousness of mind of the mattoid and are usually kind hearted, generous and sincere in their worship of false idols. Most of them originally come from middle class homes, from farms, from little country towns and hamlets, from sturdy thriving manufacturing centers where art and beauty are lost in the cogs of industry. Their souls thirst for Olympian nectar; their emotional systems for the rich romance of life.

They leave the drabness and angular ugliness of their Babbitty environment and come to the great city in quest of the Holy Grail of art, romance and beauty, their consciousnesses bursting with a tremendous ecstasy of vibrant energy, as yet unexpressed, undirected, unreleased. Drifting to the "art colonies" which form a part of every great metropolis, they take cheap lodgings and set forth with the confidence of youth to achieve a career. Lack of education, travel and worldly experience keeps them from seeing their surroundings in proper perspective.

The mattoid celebrity appears to them a great genius. His exotic productions seem to them endowed with true art; his scattered phrases of Freud, Kant and Nietzsche they misinterpret as indicative of vast intellectual depth; his posturing and absurd accent they mistake for the hallmark of genuine culture.

In these sons and daughters of Babbitt, the "village celebrity" sees the material for future disciples, and so offers them the advice of "one who has been through the mill", feasting his omnivorous ego upon their whole-hearted worship. He begins his instruction by making jest of their ideals and lack of sophistication.

"Ideals," says he, "are the hallucinations of the peasantry. They have no part in art. Like respect for old age and reverence

for one's parents, they are archaic, mid-Victorian, Confucian—not an accoutrement of modern genius. If you would be great, be Lesbian; that is the secret of genius. What! You have never been drunk? No wonder you cannot write!" I quote this from hortatory wisdom offered to a young neophyte by a mattoid in Greenwich Village. It is however only a part of his advice. The rest does not bear repeating.

The young searcher after wisdom, unable through his lack of social position, shabby clothes and scanty allowance to enjoy entrée to an intellectual society which would nourish his thirsty soul with more substantial wisdom and culture, is forced to choose between evenings spent with this mattoid *intelligencia* and the solitary loneliness of his miserable hall bedroom. Naturally he chooses the former, and so accepts these "village celebrities" as his human gods. In so doing, he little realizes that he is burning his incense at a sham altar and taking for his pattern, not a successful genius, but a wretched and degenerate failure.

As time goes on, the would-be artist, instead of developing what Sir Joshua Reynolds calls "a state of mind that receives those ideas only which relish of grandeur and simplicity", often loses what idealism he possessed as well as his belief in God, wallows in sophistication, and after a few months begins to assume the tawdry, gestured stamp of "the Quarter". Before he realizes it, the mattoid's ideas are interwoven in his own philosophy, and he too becomes a pseudo-genius.

It is not our desire to disseminate the impression that every "celebrity" in Greenwich Village is a mattoid and every resident a pseudo-genius. Far from it. In Greenwich Village as well as other "artistic colonies" live many honest souls—rarely geniuses of the highest class, to be sure, but geniuses of definite ability and young artists and intellectuals actuated by deep sincerity. By Greenwich Village we typify a mental outlook rather than a material location for, as Fulmer Mood so aptly puts it, "Greenwich Village is a state of mind, not a geographical community." Mattoids are found in all strata of society, and are as numerous on Park Avenue as on Sheridan Square; but no matter in what stratum of society they move, they are easily recognizable by any alienist.

III

Before passing to the third class of pseudo-geniuses, let us glance once more at the "artistic colony" and its place in the life of a potential genius. The art colony is of value as a passing experience, providing one does not take it too seriously or become immersed in its web of bootleg liquor, Woolworth philosophy and expensive free love, especially the latter. Many a brilliant mind has become entangled in a bed-spring. The art colony is nothing new and its ideas are not new. It existed in ancient Egypt and China, as it does today, and to its neophytes in China Confucius offered probably as sound and wise advice as has been recorded: "If you would be a superior person, perfect yourself in the arts and usages worthy of the image you desire to attain, and do not be deceived into believing that by imitating the gestures of a superior person you can become one."

Unfortunately, society is largely based upon financial standing, and until every young genius attains a degree of money-earning power, he is hampered in his social associations, especially in New York. "Art for art's sake" is one of the much quoted phrases of the artistic colony and one which knowledge of psychology tempts us to classify with "an inferiority complex". It is most often heard from the lips of people so constantly conscious of the pecuniary element that they would be incapable of doing their best work if engaged upon a commission involving a considerable sum of money. To them money is an end, not an incidental of art. To the layman it is a medium of exchange. What artist could receive greater tribute than for a poor hard-working man to take a portion of his scanty savings and expend it for the enjoyment of one of his artistic creations? It signifies that the work is sufficiently communicable in its æsthetic qualities to give genuine pleasure to other people, for which they are willing to exchange their manual labor. It is those works of art which give the greatest æsthetic enjoyment to the largest number of people which possess the highest monetary value.

A glance at history shows us that many of the finest artistic creations of the ancient masters were done on specific contract. Rubens's famous paintings in the Louvre were executed in accord-

ance with a contract secured for him by his friend Henri de Vicq. Leonardo da Vinci was hired to paint *The Last Supper*, and Benvenuto Cellini was employed by Pope Clement VII to execute his marvelous gold and silver work in accordance with definite specified orders. Rossini composed the overture for the opera *Otello* in a small room in the Barbaja Palace, where the theatre manager had shut him up with a dish of macaroni and the threat that he should not leave the place alive until he had written the last note in conformity with his legal agreement.

Those who decry the commercialism of America might find it interesting to observe the economic condition of nations during their "golden ages" of art and literature. Even that dream jewel of romance and delicate architectual beauty, Venice, acquired most of its greatest art treasures with the wealth obtained as commercial mistress of the Adriatic, and at the very apex of its glory was nothing more than a seaport capital renowned for its energetic merchants and virile trade.

Those who postulate that one cannot be a sincerely great artist and still make a living at the profession have no criterion upon which to base their statement. Money is one means by which an artist can perfect himself in his art; too often, alas, it is the only key with which a young genius can escape from the rutways of an art colony and widen his horizon with travel and further knowledge. If one has a really great soul, it will not clink at the rattle of a few coins. If one has not a really great soul, it will avail him little to create "art for art's sake alone", for even so, his creations will be shallow and empty.

IV

The third type of pseudo-geniuses is probably better known to the layman than the other two. He is the individual who, as James Harvey Robinson terms it in his *Mind in the Making*, rationalizes to conceal his ignorance. Desirous of being something he is not, he plays upon popular emotions and superstitions, upon common lack of intellectual discrimination, and thus outwardly gains his ends, be it an influential political office, the presidency of an unstable investment company, or the credit for inventing a world-revolutionizing contrivance. Art does not

attract him as often as do other professions. He is too set in his desire for power, money and popular fame to consider art a sufficiently rapid medium. A trifle smarter than the mob, he utilizes this intellectual advantage, not to perfect himself in a worthy employment commensurate with his capacity, but to prey upon the foibles of society. The fake mediums, the fake astrologists, the fake palmists, come under this classification of pseudo-geniuses. The wily diplomat who is more interested in serving his career than his country, is another. The calculating and hypocritical reformer who plays upon moral codes and directs honest sentiments to his own ends, is another. Elmer Gantry represents in realistic caricature the religious example of this type of pseudo-genius, many of whom clutter the Christian churches of America today, posing as "Holy Messengers of Heaven", denouncing as profligates all who do not bow before their authority, and even going so far as to presume to usurp the prerogatives of God Himself and pronounce Divine judgment upon their fellow men.

Working upon man's emotions, hoodwinking the public, these pseudo-geniuses secure ends beyond their own capacities of consciousness. In the past we find them ruffling across the pages of history, swaying cardinals and monarchs, precipitating wars and causing endless human suffering and useless waste. Today we still find them ever ready to do the same, unless restrained by society. Rasputin, the evil monk who through his machinations, murders and intrigues corrupted the name of the Russian Church and Court, lives within our memories. Kaiser Wilhelm with his ideas of "Me and God", his belief in the divine right of kings, his ambitions to conquer the world even at the sacrifice of his own people, is too deeply burned into the pages of recent history to be forgotten by most of us.

Instead of adding to society, the pseudo-geniuses subtract from it, leaving behind them, not additions to human knowledge and civilization, but more often sophistries which bewilder and delude mankind, though within the circle of their admirers they bear the titles of *de facto* geniuses, just as an arch-murderer bears the title of a genius among thieves and Satan within the domain of the netherworld. If to live a life of pretension, to beguile from soci-

ety its empty baubles, to feast upon sensational publicity, be admitted to the common meaning of genius, then they *are* geniuses and our classification of them as *pseudo*-geniuses is incorrect. But by the criterion of honest society their claims to be admitted to the true ranks of genius are not recognized, and in so far as they attempt to pose as great figures, we may justly designate them as imitations.

What the pseudo-genius costs society is impossible to estimate. Much worthy patronage which should be bestowed upon actual potential geniuses is wasted upon these charlatans. Every wealthy man is familiar with their stationery. In other realms than art, most of us have contributed to their support by a small financial interest in some world-revolutionizing invention, a gilt edged certificate for "sure-fire oil stock", or a course of popular lectures on "how to develop your personality". Collecting their doles from ignorance and superstition, they conceal their deficiencies behind cabalistic mysticism. Of them, Thomas Carlyle says in his essay *On Heroes and Hero Worship:* "Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A *great* man? A poor, morbid, prurient man; fitter for the ward of a hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you find something in him."

WHAT DOOR DOES THE PHI BETA KAPPA KEY OPEN?

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT

When those deadly serious young men at William and Mary College established Phi Beta Kappa a century and a half ago, they adopted a badge of membership which bore the symbols ever since familiar in the American academic world, along with the much debated monogram "S P". In shape, however, the badge was a medal, and it did not become a key until a generation later. We cannot know how greatly those making the change were influenced by utilitarian motives, for the day of the stem-winding watch was still far in the future, but it is pleasant to believe that they saw in the new design a suggestion of what Phi Beta Kappa would mean to its members through the years when they came to face the doors of life's greatest opportunities. How far has that buoyant faith of the founders been justified by the event?

And those mysterious letters "S P". Painstaking delvers into the archives and the traditions have found no fewer than eight interpretations of the monogram. Though *Societas Philosophiæ* is perhaps supported by the best evidence, there are those who suggest *Signum Principium* as the hidden words. Are the two phrases inconsistent? May not the badge of membership in a society of philosophers be indeed "a sign of the leaders"? Is not scholarly attainment in the years of youth a key that opens later the way to the treasures most worth possessing—to the success most worth winning?

It is far from being a new question. Men asked it and answered it in one manner or another long centuries before John Heath and his friends gathered in the Apollo Room of the old Raleigh Tavern. They will debate it when our American civilization has joined the lost Atlantis. At this time there is justification for a summary of the evidence, not so much because Phi Beta Kappa itself is celebrating its sesquicentennial and erecting a beautiful memorial building to its founders, as because the hurrying world

—in the colleges and outside of them—suffers from shifting standards of human values.

It really matters little whether we keep the survey within the actual limits of Phi Beta Kappa membership, or broaden it to study the relation of undergraduate scholarship rank to accomplishment in later years. The former method allows a certain satisfactory concreteness not possible when dealing with the college world as a whole, and it gives us a most impressive demonstration of the truth that scholarship opens the one sure path to distinction. It is to be remembered that while Phi Beta Kappa has now more than one hundred chapters, the majority of them have been established within the last quarter-century. During the early period of national development the society had but a handful of chapters, and once for thirty years at a stretch not a single addition was made.

Dr. Voorhees, the General Secretary of Phi Beta Kappa, has pointed out the curious parallel in the growth of the society and that of the Nation. In 1787, when the society had four chapters, the Nation numbered about four million people. In 1876, at the end of the first century of their joint lives, the Nation had grown to thirty-eight million, whereas the society could claim but twenty-four chapters. Last year, however, at the end of a century and a half, they were again side by side, the nation with one hundred and ten million and the society with one hundred and seven chapters. So that, with due allowance, we may say that there has been a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa to each million of our population.

It is perhaps an even more impressive way to put it to point out that the total membership of Phi Beta Kappa is but one in three thousand of our population—that is, three one-hundredths of one percent.—but that numerically insignificant minority has furnished many times, probably one hundred times, its quota of our men of fame, of our truly successful men, our leaders of the State, of the bench and the bar, of art and letters, of scientific achievement, of civic affairs in general.

That sounds like a sweeping, perhaps an over-enthusiastic, generalization. Where lies the proof? In what terms may we fairly measure fame and leadership and success? There is our

Hall of Fame for Great Americans. The names for its walls have been selected with commendable care and deliberation. Of the first group of twenty-nine, selected in 1900, thirteen were members of Phi Beta Kappa, and about that proportion, or virtually one-half, has been maintained to date. This demonstration that the insignia of Phi Beta Kappa is literally "a sign of the leaders" becomes more impressive when we recall how few chapters there were in those years which have thus far provided the names for the Hall of Fame. Indeed, many of the men honored by selection were beyond college age before Phi Beta Kappa came into being. In that group of thirteen, out of the twenty-nine chosen in 1900, we find John Marshall, one of the founders of Phi Beta Kappa at William and Mary, and most of the dozen remaining were from the chapters at Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and Bowdoin, which represented virtually the whole roll of the society until the first half of the Nineteenth Century had passed.

There is the list of our Presidents. Whatever charges may be brought against our American political system, the fact remains that no other country during the last century and a half has had so consistently in its place of greatest power men of the sound character and capacity that have distinguished our Presidents. Eleven of them, beginning with John Quincy Adams, Harvard, 1787, have been chosen from the ranks of Phi Beta Kappa. Again, as in the Hall of Fame, the proportion is about one-half—more than half, in fact, if we leave out of the calculation those earliest Presidents who grew to manhood before the society was born. And that, with one chapter to a million of our population, and one living member to three thousand people!

As in the Hall of Fame and the White House, so elsewhere. Of the ten Chief Justices of our highest court, five have worn the key of Phi Beta Kappa, beginning with John Marshall and including Taft. The proportion has been but a little lower among the members of the court as a whole. Of the sixty-three Justices, twenty-six have been members of Phi Beta Kappa, beginning with Bushrod Washington in 1798. That is more than forty percent. At no time have there been fewer than two on the bench; more often there have been four, as at the present time. Forty men have held the office of Secretary of State. Eighteen of those,

again about half, have been members of Phi Beta Kappa, and their services have covered sixty of the last one hundred and twenty-four years. In the remaining Cabinet positions, in other courts, in Congressional leadership and in the diplomatic field, investigation reveals substantially the same result.

But leadership in public affairs and distinction which leads to the Hall of Fame do not tell the whole story. Let us broaden the field of inquiry to include "success" in its most generous definitions. There is always *Who's Who in America.* That valuable reference work has its shortcomings. It does not satisfy Mr. H. L. Mencken, for example. Yet it constitutes, as it has for almost a generation, the best catalogue we have of our fellow citizens who have won their way to the front ranks. Most men welcome, and very few resent, inclusion in its pages. What is the Phi Beta Kappa man's chance of inclusion, as compared with that of his classmate, and that of his non-collegiate neighbor?

Briefly, it is about three times as good as that of his classmate of lower standing and several times three times as good as that of his neighbor who has no college degree. The proportion has been checked up many times and by various methods. The latest edition of *Who's Who* contains the names of nearly six thousand members of Phi Beta Kappa out of 26,915 persons included. Thus a little group—not more than one-seventh, and commonly less than that—from the top of the graduating classes of fewer than one-half our colleges, provides more than one-fifth of all the men and women whose public services or professional achievements gain them inclusion in *Who's Who.* Get out your census report and figure the value of the Phi Beta Kappa key in unlocking the door of success! And the nearly six thousand Phi Beta Kappa members in *Who's Who* are one-fifth of the total living membership of the society, if we exclude those admitted during the last fifteen years and therefore too young reasonably to expect the recognition given by inclusion in *Who's Who.* One American adult in about two thousand is in the latest edition of this reference work, but one of every five eligible members of Phi Beta Kappa is there.

Almost every edition of *Who's Who* from the first has been subjected to analysis in this connection with the results unfailingly

emphasizing the close relation between high scholarship rank and success in later years. Writing in the March, 1903, number of *The Popular Science Monthly* Professor E. G. Dexter summarized a study of the second edition of *Who's Who* which had recently appeared simultaneously with a catalogue of living members of Phi Beta Kappa. He found that the average college graduate's chances of being included in *Who's Who* was as one to 15.7, whereas the chances of the Phi Beta Kappa member was as one to 5.9. Thus, "the chances of a Phi Beta Kappa man's success are nearly three times those of his classmates as a whole".

President Sills, of Bowdoin, when he was Dean of that college, embodied in one of his annual reports a list of class leaders for a century—"of whom a very large majority had decidedly won distinction in their profession"—and a list of the twenty-five most famous graduates of the college in its first half-century. Of those twenty-five, no fewer than fifteen were of Phi Beta Kappa rank. These included George Evans, ranking among the first three in the class of 1815; Franklin Pierce, fifth in 1824; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, fourth in 1825; Cyrus Hamlin, first in 1834; Melville Weston Fuller, second in 1853, and Thomas Brackett Reed, fifth in 1860. Only two of the twenty-five were in the lower third of their respective classes.

President Lowell once examined the records of Harvard graduates for the quarter-century period, 1861 to 1887. He found that one in every 13.3 was named in *Who's Who,* whereas from the upper one-seventh one in every 7.05 was thus named. In other words, "the chance of the high-grade student at Harvard is nearly twice as great as that of the average graduate." Consider the figures of the Wesleyan graduates in the decade covered by the classes of 1890 to 1899 inclusive. Thirty per cent. of the Phi Beta Kappa men of that period appeared in the latest *Who's Who* against eleven per cent. of those who were graduated without honors. Again, a three to one chance for the Phi Beta Kappa man over his classmates of lower rank, in the race for distinction in their life work. The evidence is the same wherever we turn.

There are still other yardsticks by which the world measures success. Some persons consider only the earning power of a man. There need be no quarrel with them. It will not be claimed that

the key of Phi Beta Kappa is primarily for use on vaults filled with coin and securities. And, on the other hand, it will not be conceded that ownership of that emblem is a handicap in any race for worldly goods. Quite the contrary. The old-time conception of the man of scholarly attainments as one with shiny suit, frayed cuffs and runover shoes, no longer obtains. Those Phi Beta Kappa men who have gained places, far out of proportion to their numbers, in the Hall of Fame, in the high places of public life and in the pages of *Who's Who* have not lived in garrets or faced starvation. Indeed, many among them have gained great wealth by applying their talents in that direction, but a far larger number have deliberately turned aside from affluence that might have been theirs in order to render a greater service to society. There can be no statistics in these matters, but if anyone thinks that Phi Beta Kappa men are to be held cheaply, financially speaking or otherwise, he should go out and try to buy the services of the first dozen he meets.

Statistics, tabulations and comparisons are undeniably interesting, and they have a real value in answering the question we have asked, but the most important door that the key of Phi Beta Kappa opens is not that which leads to fame or gold. It is the door to those vaults where the wealth of the wise has been gathered through the ages—those treasure houses in which the scholar finds the food that enriches and sweetens and develops the life of the spirit. By no means all members of Phi Beta Kappa devote themselves to lives of pure scholarship, but all of them have gained, and have available through their lives, the happy rewards that are peculiarly those of the scholar.

It has become increasingly fashionable in our time to belittle, or to ignore, the value of intellectual discipline and to count spiritual development and scholarly attainment less important than material success. That attitude is the result of hasty and shallow thinking. It is a folly that rots the fabric of society, as a thousand manifestations on every hand make plain. Against it, not merely in protest, but in ceaseless warfare, stands Phi Beta Kappa, joint heir with our country itself of the dreams and visions of 1776, and maintaining through the generations the ideals that lead man to his highest level.

FROM WHITEHEAD TO LE HAVRE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE regiment that was my personal part of "this man's army" had the most picturesque picnic of all on its way to the War in the A. E. F. I might plan for years and yet never be able to match that trip; and, even if I could follow the itinerary exactly, I should never be able to duplicate the high-handed hilarity, the royal goodfellowship of a thousand men, nor could I people the sea again with so many great and goodly ships traveling in company as I had in that summer of 1918 when electricity was in the air and adventure winging on to France.

The weeks before we sailed were like the place Dante visited first. I shouldn't care to repeat that part of the picnic. But, then, all picnics have a bit of hell as a prelude; things *have* to be packed. I have an especially warm feeling when I recall it, for I was adjutant of our battalion. Usually during the War I was adjutant of something; if it wasn't a fort, it was a trainload of neurotic graduates of the Artillery School of Angers, hell-bent for port and no ship to take them home. I suppose this was so because I have not the slightest business ability. The Army powers-that-be are quick to find out a man's weak points.

At any rate, I had the packing of three hundred men to do. And things had to be packed just so. Our B. C. telescopes had to be measured like a man's legs for trousers; our G. I. cans crated like Greek vases. Such and such markings, triangles and squares, had to go on such and such sides of the boxes. It was labor lost, for our heavy freight went another way than ours, and we never saw any of it again. I lift my hat to the artist who worked in such strokes of amazing insouciance!

It was the personal baggage each man carried on his back, however, that gave me my worst nightmares. For three weeks we got those men of ours out there on the parade grounds with their packs each nicely unrolled on the ground one step to the front and left; and every day but one we found an extra tent peg over and

above the number a man should have, or something just as heinous. It mattered not at all that there was no more idea of having our men use tents than of having them raise whiskers. Discipline, in the Army, means doing the unessential in the most painstaking way possible without the taint of thought. Think how far Napoleon might have gone if he had made his men carry lawn-mowers in their packs, all nicely disassembled, in the winter campaign in Russia! Weren't we ourselves trained for six months to shoot fixed and located guns at a moving target, when it was known all along that we were to use guns in unknown locations to shoot at fixed targets? And hadn't we been trained in the manual of arms and educated in horses as a proper prelude to firing nine-point-two British howitzers?

If it wasn't a tent peg, then it was an extra toothbrush. In these days an army travels on its toothbrush. The colonel didn't rage half so much when there was one short as when there was one over. That's another secret of the Army; it is ten times worse having too many things than too few. It was July, and the heat quivered in livid waves over that parade ground; the colonel went down the ranks like a red-eyed hawk; and always, save once, one wretched man had too many of something! It took all my grandeur at the sounding-off at retreat to save my skin as an adjutant. But the packing was done at last, and every mother's son of a defender of democracy had the fear of his Creator in his heart and the right number of tent pegs in his pack when we stood our last inspection on American soil. *From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!*

It was a genius for humor somewhere in the office of the Department of the Northeast who sent us a command in the midst of our fever of packing to submit at once plans for camouflaging Whitehead. Whitehead!—that cliff two hundred feet high on which nested the ganglions of range-finding stations and searchlights, which looks towards Spain! There on many a May night I had operated like a motorman the beam of twelve million candles and made tiny fishing sloops at my feet and the toy lighthouses things like pearls. As well try to camouflage Mount Everest!

We left the City of Deering's Oaks at the quiet hour of eleven

o'clock in the morning. The whole departure was the most profound secret. No one knew we were going, except the whole population of Portland. Every man, woman, and child was there to assist in the ceremony, I think. Only the men in the regiment were taken by surprise. I had a wife, and she was there; everybody's wife was there; men who owned none had a lot of prospective ones to bid them God-speed. Our band played its loudest. We all said goodbye, and our wives gave the last directions about changing socks at the proper intervals. The last showers of milk chocolate descended on men already groggy with it, and my battalion pushed off on the Grand Trunk Railroad. Ahoy for France and the War to end wars!

We all sat down to enjoy the scenery and get the last bars of chocolate under our belts. There was a lot of scenery, for it was soon clear that we were in the White Mountains. Tiers of pines went up to the clouds; New Hampshire granite set austere brows against the sky. The world was high and sunny. The train drew up at the Crawford House; summer ladies brought us more chocolate and postcards, too. The men scrawled last messages to folks back home to the effect that we were taking A-number-one care of ourselves and that we hadn't seen a German yet. The girls collected the heroes' cards and promised to mail them. Never mind; but the colonel, on a later train, tried furiously to recover those cards, even from Uncle Sam's receptacles of post, and swore he'd court-martial every blanked officer on the blanked first train who had allowed these blanked-blanked men thus to betray our whereabouts.

We sped on. We surged over the Canadian border. We stopped at a lake, and the men turned into boys out for a swim. A few pairs of breeches were lost when the train started unexpectedly. Three of us got up on the cupola of the caboose. The hills were like flakes of amber in the sunset. We sang. Then the engineer got playful and speeded up. Things piled themselves over our eyes. We left our finger prints in the cupola. We were right out straight in the air. When we got down, our eyeballs alone were white.

Night descended, and we went down into the St. Lawrence basin. We drew up at Montreal in the wee small hours and

detrained. Another genius who awaited us there ordered us to strip for the medical examination we had just had back at the fort. Stripped to their birthday suits, it was hard for hard-boiled sergeants to look like men bound to war. I fell afoul of my major here, for I took the men up a stairway which he did not fancy but which the inspecting General did. Stars outvote oak leaves any day. The major broke forth into oaths. When I told him I would have him jugged for swearing before troops, I think I lost his friendship for good.

Doubly assured of our physical sufficiency, we filed up the gangplanks to sleep. When we awoke, the pastoral banks of the St. Lawrence were sliding past on both sides. And the rumor that had been noised about that we were bound for Siberia to smite the sledded Bolsheviks on the ice was quashed. Our band played, and we enjoyed the scenery and played poker. In some ways, we averred, this was about the best war we had seen.

At Quebec the river became epic. The Plains of Abraham towered dark against a sunset like blood. I thought of Gray's *Elegy* and Wolfe going over this River of Death to win North America for the Anglo-Saxons. A hush fell upon us; our first casualty came. A lad leaned upon his rifle and discharged it. We saw him taken down a ladder to a tug which our wireless had called out. This was war, after all. But the fireflies that were the Château Frontenac windows helped to break the mood.

The rest of our trip down the oldest river in the world is a dim memory such as Pierre Loti has written about. Primeval silences of far forests, names to whisper by night like Rivière du Loup, mountains tipped up in mirages that troubled the mind. But on both sides the forsaken shores were slanting more and more distant into the sea. A solitary ship, we went into Sydney Harbor to join a company of a dozen great craft of the sea. We heaved anchor to wait nine days. Through all our sunsets we could see trains yellow with the khaki of troops roaring in along the basin. Our game had turned into a thing of awe. Nameless thousands of men coming to embark from God knows where, endless energy, and the power directing it unseen.

Sydney will always be a red-letter port for me, for it was there that I for the first time—and I hope the last—embarked in a life-

boat. I had stood beside it as it hung serene and safe in its davits, and heard the English captain of our transport explain just what ropes were to be pulled and how I was to direct sixty-odd men down the rope ladder and the knotted ropes as the boat was going down, how I was to stop any over that number with my revolver, descend last, and cut adrift. As if we'd ever have to do it! . . . "We shall now have some of the boats get off to demonstrate," said the captain. My face looked like Belshazzar's when he came to my boat and said, "We'll begin with this one."

We got down in record time. So the captain, whom I later met socially at chess, assured me. But I hope I never have to ride down the side of the Andes in an eggshell swinging by two threads again! We made good time because we just poured down those ropes so fast that most of us were in the boat before it hit the water. We tipped at suggestive angles on the way down, too. Once on the waves we parted company with the tackles just as soon as the good Lord would let us. It's all right to swarm into a lifeboat when your ship has a hole in it and everybody is too mindful of himself to notice the wind blowing up your spine. But it's different climbing into one with a regiment looking on!

As oarsmen my men from the Kentucky mountains and the back streets of Chicago furnished fine mirth for those on the ship. They braided their oars together in amazing fashion. But we managed to drift down to the sister transports. We joshed the Canadians there till they threw things. We had a fine row. Some of the men were for landing and inspecting Cape Breton girls, but I knew better than to let them. The captain of our own H. M. S. *Takada* had to blow a furious whistle to recall us. When we were at last back in the tackles on our way up the ship's side some wretched bilge hole began to shower unclean water upon us. Emergency rations, rockets, everything was a-wash. My bunk mate's head was stuck from a porthole far above us, and he was laughing until the tears ran down his cheeks to hear me command the captain to shut off the water. We came up like drowned rats. The men cheered us, but not the captain.

One fine day, when we had gotten to thinking this idling in the harbor was to be perpetual, our anchor came up with a jerk, we swung about and nosed towards the sea. We looked around,

and every ship was with us. In an hour we were in a landless world.

One could tell by the looks of our crew how hard hit England was by the War. The under-officers should have been at their cricket. Here they were bending their crescent manhood against the gales, swaggering like veterans with the lives of men who shaved every day in their hands. The underlings were hill men from the back lots of India. Their big toes stood out from their feet like thumbs. These feet served them as another set of hands in the rigging of lines far down on the sides of the speeding ship. Their speech was like water glasses rubbed together. The American artillerymen, who must have pets, adopted two of them under the names of Raspberry and Blackberry for their respective hues. They taught them cuss words and boxing. But the gloves proved ineffective hobbles in a game of mayhem. We called it a draw just on the sunny side of manslaughter.

After a day or two we met the Gulf Stream and fogs. Then a storm put our mountaineers on their backs, as pale as their "undies." But at mid-ocean the sun came through the wrack, the mountains of brine around us ran silver, and our men tottered up to look for whales. Behold our dozen ships had grown to twenty under cover of the storm. The lone destroyer that had escorted us turned back to the Land of the Free. We were alone in our glory, twenty Leviathans in company. A sight once in a lifetime. Great ships barber-poled with camouflage, ships that seemed to crumble apart in certain lights, creatures out of Eastern stories. Power and silence, they moved majestically along, saying nothing. They kept pace so equably it was hard to think they moved; one had to look down into the hissing furrows alongside to believe it. For hours they would plow on a certain tack; then they would turn as one upon a new. Our nights were lightless and silent, no porthole glowed; yet in the morning there we all were at the same intervals. The old Greeks would have thrilled to see such power wielded by men. It was the finest poem I have ever known. Not then, perhaps, but long afterward, one felt the whole solemn thing of which he had been a part.

There came an evening when the calmness snapped and an electric uncertainty ran through the flotilla. Our engines

slowed down and acted queerly. One thought of the secret ships that moved under the waves. We had reached the edge of battle; we were within reach of enormous blows. But at dawn we saw around us on every side small, thin and nervous craft that could bury themselves to their raking stacks with the speed of angels of light. They were here now, and then they were off over the horizon leaving wakes like sudden cracks along the ice of great lakes. The British destroyers had picked us up!

That evening there was a rainbow that tipped our tallest mast. The door of adventure was ajar; we were sailing in. I think even the colonel felt like a poet. The trip had been hard on the colonel. A "shave-tail" of ordnance had beaten the breeches off him at the game of queens and kings. It had been hard to impress on the men that the life-preservers they wore at supper were not neckwear for a minstrel show but things to be worn with decorum.

The morning after the rainbow we had blue downs on our port. I thought we were for Plymouth. But we were not. Our boat, though some of the others fell out, sailed bold as brass right up the whole length of the English Channel in broad daylight. The day of the submarine was done! Aeroplanes swam overhead, and blimps towed by destroyers veered at fascinating angles. The water turned incredible emerald and turquoise and silver. Chalk cliffs lifted their heads to port. All eyes were to starboard; and at last we saw the white sisters of the land in our dreams. France! And suddenly, far away and like distant thunder, we heard the War, the low grumble of mammoth guns hammering the Germans in Flanders. The Hindenburg Line was joining the Old Guard of Waterloo. Wait! we were coming—leave us something to shoot at! It was a moment to remember all one's life. Then the gateway in the bridge of boats which held up the submarine net thrown across the Straits of Dover was opened, and we sailed out into the North Sea. We were for the Thames and London.

The picnic was upon us again. Our British hosts of shipboard did us very proud at a banquet that night. Next day we threaded our way between checkerboards of fields. A training ship blossomed out with little orphan boys in navy blue to its highest spar; they filled the air with cheers. We put in at the

Royal Albert Docks with Tower Bridge and St. Paul's Dome lifting above the forests of London chimneys. More cheers. We changed boat for train. New showers of blessing descended, only this time it was pork pies instead of milk chocolate. The men bristled at the term of endearment the British public had chosen for them. "Sammies," indeed!—"How do you get that way?"—But they liked the English girls' complexions. They wanted to see them closer. As usual I had adjutanting to do. I had one side of our train to patrol to keep the boys from seeing if the complexions were good enough to eat. They thought the train with its compartments was a joke being played on them. "Who's going to push these wheelbarrows? How many of us to a net?" They got playful with the doors; some of the men fell out. But if my side had mishaps, the other did not. For Red Mike was there. Red Mike, whose name is at least as great as Achilles's among men of the Coast Artillery Corps. He had a way with men. He was a lieutenant-colonel when he should have been a brigadier-general; for once as a lieutenant he had lost two files for kicking the colonel's dog all over the parade grounds because it had misbehaved at the solemn moment of retreat. He also threw a plate once, rumor had it, at a lieutenant who started eating before him at mess. Not a man descended on Red Mike's side of the train that day.

At last some merciful mortal started the train. We rolled through the backyards of London; we consorted with miles of wash. Awful bundles of hay masquerading as cigarettes were thrown to us. We got into the country of the Twenty-Third Psalm; and there night overtook us. The midnight moon riding high and full saw us detrain at Alfred's capital. We marched through narrow streets on cobblestones under gables running silver in the moonlight. Up hills, and Camp Winall Down at last, and the smell of turnips and sleep.

Two days we rested at Winchester. Knowing the place, I took the whole gang with the band thrown in to see the College and the Cathedral of the longest nave. I got the squads all backside-to because we had to pass to the left and the guide, therefore, had to be right instead of left. Or something like that; I grow rusty in my military palaver. The men weren't

much taken with my harangue on English schoolboy life or the arches of the Cathedral. But they fell in love with the bones. They thought that Queen Emma must be awfully put out to have hers all mixed up with King Canute's. We played the band in the Close and frightened away the verger who had been bothering us.

Up in camp our "he-men" took the English call to tea as an insult; but they laughed out of the other corner of their mouths when they found they had missed the only supper they were to get. The food at Winall Down was mostly cabbage with inferior cabbage for dessert. England's belt was drawn tight that summer. And we had to draw on our reserves of "corned Willy".

We moved to Southampton and the Channel again. One company of us will always remember that jump, since they did it on shanks' mare. When we embarked, what boat should it be to ferry us over but that famous tub, the *Yale* of the Fall River Line, playing the cavalier over here in wartime waters.

Le Havre opened her arms in the morning. One craneful of our army trunks spilled overboard, and we speculated on who would be wearing this week's B.V.D.'s next moon. Just as we formed on the pier, the War that had been mostly far away came right up beside us and stopped. A trainload of wounded British with the mud and the blood still on them arrived. Of a sudden the picnic seemed at an end. *Lusisti satis.* . . . The boys turned into men. All faces were grave as we unrolled the regimental colors and started up the winding, steep streets of Havre. Small boys in black pinafores who ran laughing beside us and begged for "souvenirs, one pen-ny!" got no answering smile; we weren't of their kind for the moment. Not even our first French sailors who walked the streets in sissified hats with red pompons too good to be true could make us smile. As we marched along some of us felt that the land underfoot was almost holy ground; Havre was Acre, and we ourselves the newest arrivals of the New Crusade.

AGE AND LITERATURE

BY EARL L. BRADSHER

THAT brilliant Secretary of State and diplomat, John Hay, in discussing Mark Twain's fortieth birthday with him said to the great humorist: "A man reaches the zenith at forty, the top of the hill. From that time forward he begins to descend. If you have any great undertaking ahead, begin it now. You will never be so capable again."

Forty years seems almost youth when one begins to compute the average age of the most able Generals who appeared in the World War. When one runs through the list of the world's great military figures other than those who led by privilege of birth, the conviction deepens that the zenith is yet far off at forty, as a rule. Perhaps, however, mere seniority, the working of a fairly rigid order of promotion, has given age a prominence not deserved by ability. Business men may reach the top through inherited opportunity or lucky chance. Scientists and inventors occasionally have stumbled upon great discoveries. In literature, however, there is no promotion by seniority rule, nor did any one ever inherit a great play or a best seller. And no one ever has, or ever will, stumble into literary immortality. In literature, more than in any other field of endeavor, is the individual thrown upon his own native resources, stripped of all adventitious aid. Whatever may be the turmoil of the life which the author may have led outwardly, his works, save in almost negligible instances perhaps, come to us from the withdrawal into the secret musings of his own soul, from a review of the storied tapestries in his own intellectual house of life.

Since the author, unassisted by any far flung and tested corps of aid, is left entirely to his own resources, an inquiry as to the age at which his brain is most efficient ought to be more suggestive of the capabilities of the human intellect in its relation to the age of the individual than an examination of any other line

of endeavor. How near the truth was Hay in putting the zenith of man's power at forty?

The consensus of critical opinion regarding the masterpieces of the seven hundred most prominent British authors and of the two hundred and forty Americans has been noted. When his masterpiece was published, the average British author had reached the age of 44.89 years. The American author was 46.70 years of age at his supreme achievement. The general average for both is 45.59 years. Yet these figures are, in spite of the disproof of theorizers, still much too low. Why should the American writer reach his apparent zenith 1.81 years later than does his British cousin? Is it because he is naturally slower of intellectual development? In reality the solution, though not uninfluenced by social and educational considerations, is, in its last analysis, an economic one.

Mr. Benson says of Fitzgerald: "But otherwise (save in his translation of the *Rubaiyat*) his literary occupations were planned more to deaden than to quicken thought." In other words, Fitzgerald was born into an atmosphere of moneyed leisure. Hedged about by the rigid conventions of his aristocratic caste, he could not seek an outlet for his energies in business, as might an American under similar circumstances. Travel, books, the suggestions of art and literature on every side, an abundant leisure that calls for exercise of some sort to escape the boredom of idleness, force the intellectual class of Great Britain frequently into early participation in authorship. Landor and Browning, and Milton during his early life, are but three conspicuous names out of the many that might be listed.

In America, on the contrary, an artistic *milieu* wherein literary genius might flourish through beneficent rivalry and through the influence of a pervasive literary atmosphere has been largely lacking. The economic struggle has been too keen for us. The very struggle has tended in its turn to create a feeling that the chief good in life was the momentary rewards which that struggle produced or else that the chief zest in life lay in the game of business. Few American young men have been content, as were Milton and Browning, to settle down to literature upon a comparatively small inheritance. In most cases they have had not

so much as that: for an hereditary competence has by no means been of such frequency in this country as in Great Britain. Even Irving and Cooper, though men of some private means, needed the returns from their writings. There are many conspicuous cases in this country of literary endeavor, of a non-paying type especially, being deferred until a competency had been amassed.

For a long time Europeans were unwilling to believe that America was a fit home for European races, or to acknowledge that man could reach intellectual eminence upon this continent. As late as 1891 Professor Shaler of Harvard, a man of great learning and native ability, wrote a book, *Nature and Man in America*, to prove that on the contrary this continent was well fitted to become the home of a people of the highest type both in mind and body. It is neither climate nor unchangeable environment that has caused the American to lag behind, but the economic conditions confronting a new people.

Conspicuous among British writers who have given to the world their greatest work at a much later period than the average given above are Defoe, with his *Robinson Crusoe* at 58; Johnson, with his *Lives of the Poets* from 70 to 72; Milton, with *Paradise Lost* from 59 to 68; Walton, with *The Compleat Angler*, at 60; Young first coming into fame as a poet with *Night Thoughts* at the mature age of 61; Buchanan, producing his *De Jure Regni* at 73; and Hobbes giving to the world his *Leviathan* at 63. At ninety-one Hobbes was still publishing. Speaking of the childishness ascribed to age, he says: "It is never the effect of time, but sometimes of the effects of youth, and not a returning to, but a continual stay with childhood. For that they want the curiosity of furnishing their memories with the rarities of nature in their youth, and pass their time in making provisions only for their ease, and sensual delight, are children still, at what years soever." Perhaps for a really epoch-making work, however, the crown lies outside of the English language and belongs to Humboldt, who from 76 to 89 was giving his *Cosmos* to the world.

These cases, were they totally isolated, would prove nothing; but when one begins to call the roll of authors who have reached their climax as late as fifty-five, or who have shown no diminution of power at that age, the list becomes impressive. Among

such names not already mentioned are Bacon, Browning, Burke, Cibber, Cobbett, Crabbe, Darwin, Disraeli, Donne, Drayton, Frere, Grote, Hamilton, Landor, Bulwer-Lytton, Newman, Reynolds, Richardson and Swift, for British writers; and Alcott, George Bancroft, Bryant, Burroughs, H. C. Carey, J. F. Clarke, Draper, John Elliott, Franklin, Hale, Higginson, Johnston, Lea, Longfellow, Lowell, Marsh, S. W. Mitchell, Norton, Parkman, Ticknor and Warner, for Americans.

Many men who have made their mark in literature have not begun their work at forty. Alexander Wilson, father of American ornithology, knew practically nothing of his science until that age. Yet at forty-eight he had finished his *American Ornithology*, thus accomplishing in eight years for the birds of the United States what all the naturalists of Europe had not done for theirs in a century. Charles Dudley Warner practiced law for some time, and did not make his entry into literature until he was forty-one. Richard Malcolm Johnston first appeared at fifty-six, and he was sixty-one when he produced the *Dukesborough Tales* by which he is best remembered. Francis Hopkinson Smith was forty-eight when he first definitely turned from engineering to literature. Both Silas Weir Mitchell and Oliver Wendell Holmes had established reputations in medicine long before they were widely known as authors. Mitchell, indeed, achieving his masterpiece at sixty-eight, seems not to have fully utilized his literary powers until he had in some measure lessened the responsibilities of his first profession. Nine substantial works from sixty-five to eighty show a degree of mental vitality that fails to be amazing only because it can be paralleled by numerous other instances both without and within our language.

Equally significant of intellectual vitality are striking cases of literary arrest or apparent arrest—of long lapses between the literary periods of the individual. The two classic cases are those of Crabbe and Milton. From his thirty-first to his fifty-third year, Crabbe was silent. For twenty-two years before the appearance of *Paradise Lost* Milton produced little as a poet. True, Crabbe was, during this lapse of years, busy with works of botany and of fiction that never saw the light, and Milton was writing prose. But the point is, had these two men died toward

the end of their poetically barren periods, the critical world would assuredly have declared that they had written themselves out. And Milton's masterpiece would have been set back from his fifty-ninth to his thirtieth year. Crabbe would have been shorn of half his greatness.

At fifty-one Cooper found himself a somewhat discredited author. Not for thirteen years had he scored a hit, though volume after volume flowed from his too facile pen. Even his best friends had begun to despair of him, and his multitudinous enemies were exultant. Then at fifty-one came *The Pathfinder*, to be followed the next year by *The Deerslayer*. Friends were exultant and enemies were discomfited; for in these two immortal books Cooper had as a literary artist outdone the brilliant promise of his thirties. What would have been the verdict had he died at fifty? He wrote himself out; he was getting too old, the critic world would have recorded with assurance.

In the next step we pass from fact to hypothesis. The figures used in obtaining the average year of the masterpiece contained some remarkably low ages. Necessarily one had to add in Chatterton's age at eighteen. Some other very low ages are Charlotte Brontë, 33; Burns, 28; Byron, 28; Coleridge, 26; Collins, 25; Keats, 25; Marlowe, 28; Shelley, 29; C. B. Brown, 28; and Drake, 25. This does not include all the authors who have reached their climax at an early age, for there still remain the conspicuous examples of Mrs. Radcliffe, 30; Sheridan, 26; and, some might say, Wordsworth, 28.

But the first list contains the names of the large majority of the really great whose best work must be set down at an early age. And with the possible exception of Byron, every one of these writers was subjected to some sort of early arrest. The great question is: Did a single one of them mature his or her powers? Can we, with reasonable certainty, say that under a happier fate their powers would have developed past the year now indicated?

Brontë and Brown are novelists whose careers were cut short by death. More than most men of letters does the novelist need time in which to gather knowledge and to observe the lives of his fellow men. It hardly seems possible that Brontë at least would not have gone on improving. True, John Esten Cooke, who

produced *The Virginia Comedians* at twenty-four, is an example to the contrary; but he is apparently solitary, and Cooke's brain seems to have been obsessed a few years later by his desire to portray his fellow actors in the great drama of our Civil War. Burns was ultimately crushed under poverty and dissipation; Coleridge fell under the tyranny of opium. The later of even the few years allotted to Collins were passed under the clouds of insanity; Keats was leading a "posthumous existence" by the end of his twenty-fifth year. Marlowe and Shelley met violent deaths on what should have been the threshold of life; and earlier still the brilliant promise of Drake was brought to an untimely close by tuberculosis.

In literature, it is the poet, other than satirical, who earliest reaches his climax. Perhaps then these poets would not have shown greater development. But in five cases at least those best qualified to judge have strongly dissented. Coleridge, according to his own belief, suffered a fatal obscuration when the "black drops" had obtained possession of him; and, what is of more value, Lamb thought so, too. That Keats would have gone on improving in power seems hardly to admit of dispute. We feel equally sure of Chatterton, while most critics of Shelley advance the same claim for him. "Then what is Life? I cried," is the last line of Shelley. One defect of his poetry is that of the answer to that question he knew too little. Time and contact with his fellow men would have given him a fuller, more ultimate insight into the mystery. Marlowe up to his death was visibly improving in taste and the technique of his art. Before him seemed to lie a still more glorious future. Had fate directed the dagger against his great contemporary and fellow dramatist, Shakespeare, at twenty-nine, he would have had far less a reputation than Marlowe. Few men seem, like Collins, to have sprung fully dowered from the brain of Jove.

We seem justified, then, when we review these cases, and think that many of lesser note—*e.g.*, Norris and the Davidson sisters, Sidney, Green, Nash, Kyd, Suckling and Surrey—have not been mentioned, in believing that 45.59 years is decidedly too early for the climax of intellectual powers so far as the literature of the English tongue is concerned.

There are other reasons why the figure 45.59 years as the climax of intellectual powers is misleading. The mortality tables show that the average life comes to an end now under forty, and in bygone centuries it was even earlier. The average person must achieve recognition before forty or not at all.

Havelock Ellis, in his *Study of British Genius*, tells us that geniuses are divided into two classes, the very feeble and the very strong. "After the first climax at forty-nine the feeble have mostly died out. The vigorous are then in possession of their best powers and working at full pressure." Ellis is writing about genius as displayed in all walks of life. One would hardly expect as much physical vigor, as great a chance for longevity, in the man of letters as in the man of action. In fact, literature seems to have a special appeal to men somewhat deficient in physical vigor, whose genius has given us some of the finer and more feminine phases of life. The literary genius seems therefore peculiarly apt to belong to the first class. The process of elimination is still further carried out, then, but in spite of this stern winnowing of numbers, so greatly does maturity of brain count that the average of supreme achievement, even in the misleading figures, is nearer fifty than forty.

Several lesser reasons remain why the real period of intellectual climax in English speaking men of letters must be placed later than forty-five. In some cases we feel assured that the rewards for authorship were too great. The writer, finding that some early success had given his productions a large monetary value, exchanged quantity of output and income for quality and enduring fame. One cannot help, for instance, feeling that something like this took place in the case of Bret Harte: Dickens was not improved by having the printer's devil always besieging him.

In some instances the exact opposite was the case. With the wolf at the door, the poverty-stricken man of letters can not, though gifted with a rare critical sense, spend a decade revising what he has written. One can only wonder if *Rasselas* would not have been improved had the week of its composition been stretched into two. With the results of the revision and addition in the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, *Leonore*, and *The Eve of St. Agnes* before us, we may be pardoned for thinking so.

At times a writer in full possession of his faculties may find that his audience has left him because a new tendency of which he is not prepared to be the exponent has become all the vogue. Shakespeare did not quit because of the rival poet, but there are not lacking critics who say that his final withdrawal was caused by the loss of audience to Beaumont and Fletcher, who had developed a new tendency. Scott did not drop literature because of a new and popular phase of romanticism exploited by Byron, but he did quit poetry. Howells did not cease novel writing when Stevenson arose to unfurl once more the conquering banner of romanticism, but no doubt his royalties ebbed lower as they felt the new outlet. Both Scott and Howells might easily have turned from literature.

Just how many great literary creations have been lost to us through the increasing pressure of material existence at middle life and later, no one can say. But when one examines the lives of Stedman, Motley, Taylor, Hayne, Timrod, Hawthorne, Harte, Irving, Hay, Lowell, Lanier, and Poe, in this country alone, and sees how much there was in their lives of crushing poverty or of distraction from literature, one is forced to believe that the number knowing similar experiences must be large.

It is impossible to believe that "a man reaches the zenith at forty." If the literary history of the English tongue is read aright, we must see the zenith at least a decade later. In fact it is not too much to say that the British or the American man of letters, if he has kept faith with himself, and if his outward fate has not been tragically unkind, is at his intellectual best at least as late as fifty-five.

GIANTS AND WHITE HORSES

BY EDWIN L. ARNOLD

MIGHTY figures of men with clubs, ogres and ramping steeds, acres in extent, and visible across great counties, decorate the hillsides in Southern England. They are cut through turf into the chalk below, and, though no one knows exactly who were the designers for a thousand years or more it has been a religion with the country folk to weed and tend them every season. Nowhere else in the world are these green and white cameos to be found; they are an antiquity for which there is no equivalent elsewhere, and therein lies their special interest. The most famous of all, and the oldest still in good condition, is the one on the Berkshire hills overlooking Uffington, whose annual scouring was vividly described in *Tom Brown's School Days*. This immense white charger ramps across the green sward at the head of a deep glen, locally known as The Manger, and, like most really ancient horses, faces westward. Modern imitations elsewhere almost all look to an easterly point of the compass. About fifty years ago its total length was one hundred and seventy yards, the ears fifteen yards, and the hind legs forty-three yards in length. Unfortunately the public grooming of this great beast, with the attendant festivals, was done away with some time ago. The periodical weedings have since been carried out in an unsympathic manner, and the outline is gradually shrinking. The grass is each year encroaching more and more on the bare chalk, but even now the charger is a remarkable object and one which never fails to fascinate the imagination.

What men fashioned this great steed, whose prancing outline has overlooked the Berkshire dales for endless generations, and what does it signify or commemorate? That it was a national undertaking its size implies. And if of general import, how tantalizing it is that ancient records, which immortalize for us the names of King Canute's kitchen staff, and of dozens

of trivial things done by Danish sea robbers, should be silent as to the meaning of this voiceless memorial of the past! It is a monument without an inscription, a reminder to all men of which no man can tell the meaning. Even tradition tells us nothing save for a story whose only commendation is that we know of none better.

According to this legend, the carving in the face of the chalk hills was done by order of King Alfred, of famous memory, to celebrate a victory over the Danes. The King was born at Wantage, close by, and at Ashdown, in 871, he and his brother Ethelred fought the Northmen, through a long summer day. When evening came, the Danish Army was in flight and Alfred's men in hot pursuit, says the old chronicle, "killing all they could reach until it became dark. The flower of the pagan youth was there slain, so that neither before nor since was ever such destruction known since the Saxons first gained Britain by their arms."

This fight "by the old hawthorn tree on the top of Æscesdun" was a fine victory, and likely enough to be celebrated in some conspicuous way. But, alas for tradition, the White Horse is not a Saxon steed. The draughtsmen of King Alfred would never have engraved such a heathen looking charger on British sod. Its outline would have affronted the chivalry of the Round Table and made the Saxon thanes laugh instead of glory in such a memorial of a famous day. It is a beast of infinitely greater antiquity. It is the very brother in the stud book of time to the round kneed stallion which prances, proudly defiant of art and anatomy, on the coins the earliest British moniers copied from the silver of Philip of Macedon. We may depend on it, the hawthorns were already crabbed with antiquity, the chalk stones moss grown in the trench marking hoof and tail, when Bagses set out with his jarls for the affray, and Alfred, his blue eyes a-glitter for combat, would not wait for his brother, but fell on them the moment he was within reach! A very ancient steed, indeed, and it was probably as inexplicable to King Alfred himself as it is to us who thread the lovely valley below by coach or motor.

The whole of the elevated ridgeway whereon the horse is

carved abounds in history and tradition. Not far off is the Blowing Stone, a sarsen with a hole through it, by blowing into which a sound like to a fog horn at sea is caused, the dull boom being audible six miles away on a still day. Here, through the centuries, legend says, dwelt an invisible elfin smith, who would shoe travellers' horses if they were left, with a small silver coin, at his door. He had the unusual characteristic of being deeply offended if more than the proper fee was offered.

Although the famous "snow-white courser striding o'er the green" at Uffington is the best known and probably the oldest in England, there are nine others in different parts of the country. Six of these are found in Wiltshire, where the smooth rolling downs give special opportunity for work of this kind, the others are in the counties of Buckingham, Warwick, and York. A White Horse on Bratton Hill, near Westbury, may at least claim ancient descent, since it is the modern representative of a far older animal which occupied the site until a vandal, in 1778, immortalized his stupidity by substituting the present outline for one handed down to us from the remotest past. The original was locally believed to celebrate a second victory by Alfred over the Danes in a battle which took place near the village of Edington, at the foot of the slopes in 878, and put an end once and for all to the power of the invaders. The original horse, which more probably witnessed the combat than recorded it, has now disappeared, and there is in its place an ambling nag one hundred and seventy-five feet long, one hundred and seven feet from shoulder to hoof, the length of the tail being thirty feet and the circle of the eyes twenty-five feet.

A very ancient outline of a charger shows faintly on a steep green slope of the Cuckmere Valley in Sussex, but tradition is absolutely dumb as to its origin, and it has not been scoured for a long time. A steed, for once not white, but red, owing to the nature of the soil underlying the turf, existed up to the beginning of the last century opposite the village of Tysoe in Warwickshire. This figure, some five hundred years old, when it disappeared through inexcusable neglect, commemorated the charger of "the King Maker", the famous Earl of Warwick. Says an historian:

This Earl greatly inspirited the Yorkist army just before the battle of Towton in 1461. The Yorkists on that day were out-numbered by the Lancastrians and placed in circumstances of much peril. At the most critical moment, the Earl ordered his favourite war horse, a chestnut, to be brought forth; and after kissing the hilt of his sword, plunged the weapon deep in the gallant animal's chest, vowing to share danger on equal terms with the meanest foot-soldier. The battle of Towton, which ended in a decisive victory for the Yorkists, was fought on Palm Sunday, and it was long customary on the recurrence of that festival for the rustics of the neighbourhood to meet and clean the Earl's favourite; indeed certain lands in the lordship of Tysoe were held by the service of maintaining the custom.

Near Weymouth there is another more recent White Horse, bearing upon its back the figure of a man in cocked hat and spurred boots. The carving adorns a hill at Osmington, overlooking the English Channel, and is intended to record the stay of George III in the neighborhood. That cheerful monarch, while rusticating at Weymouth, lived like a country squire, and avoided as far as possible all cares of state. Among country houses frequently honored with his presence was one belonging to an ancestor of the present writer. Once, when dining there, the King complained that the wine glasses were somewhat small. On the next occasion his host provided nothing but tumblers, an amendment His Majesty took in very good part. Another incident, which also has not before appeared in print, was connected with the shortage of agricultural labor. The host deplored the fact that he had not enough men to get in his hay crop. "Oh, don't worry," said His Majesty, "I will make that all right for you tomorrow morning." The following day, soon after sunrise, there was much sound of martial music, with tramping of feet in the avenue, and a regiment of soldiers, quartered in Weymouth for the protection of the sovereign's person, marched up with colors flying and headed by their band. What success they achieved in the hayfields has been forgotten, but it is on record that they frightened the female servants nearly out of their senses, ate up the entire stock of winter provisions in the larders, drank all the claret and cider in the cellars, and when they finally went away left their unwilling entertainer a poorer, and doubtless more cautious, man.

The remaining white chargers of the English vales mostly

commemorate comparatively modern incidents, or the idle fancy of shepherd boys with too much spare time on their hands. At Cherhill there is the effigy of a steed on the highest point of the road between London and Bath. This was made by a farmer in 1780, who put himself to the additional trouble of filling in the trench indicating the outline with chalk brought from a distance, as there was none naturally under the surface. No excuse was even pretended for the enterprize. On the same road, near Marlborough, is another of the modern race, smaller in size, and boasting no greater antiquity than the beginning of the last century. It was the work of a Marlborough schoolmaster and his pupils, the latter doubtless finding the making of it very good fun for half holidays. When the schoolmaster died, it fell into disrepair, and though it has since been cleaned once or twice it is now weed-grown but still distinct; "a flea-bitten grey," as one writer has described it.

On the downs in the same County of Wilts, two miles from Woodborough station, is a horse dating from 1812, in which considerable local pride is taken. It measures one hundred and eighty feet by one hundred and sixty feet and is carefully groomed at regular intervals by the adjacent authorities. Winterbourne Basset has another, dating from 1835, and Wootton Basset a fifth, cut in the turf about 1864. A hill picture with a story to it, though not very ancient, is shown to every stranger who visits Kilburn in Yorkshire. It lies on the Hambledon Hills. The tradition is that once upon a time a boy was exercising a horse on these uplands when it bolted with him. Near by was a precipice overhanging a tarn called Gomire, with waters of fabulous depth. The runaway went straight to the cliff, and plunged over, and neither animal nor rider was ever seen again by mortal eyes. Much later the natives of the village recorded the tragedy in the form now shown to tourists.

Scotland boasts a White Horse and a stag on Mormond Hill, Aberdeen. The former was cut at the commencement of the nineteenth century in memory of the charger of the great Jacobite leader, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, while the stag, fashioned in 1870, is at best but a land mark. Both are depicted by white quartzite blocks, let into the peaty soil of the moorlands.

So far these memorials have all taken the form of four-footed beasts, but there is another class, that of the hillside human giants, equally old and not less interesting. Everything indicates that these latter figures of huge, naked men were once far more numerous than at present. One or two have disappeared within the last few hundred years. Of those remaining, the Long Man of Wilmington, in Sussex, is the best known. He is two hundred and forty feet in length, and his outstretched hand holds a staff two hundred and thirty feet long. Originally his shape was cut deep into the chalk, but it has now been outlined in white stones through the efforts of local antiquarians.

At Cerne Abbas, in Dorsetshire, is a kindred giant one hundred and eighty feet in stature, whirling over his head a club one hundred and twenty feet in length, and twenty-four feet broad. Tradition says that this figure represents a man of enormous proportions who came into the district and stole and ate the peasants' sheep until one day he was surprised asleep on the hillside and killed by the enraged countrymen—an obvious tribal myth! Probably the Giant of Cerne depicts the Saxon god Heil, and was made sometime before A. D. 600. He may be even older, dating back into the British period, for a writer makes the suggestion that the original purpose of these giants was sacrificial. They are by this theory the actual figures described by Cæsar as formed of osiers, and after being filled with living men, destroyed by fire in honor of the pagan gods. A grim suggestion indeed! If it were so, then we might suppose the giant's outline would have been surrounded by an osier palisade, and the interior piled with brushwood, amongst which were scores of men and women bound to stakes. If fired at night under these conditions, it would have made a terrible and lurid image, visible at an immense distance—something to fill whole countrysides with trembling dread and awe as they watched through the silent hours the blood-red monster gleaming in the darkness, and knew what was happening in the depths of his pulsing, glowing body.

FOOTBALL AND ITS SATELLITES

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

FOOTBALL, like the planet Saturn, is accompanied by a system of satellites. These features, attendant upon the sport but in no way connected with the play itself, recur each year with such regularity and rage with such vehemence that they are entitled to be regarded as an integral part of the sport. For instance, as the players leave the gridiron in the gathering twilight of the closing game of the season, another group of football men draw from their pockets pencils and pads and begin to compile All America, All State, All Conference, All High, Big Three, Four and Five football teams. For a fortnight the selections and justifications of this group fill the newspapers. Simultaneously, these enthusiasts publish rankings of the teams and endeavor by logic to achieve what actual conflict failed to accomplish. In early spring another wave of football experts go over the top and assail the Rules Committee with suggestions for changes in the game. These side diversions of the sport are deeply interesting, and now and then not without a tinge of pathos, for many of these compilers of fanciful teams and promoters of changes in the rules are actually former players, who now, over age, over weight and under wind, are flouting their years by playing the game in this manner.

To a tolerant philosopher with forty years of observation behind him, however, the most curious satellite of football is the annual attack upon the sport itself, which follows the close of each season. Sometimes this assault is a mere breeze; at others it is a hurricane; but in one form or another it comes rolling promptly over the horizon and for a week or two preëmpts a prominent place in the press. These assaults on football are curious because they are never aimed at the other sports. Late in April, each spring, the University of Pennsylvania holds a stupendous set of relay races. Nobility and Commoners of England cross the ocean and skim the hurdles. Sprinters from college and high

school journey from coast to coast to participate in the races. Great throngs of spectators assemble and devote two days to watching the games. And yet, hushed is the voice of reform. Late in May the leading track and field athletes of entire collegiate America assemble and match their prowess. Again caravans of performers and spectators travel from coast to coast and from Great Lakes and Gulf. Again a gigantic crowd assembles and devotes two days to the games. The tumult and the turmoil in fifty-seven years of competition have failed to arouse a single reformer. Some of the Commencement baseball games draw thirty thousand spectators and are accompanied by spectacular parades of alumni in grotesque costumes, interspersed with floats and inscribed banners. Still sleeping at his post is the sentinel of reform. Closing the collegiate year come the great boat races. Again crews, trainers, coaches and followers journey from coast to coast; costly training quarters are established on river banks far distant from class rooms; fleets of shipping assemble and great creaking observation trains haul thousands of humans along the river side. Still soundly asleep is the alert reformer. No one can deny that these games and regattas present the same features as football, intense popular and collegiate interest, wide public advertisement of the performers, the collection of huge gate receipts and the expenditure of gigantic sums of money. Why, then, is football the exclusive object of attack?

One reason is that it has been attacked many times in bygone years, when it deserved attack, and reformers thus have formed a habit of striking at this sport. Another reason is that football, being the monarch of all college sports, stands as the champion and the type of them all, and therefore must fight the battles of all other games.

It is rude, perhaps, but nevertheless fair tactics in debating this subject to direct attention to the personnel of the antagonists of the sport. In the last six years, with two or three exceptions, not one of the opponents of the sport who has appeared in the public press has had any authoritative connection with collegiate sports. These opponents might have been internationally known as Egyptologists, as mathematicians, as professors of belles-lettres, and thus through their prestige as educators have commanded attention in

sports; but with these exceptions not one of them has been a member of faculty committees and councils governing sports. The most prominent exception to this class of critics is President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth College. It is true a reformer does not have to have a reputation in his line of reform. What he must have is a genuine remedy for a genuine need. Attention has been directed to the personnel of past critics to emphasize the fact that the real shock troops, the faculty committeemen on sports, have not been called into action.

Three reforms in the sport have been demanded recently by its critics. These are: first, that graduate coaches without salary be employed exclusively; second, that the composition of teams be limited to sophomores and juniors; and third, that each institution be represented by two elevens playing home games simultaneously with the same opponent. Thus Minnesota and Wisconsin would have two games on the same day, one at Minneapolis and the other at Madison.

The large salaries paid to football coaches, often larger than that paid to the highest salaried member of the faculty, have long been an irritating factor in college life. These salaries, however, are fixed by the customary law of business, that high and rare skill must be compensated highly enough to obtain its services. Graduate coaches with such skill and with the means and leisure to devote a series of autumns to coaching the teams of their Alma Mater might be found, but those of us who have had the responsibility of selecting coaches know that these men are so rare that such a limitation as a rule is impractical. This assertion, of course, is made from the point of view that the coach should be the best obtainable. The meaning of the reformers is that the coach should be the best of the volunteer graduate class. In fact, the real object behind the suggestions to limit the selection of coaches and the selection of players is to lessen interest in the sport by lessening the excellence of its playing performance. Certainly, teams limited to sophomores and juniors would be only a grade higher than present freshman teams. Class teams, scrub teams, club teams, and second teams create no general interest in college bodies.

The third reform advocated, the representation of institutions

by duplicate teams playing home and visiting games with the same adversary on the same day, is interesting. It barely misses, however, the real and truly great reform that some day will come along the line suggested. In that day, not far distant, colleges and schools will be represented not by duplicate teams but by a tournament of many teams, playing the same opponent on different days throughout a season. Hitherto, intercollegiate football has been a battle of stars and specialists. In the near future it will be a campaign between entire student bodies represented by "mass" teams. The reason for this great change is to give an entire student corps the advantages of expert coaching and the training that comes from competitive sports.

In the beginning, intercollegiate games were regarded merely as recreative and entertaining. As the idea developed that the players should strive individually to excel and collectively to win, it was recognized that such competitive sports trained the players in certain traits of character which are the basic winning traits in the struggles of real life. These are an appreciation of a sound body and an alert mind, the necessity for skill in any endeavor, initiative, aggressiveness, judgment, courage and honor. If football trains its players in these qualities, why should such training be limited to a few conspicuous athletes who need it the least? Why not give the entire student body the benefit of such training?

This is the idea which in the last twenty years has been expanding the athletic plants of the colleges and mustering into their sports, representative or intramural, as high as eighty per cent. of the students. Not all boys are equipped with bodies and temperaments to play football. There is, however, for every boy a suitable sport. Tennis, basket ball and golf seem to invite the greatest number. It is this expansion of the "mass" idea that has built tennis courts, diamonds and gridirons, golf, soccer, polo fields, hockey rinks, at the larger universities, and a proportionate number at the smaller institutions.

The athletic budget at some institutions reaches or exceeds a quarter of a million dollars. Amazing as it is, it is football alone that balances this budget. Baseball formerly aided in the accumulation of funds, but with the coming of many sports it has subsided in interest and today generally in colleges it is main-

tained at a loss. The great institution of a college's sports can not be supported by the personal subscriptions and contributions of the students. This was the method prior to 1890, but it was abandoned as unfair and a hardship to students of limited means. The support of sports by endowment may come, but it is not yet in sight. Therefore, from a business point of view, football must be preserved and further developed along sound lines.

Intercollegiate sports originated in 1850, baseball being the pioneer. While the intervening seventy-seven years are resplendent with the figures of the famous athletes who have played in the games, oblivion has cruelly covered the brilliant undergraduate managers who one after another built this great institution of intercollegiate sport. The first Princeton-Yale football game was played upon a driving park in New Haven. The admissions totalled sixteen dollars. Many of us still youthful recall sitting upon the sward and watching an early Army-Navy game, because grandstand or bleachers there was none. Within the brief space of the last forty years undergraduate managers of surpassing business genius successfully solicited wealthy alumni for funds and built primitive fields, wooden stands, and field houses. They advertised and popularized their games. They extended a helping financial hand to other sports and gave them an established place. As these plants grew and football continued to return increasing surpluses, these undergraduate managers applied to their concerns the methods of great business enterprises. In the mean time the captains and leading players similarly developed their games and attendant customs along sound and attractive lines, surrounding the sports with systems of ethics, until today intercollegiate sport in America has no counterpart in other countries.

There is another item beside the development of mass participation in sport, which needs the attention of reform. Years ago Andrew Carnegie advocated the abolition of all admission fees to college sports. Such a condition is impossible if sports are to be maintained in their present magnitude and complexity. It is possible, however, to abolish all admission fees to undergraduates, or to reduce them to a mere nominal sum, leaving the graduates and general public to pay the customary admissions. It is a

hardship upon a collegian of limited means to pay the full price of admission to all his Alma Mater's games. Some institutions have partly solved the problem. Thus at West Point and Annapolis, cadets pay a nominal fee for membership in the Athletic Association, which gives admission to all games. In some of the civilian institutions each student in paying his college bill finds a nominal item for the support of the Athletic Association which, being paid, serves the same purpose.

In the last three years there has developed a criticism of the sport to represent which it has been necessary to coin a new term, technical to football, "over emphasis". By this is meant the excessive publicity given to the sport and to its leading players. It is argued by those opposed to "over emphasis" that such publicity distorts life and its values to an undergraduate. Fame undeniably has turned many a young head, but the victims generally have recovered. It is the public that creates the publicity, and it is the player who by his extraordinary exploits gives the public cause. So it would seem that publicity, excessive and otherwise, is a natural concomitant and itself should not be unduly magnified by the critics.

In the final judgment football with its train of dependent sports will stand or fall upon its performance, or aid or contribution to the performance, of a proper function in education. This is the real test. As an educational problem, therefore, it will be solved and settled by educators who have a highly specialized knowledge and experience in collegiate sports by reason of their special positions on faculty committees charged with the supervision and regulation of sports. In the mean time, critics and reformers will continue to assail football at the close of each season. Their criticisms will entertain the sport-loving public as an after season diversion and will be read considerately by the numbers of faculty committees on sports.

Football, however, wisely reformed in its details as necessities advise, will go on and the large group of other games dependent upon it will continue to thrive and to serve the same useful functions in college, school, church, and all other organizations, as they have done since the boys of Sparta played football as a highly organized game 2,500 years ago.

THANATOPSIS, OLD AND NEW

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

It is a commonplace of American literary history that *Thanatopsis* was written by William Cullen Bryant while he was yet in his teens, and was first printed in The North American Review. It is less known that the poem lay in manuscript for six years before it was published, and that it was then in a form so different from that now familiar as to be scarcely recognizable. These and other facts concerning this famous composition come to mind at this one hundred and tenth anniversary of its first publication, and seem worthy of collation among the curiosities of literature.

The first draft of the poem was written by Bryant at some time between May and November, 1811, before he was seventeen years old, and was published in The North American Review, together with several others from his pen, in September, 1817. The purpose of comparison between that original version and its later form will be served by reproducing it, *verbatim, et literatim, et punctatim*, from the files of this magazine. Here it is:

THANATOPSIS

Not that from life, and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul, to think
Of that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flatt'ring verse may breathe,
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry *justice* frown'd severe,
And 'tis th' eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

——————————Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Borean desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil Oregan, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favourite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee! ——————————

Upon this, three obvious comments instantly arise. The first is, that the poem has four introductory quatrains, unknown to modern readers. Some have assumed that these were prefixed by error on the part of the editor, or of Dr. Bryant in sending his son's manuscript to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. That is possible, though proof is not at hand, and convincing presumption is not evident. What is certain is that the stanzas were young Bryant's work, conceived in a spirit harmonious with that of the body of the poem, and providing a logical introduction to what otherwise would have been a strangely abrupt and inconsequent beginning. It was then, as it is now, no unheard-of thing to write a prelude in a different metre from that of the chief portion of the poem.

The second observation is that even with these dubious introductory stanzas, the poem came perilously near to deserving Coleridge's whimsical criticism of his own masterpiece, as being

. . . . . incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

For it lacks the first sixteen and the last sixteen lines, which Dr. Leonard has called "inconsistent", but which seem to me so consistent with the whole tenor of the poem that it is difficult to realize that they were written not at the same time with the rest of it but years afterward; unless, indeed, the fact that they are decidedly the best parts of the whole composition suggests their origin at a time when Bryant's powers were more matured. Let us recall them; first, the contemplative introduction:

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice:—

In that you may find traces of the quatrains, refined and glorified; and you have a lucid expression of the *raison d'être* of the poem. Then observe the incomparable conclusion, equally convincing, carrying the argument to the supreme climax which it otherwise lacks, and attaining a height of both rhetorical and spiritual splendor seldom surpassed or indeed rivalled in the letters of the world:

. . . . . As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The third observation is that a number of textual changes were made in the original portion of the poem, two of which are of curious interest, while the remainder are for the marked improvement of the verses. One of the former two is the change from "the Borean desert pierce" to "the Barcan desert pierce", as it was in the first volume of his poems, in 1821; thence to "traverse Barca's desert sands", in Cleveland's famous *Compendium of American Literature;* and finally to "pierce the Barcan wilderness", in Bryant's own last edition of his works and in Stedman's *American Anthology.* I must say that the version of 1821 seems to me far preferable to either of the later ones. But the point of supreme interest is the change from "Borean" to "Barcan" desert—from the Arctic Zone to the Tropics. The reason for this I have never been able to ascertain, or satisfactorily to imagine. The other of the two changes is that from "That veil Oregan, where he hears no sound" to "Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound." The poetical improvement is great. But the curious use of the form "Oregan" tends to confirm the supposition that the boy had been reading the *Travels* of the egregious Jonathan Carver, who employed that spelling, and who insisted on calling by that name the river properly known as the Columbia.

Let us note briefly the other changes. The passage—

> . . . . . the floods that move
> In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
> That wind among the meads, and make them green,

is to its vast improvement changed and amplified to—

> . . . . . rivers that move
> In majesty, and the complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
> Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.

A few verses further on "glowing on the sad abodes of death" was happily changed to "shining . . ." Still further "what if thou shalt fall unnoticed" gives place to the much better "what if thou withdraw in silence . . ." So, too, "Thousands more will share thy destiny" becomes "All that breathe . . ." Then finally—oh, Sacred Nine!—comes the supremely saving alteration. Bryant first wrote—

. . . . . The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favorite phantom.

"The *tittering* world"! It would be unbelievable, were it not there, in black and white. For all the world it reminds me of the *Tittery, too,* with which, with malice prepense, I "ragged" our Latin professor when we tackled the First Eclogue. However, Poe wrote "We cannot help agreeing that no living human being," and called it poetry; also he had "Psyche, uplifting her finger,"—as if, I suppose, to say "Naughty! naughty!" And Longfellow observed that "Nothing in nature's aspect intimated That a great man was dead." And there are others. Yet we must rejoice with great thanksgiving that Bryant thought better of it, and gave us this instead:

. . . . . The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom.

It must not escape notice, either, that the rhetorical person of the poem is changed, from first to third. In the original, it was Bryant himself who was addressing somebody. In the revised version, Bryant indeed speaks in the introduction, but after that he quotes the "still voice" of Nature. The pure Paganism of the first draft remains unchanged, save for a single phrase, which cannot have slipped in by inadvertence, but must have been introduced for the sake of its poetical value—philosophy sacrificed to art. "Sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust" is absolutely incongruous with all the rest of the poem; yet it is precisely one of the lines which the world most values.

As to the inspiration of the poem, and the circumstances in which it was written, neither time nor patience would permit consideration of all that has been advanced; much of which is sheer rubbish. The notion that Bryant had to sit upon some actual and particular rock, inspect the roots of some one oak tree, and watch some farmer plowing a field, in order to get inspiration for his verses, is to deny to a poet possession of that faculty of imagi-

nation which is essentially his foremost attribute. That he wrote it in a fit of despair because his father could not send him to Yale College is an unwarranted aspersion. That he was inspired by Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* is impossible, for he had not then seen them. But he was influenced by Kirke White's *Remains*, from which he copied a phrase or two; and also by Porteus's *Death*, which he seems greatly to have admired. And above all he was moved by one of the great masterpieces of English verse, *The Grave* of Robert Blair, of which the masculine vigor, the stately imagery and the solemn splendor are unmistakably reflected in the revised version of *Thanatopsis*.

By way of epilogue, it may be recalled that among the other poems of Bryant's which were printed along with *Thanatopsis* in that number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was an "imitation" of an Ode of Horace, I:9, *To Thaliarchus*, in which the stately *Permitte Divis cætera* is made to read:

> To Providence resign the rein,
> Nor vex with idle care thy brain,
> To know if thou shalt go to Maine,
> Ohio, or Kentucky!

That half tempts me to suspect him of having been the author of the classic Senior Anthem, *Cocachelunk:*

> Some will go to Greece, or Hartford,
> Some to Norwich, or to Rome;
> Some to Greenland's icy mountains,
> But the most will stay at home.

At any rate it confirms me in my skepticism as to his being in the dumps because he had to quit Williams and go to Worthington to study law, instead of becoming one of the multitudinous sons of Elihu Yale.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

STUNT MANSLAUGHTER

After achievement, failure. After the most splendid performance in the history of aviation, an unexampled series of tragic disasters. It is not surprising. In our happy-go-lucky spirit, everyone thinks that he can do anything that anyone else has done, and do it better. If Lindbergh, why not I? But those who arrogantly argue thus too often fail to take into account the most impressive and most important feature—apart from his unique personality—of Lindbergh's flight. It was not the accuracy and success with which it was achieved. No; that was a mere consequence, almost a matter of course. The great thing was, the long, thorough, painstaking preparation which he patiently and resolutely underwent; something unknown, we fear, to many of those who have tried to "break his record". The very word—a most unfortunate and detestable selection—used to describe their flight is psychologically illuminating. To "hop off" suggests lack of preparation, and access of recklessness. Did Columbus "hop off" from the Bar of Saltes, or Captain Clark "hop off" with the Oregon on his way from Puget Sound to the Florida coast? In the presence of tragedy censoriousness must be shunned; yet it is difficult to escape the thought that many fliers who have come to grief sought not so much the scientific development of aviation as the mere doing of stunts, personal exploitation, and the winning of prizes. The craze will pass, of course. Indeed, it promptly received a salutary check through the sheer horror of repeated tragedies; and this has been confirmed by the action of two high authorities. Our Navy Department did well to ban unsanctioned oceanic flights by officers of the service, and King George's outspoken disapproval was an effective damper upon foolhardiness in Great Britain. Whether

legal prohibition could be established, save in the case of the Government services, is doubtful. It was once said in grim jest that not even the threat of capital punishment could deter men from suicide. But restraint could doubtless be placed upon it by a revolt of that public sentiment which now bears no small measure of bloodguiltiness. It was very largely the public acclaim and hero-worship and over-exploitation in the press, that inspired and encouraged this fatal recklessness. Without the "tumult and the shouting", the limelight and the front-page headlines, not one in ten of these adventures would have been undertaken. It would be appropriate atonement for the errors of the past for it to be made known that hereafter "stunt" flights will be unnoticed, save for a minimum of space in the obituary column. That would pretty surely put an end to the epidemic of stunt manslaughter.

EUROPE'S REHABILITATION

There seems to be no longer room for doubting that Europe is for the most part regaining not only stability and solvency but also a gratifying measure of prosperity. Authentic reports to that effect come from all important countries; most of all, perhaps, from Germany. It is logical for that country to lead in the revival of industry and commerce, because it was the country which suffered least from the war and was thus least in need of restoration. None of its factories or mines were destroyed, none of its soil was desolated. Instead, it was much enriched with the spoils of other lands. All that was needed, then, for German prosperity was the return of peace and the resumption of commercial relations with the rest of the world. How fully the latter has been effected the vast quantities of German wares in our own markets abundantly testify. This renewal of German prosperity is recognized as a principal aid to like conditions throughout Europe; wherefore we have the interesting spectacle of the nation which plunged Europe into the war taking the lead in restoring the material blessings of peace. Nor can we, nor would we, refrain from a not altogether selfish feeling of satisfaction at such

achievement of European rehabilitation without any special and extraordinary aid from America. A few years ago we were volubly assured, chiefly on this side of the ocean, that if we did not abrogate the Monroe Doctrine and subject ourselves to the League of Nations, there could be no hope of peace in Europe, and that if we did not cancel all debts due us, and make America the dumping ground for foreign goods, Europe was surely doomed to bankruptcy, Chaos and Old Night. Yet now we are equally assured that the League of Nations is functioning very beneficently without us, and that the chief nations of Europe, relying upon their own resources and energy, are regaining substantial prosperity. That, we beg leave to say, is far better than for America to have implicated herself in their politics and to have coddled them as though they were incompetents or paupers. It is a noble thing to succor those who are in distress beyond the limits of self-aid; and America has never been backward in so doing. But it is not well to pauperize a nation which needs nothing more than "a fair field and no favor" to rid itself of its burdens. It would of course have been pleasant to reflect that we had rescued Europe from ruin, had that been necessary. But it was not necessary; and now it is pleasanter by far to congratulate the countries of Europe upon being able to work out their own salvation upon a basis of self-respect and honor.

AN ENGLISH AMERICANOPHILE

St. Loe Strachey had many titles to high esteem, but perhaps none clearer than his unwavering friendship for America; which he was able to cherish and to manifest on some noteworthy occasions without incurring the reproach of slackness in his devotion to his own country. Had any American journalist and publicist of comparable rank displayed a similar friendliness toward Great Britain, he would have been lampooned as an Anglomaniac, and Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago would have demanded his trial on charges of high treason. One of Mr. Strachey's greatest services was performed at the time of the Venezuelan crisis, in 1895, when his nobly inspired leader in *The*

Spectator brought both the excited nations to their senses with the confident assurance that no matter what strain or friction there might be, there were enough millions of calm and sober men in each country to make war between Great Britain and America impossible. For a whole generation there were few men on either side of the ocean who did so much as he for Anglo-American moral solidarity, and thus for some of the best interests of the world.

MEDDLING WITH THE LATCHSTRING

We can scarcely believe that the League of Nations will ever commit itself to the principle of international control of immigration, under which a country would be compelled, under alien dictation, to receive all the wastrels and whom not else that others saw fit to dump upon it. Yet the fact that such action is being urged by the International Labor Bureau must be regarded as significant. The proposal, made at the World Population Conference, is that there shall be created a Supreme Court of Migration, which shall be "above national sovereignty, ruling the distributions of populations and controlling and directing migratory movements". It will be recalled that the possibility of such action by the League of Nations was one of the reasons for our demanding effective reservations to be made to the Covenant; and the present agitation of the matter suggests that our demand was not entirely fanciful in conception. No other country in the world ever let its latchstring hang outside the door so freely as the United States; but after all we must insist that it is our own latchstring and our own door.

TURKEY UP TO DATE

Commend to us Mustapha Kemal Pasha for an up-to-date statesman, who in Westernizing the Turkish Republic has gone his exemplars what is classically described as "a huckleberry and a half further". A National Assembly, of course; and elected by universal suffrage, free and equal, also of course. But when the time came for the constitution of that body, this fall, Kemal

benevolently observed that "To complete Our gigantic task of recreating Turkey, We are not going to allow any differences of opinion among Our beloved countrymen." And thereupon he personally nominated all the candidates for the Assembly, and after the polling announced that they had all been unanimously elected. How like a piffling piker seems even the biggest American political boss by the side of the Angora President! Even Il Duce himself will have to look to his laurels—or his fences.

GALLIC COCK AND YANKEE EAGLE

There is probably much ground for the complaint that the new French tariff bears injuriously upon some departments of American trade. That it will be ruinous or even seriously detrimental is not to be anticipated; for there are plenty of other markets in the world beside those of France. Neither do we suppose that it was framed with the special purpose of being hostile to us, but rather with the customary aim of tariffs, to promote domestic interests. There is, however, some reason for expecting that it will presently be modified in a direction more favorable to American commerce; and it will be gratifying to have this done. But be that as it may, Americans must be "good sports". We must remember that our protective tariffs have often borne hard upon French trade; as also that for the last seven years we have been totally excluding from our markets, save through the operations of bootleggers, one of France's most important products. To adapt an old saying, "Sauce for the Gallic Cock is sauce for the American Eagle."

JUDGMENT MISJUDGED

The influence of propaganda has been strikingly displayed in some of the European and especially the English comments upon the conclusion of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, in most regrettable misapprehension of important facts. Thus *The Spectator*, of London,—to which we might well say, *Et tu, Brute!*—said:

> It seemed as though the politics of the prisoners were as much a crime as the murder. They were required to explain why they ran away from war service, what their politics were, what they thought of the war, and so on.

But in fact all such matters were brought into the trial not by the prosecution but by the counsel for the defense, and that against the advice and protest of the presiding judge. Even more unfair and untruthful were the comments of *The New Statesman*, which said:

> The trial resolved itself into a perfectly simple and straightforward appeal to racial and political prejudice.

But in his charge to the jury, this is what the judge said:

> In the administration of our laws there is and should be no distinction between parties. I therefore beseech you not to allow the fact that the defendants are Italians to influence or prejudice you in the least degree. They are entitled to the same rights and consideration as if their ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*.

We would not for a moment suggest that these journals, which rank among the best of their kind in the world, deliberately thus misrepresented the case, in a most injurious manner. We assume, rather, that they were so overwhelmed with reckless propaganda that they could not or at any rate did not perceive the truth. It is recorded that many years ago a considerable effect was temporarily produced simply by a mob's incessant howling, for two hours at a stretch, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

THE LESSON OF A LEADER

Apart from, and even above, all questions of its effect upon the future of Prohibition, the death of Wayne B. Wheeler is significant as a reminder of the strange susceptibility of American politics to what we may call one man power. We do not know that in all our history there has been a more striking example of this than that which his career presented. It was an impressive, from some points of view an ominous, disclosure of what could be accomplished by one man, equipped with ample pecuniary resources, with a positive genius for organization, propaganda and intrigue, and obsessed with a fanatical zeal and an inexorable resolution for a cause which he regarded as supreme above all

others. Neither any moral crusader nor any political boss ever approximated his achievement in "putting over" the Eighteenth Amendment. Whether his work was done so securely that it will permanently abide, remains to be seen. But there are not a few thoughtful citizens who will speculate upon the possibility of other individual leaders similarly attaining practically dictatorial power. The fact is that with all our hereditary antipathy and at least affected contempt for personal and monarchical rule, Demos is still at heart a hero worshipper.

HOW TROUBLE STARTS

At a rural dairy station in the Province of Quebec, water from the river, into which sewage drained, was used for washing milk cans. In consequence more than five thousand cases of typhoid fever presently occurred in the city of Montreal, of which nearly five hundred proved fatal. We do not know how many, if any, persons concerned lamented in the burden of Kipling's poem, "Why has my God afflicted me?" But we suggest a certain heart-searching for responsibility in several specific and separate directions, to wit: The sanitary officials who failed to exercise effective supervision of the milk supply; the dairymen who with criminal or at least immoral carelessness used polluted water in connection with food and drink; and, not least of all, those, whoever they were, who were responsible for the pollution of the river with toxic sewage. Strange, that while a stream of pure fresh water is one of the most precious material gifts of God to man, it is also the very thing whose value and utility man is most ready to destroy!

NO PEACE IN ZION

This year's Zionist Congress at Basle—the fifteenth—was chiefly marked with a renewal of controversy over fundamental policy, amounting to actual schism of some of the American delegates; an incident more regrettable than surprising. There

are certain complications which make a satisfactory solution of the problem of Palestine seem almost too much to be expected. The World War was at one time joyously regarded as opening the way for a complete restoration of the Jewish Fatherland. Yet today Palestine is nothing more than one of the provinces of the British Empire; merely under a "mandate", it is true, but—is a "mandate" an assured introduction to independent sovereignty? Doubtless British rule is benevolent and beneficient, but after all it is the rule of Britain and not of Israel. Still more perplexing is the ethnic feature of the case. Despite the considerable influx of Jews into Palestine from certain European countries since the World War, that race today constitutes not more than eleven per cent. of the population, or scarcely more than the Christian element, while more than seventy-eight per cent. are Mohammedans. Obviously, eleven per cent. cannot dominate seventy-eight per cent., nor could the suzerain power properly impose and sustain such an oligarchy. Nor does there appear to be any likelihood of an immigration sufficient to create a Jewish majority of population. We have seen no indication of a numerous migration from America to Palestine, or from any other country in which the Jews are not mistreated; though each of a number of American cities contains many more Jews than there are in the whole of Palestine. There are in that country today probably about 85,000 Jews; while in the United States there are between three and four millions, and in the whole world nearly sixteen millions. Of course it would be quite out of the question for all Jews to return to the Land of Israel, even if they were so inclined; for that country, scarcely as large as the State of Vermont, simply could not contain and support them. Such a "restoration" would be as impossible as, let us say, a similar return of the entire Irish race to Ireland. While therefore we must heartily sympathize with the racial yearning for rehabilitation of the Fatherland, it must be realized that Palestine can in the very nature of things never be the home of the entire Jewish race or even of the major part of it, and that it can never have an exclusively or even predominantly Jewish population. These are the factors which make the Zionist problem so difficult as to seem to many all but hopeless.

TERPSICHORE ZULUENSIS

Good news for the night clubs! No longer will they have to be content with the slow and stodgy Charleston, and the scarcely less frumpish Black Bottom. A dance with genuine pep in it is at last to be introduced, the name of which is not yet disclosed, but the origin of which is authentically stated to be one of the characteristic and culminating performances of a Zulu wedding feast, as observed in the Transvaal. Whether the native Zulu costume is to be *de rigeur* for its participants is not yet made known; but we are permitted to have our hopes. "On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!"

COLOMBO OR COLON?

The sometimes acrimonious question, Who discovered America? is again acutely raised, but in a new form. It has to do now not with the contending claims—which in fact never clashed at all—of Norseman and Latin, but with those of two branches of the latter race. Was the discoverer Colombo the Italian or Colon the Spaniard? It will scarcely do to bracket this inquiry with the old joke about the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, that they were not written by Homer but by another man of the same name; for historians and archivists of high authority have adduced some most impressive data and framed some cogent arguments to show that the Admiral was not a Genoese, but a native of the old Suevi kingdom and later Spanish province of Galicia. We do not say that they have proved their case. But they have very formidably presented it, and at least an equal array of specific data and argument will be required to oppose it with success. The Italian theory has hitherto rested chiefly if not entirely upon the Admiral's personal statement to Queen Isabella, that he was born in Genoa; which has been adopted and repeated implicitly by innumerable writers since. But now it is pointed out that there were several strong reasons why he should conceal his Spanish origin; notably, that Galicia had fought against the accession of Isabella and for her rival, Juana. It is known, too, that he spoke

Spanish and not Italian, that he seldom wrote Italian and then imperfectly, and that his Spanish writings were all strongly marked with Gallego idioms. It is an interesting controversy, the more so as it shows how strongly challenged a supposed fact may be after it has been all but universally accepted for centuries. We shall look with much curiosity for the results of the international competition which has just been held in essays and treatises on the Admiral's Spanish nativity; and also for the response which Italy may make. With the Italian half of Mont Blanc renamed Monte Benito Mussolini, we can scarcely expect Il Duce to acquiesce calmly in the deprivation of Italy of one of her most illustrious heroes.

SKY VOICES NOT ANGELIC

Something very different is now promised, or threatened, from that occasion when suddenly the air was filled with the voices of angels, singing. We are told that plans are being perfected for broadcasting advertisements vocally from the sky. Airplanes, equipped with loud speaking radio devices, are to cruise about over city and country, stentorially proclaiming and commending the wares of enterprising tradesmen to a suffering public. At daybreak we are to be awakened with a eulogy of Corncob's Cracked-Up Breakfast Food; during the day we shall hear hourly exploitations of the superlative excellence of Knitter's Sanitary Underwear, of Scorcher's Automobiles, of Gourmand's Dyspepsia Capsules, and of Driveller's *Memoirs of a Moron;* and we shall fall asleep under the soothing accents of a blurb about Doogood's Insomnia Doodads. Of the entire possibility of the infernal scheme there is no question. It has been practically demonstrated. Nor has there been, in our pusillanimous and degenerate submission to the outrage of advertising hoardings, any indication of resistance to even this additional atrocity. Yet we cannot help thinking that the familiar phrase, "The sky's the limit," will assume a fresh significance, and that a new "Blue Sky Law" will protect us from a horror that would make life no longer worth the living.

"THE DEVIL WAS SICK—"

Mr. Braunstein Trotzky advises the Soviet Government to cultivate good relations with Great Britain and America, even at the expense of paying some of its debts. It is counsel as vain as it is apparently sound. We say "apparently", because in fact it is wholly unsound. There is nothing in the world more immoral than the saying that "Honesty is the best policy" when it means, as in this case, that one is to be honest merely because it is good policy to be so. There is no virtue in paying a debt, when it is done not for the sake of being honest but rather in order to cajole or trick the creditor into granting further accommodation. The attempt is characteristic of Trotzky and his colleagues, but it will not work. Something far more than the cynical payment of once repudiated debts is required of that "negation of God erected into a system of government". Meantime we observe with gratification that the British Trades Union Congress by a vote of about four to one has determined to sever all relations with the Russian labor unions and to have nothing more to do with the deviltries of Moscow. The Soviet devil is undoubtedly pretty sick, but it will vainly try to pass itself off as a holy monk.

CHAMPIONS YOUNG AND OLD

Youth has its fling, in many a sport and game, winning championship after championship, and commanding the secular adoration of the world. There are Helen Wills, and Bobby Jones, and 'Gene Tunney, and their compeers, in wide variety of achievement. "All mankind love a lover," and all ages love youth. Yet we should not forget the veterans, too. There is no adolescent Marathon runner who does not envy the record of Edward Payson Weston, who remained the world's champion pedestrian after he had passed three score years and ten; and there are baseball players of high rank who would give much to approximate even the present prowess of "Sir" Walter Johnson, who was a champion before they were born. Nor were the popular manifestations of consternation and regret at "Big Bill" Tilden's

recent defeat lacking in significance of what is expected of veterans. Good old Johnnie Walker, of bibulous memory, is by no means the only one who in advanced senescence is "still going strong".

TRYING TO CONVERT SLACKERS

The National Association of Manufacturers does well thus early to start a "get out the vote" campaign for next year's election; the need of such efforts being strongly indicated by the very moderation of its aim. We are told that it hopes to secure the casting of thirty-six million votes. That would be an enormous poll. Yet it would be only sixty per cent. of the legal electorate. True, that would be a great improvement upon 1924, when only a trifle over fifty per cent. voted, and over 1920 when, in the "great and solemn referendum" which the President invoked upon one of the most important issues ever presented to the American electorate, fewer than forty-nine per cent. of the qualified voters went to the polls. Yet sixty per cent., in the country which vaunts itself upon having been the pioneer in universal suffrage, would still be a discreditably and ominously small figure, compared with the eighty-five and ninety per cent. habitually cast, even at less important elections, in the other republics of the world. This, moreover, is in the face of immeasurable clamor for democratic rather than representative government. Some years ago there was a demand, which unfortunately prevailed, for the popular election of United States Senators. We were assured by its propagandists that the whole American electorate was almost sitting up o'nights in palpitating eagerness to go to the polls for that purpose. Yet despite such profuse if not profligate use of money in the campaigns as never was known before, it is seldom that more than one-third of the voters can be persuaded to cast ballots for Senators. We do not yet regard universal suffrage as a failure. But we do regard a suffrage that is universal in name but only fifty per cent. or less in fact, as a mockery and a menace to our civic wellbeing, the correction of which, by some effective means, is one of the foremost needs of the time.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

THE Deacon was in his old arm chair when I entered the sitting room. His spectacles were pushed back behind his forehead, and he was fingering a shiny bronze book-end with the bust of a bearded gentleman—presumably Dickens—in high relief upon it.

"Not a birthday present?" I asked, anxiously.

"Nope," said the Deacon. "But I don't blame you. It does look more like a birthday present than it looks like Dickens. However, it'll hold the bedroom door open better 'n a carpet-covered brick."

"Hasn't it a twin?"

"You mean the other one—Walter Scott? He's holding the pantry door shut."

The Deacon was still turning the heavy bit of bronze over and over. "There's been quite a craze for fancy book-ends, I notice, lately. But it's a wholesome fad. Buy a man a pair of nice ones and he has to get at least a couple of good books suitable to go between 'em. Lots of folks own book-ends, when what they really need is some book beginnings." He bent down and rolled Dickens disrespectfully across the carpet, toward his place by the bedroom door. "I guess I'm too practical-minded to be really artistic," he sighed, straightening up and reaching for his pipe. "Now I like those bronzes that show a little fellow with his feet planted firm, pushing against the books with his hands. But I'd hate to see several heavy volumes braced against Dickens's beard. Same as I never used to admire that brass mantel ornament of a Venus de Milo with a clock in her stomach. It seemed to me almost anybody else might better hold a clock, or she might better hold it some other place."

* * *

It was a year since I had seen the Deacon, yet he looked no older. There was the same unruly iron-gray hair and fringe of whiskers, no whiter than before; the same ruddy glow on his wrinkled cheek, and the same keen blue eyes and bird-like motion of the head. He never, in all the years I had known him, had expressed surprise at my sudden appearance from some distant point, or wasted speech in conventional greetings. Yet he obviously enjoyed talking. At each new visit he seemed merely to be resuming a chat that had been interrupted perhaps a year ago.

"I was afraid when I saw that book-end that I had overlooked a birthday."

"Funnier than a birthday. Abigail shipped them to me from California on Fathers' Day."

"Why funnier?"

"Well, isn't it funny for you to be reminded to remember your father by some postcard manufacturer that's a stranger to both of you? Sort of pushing, I call it."

"There can't be too much sentiment in the world," I said, argumentatively.

The Deacon refilled his pipe. "Jabez Hicks is making a little money out of his turning mill," he said irrelevantly. "He's put electric lights into the old farm house, and a radio and a player piano. He might have made a lot more with boarders in his improved house, but visitors don't want to come since the mill spoiled the scenery and ruined the quiet with the noise of the saws. But it's a stock company, and several of the neighbors have got radios and a share of the electric current. I figure they aren't really making any more money than they used to, howsoever; they sit up so late nights with their lights and their radios that they don't get up early enough next morning to farm properly."

"I resent that mill," said I. "I saw it when I drove by this morning. I used to fish in that stream and swim in the old hole there at the foot of Hicks's pasture lot. As pretty a spot as I've ever seen anywhere. Now the woods are nearly gone and the whole pasture lot is a dumping ground for sawdust and odds and ends of mill stuff. What did they do it for? It isn't much of a mill."

"If you're a modern, up-and-coming, hustling business man, the story ought to inspire you," said the Deacon, regarding me mildly under his spectacles. "About ten years ago young Smith first happened along, selling notions from a wagon. He was a bright young fellow with a few ideas and no money. He saw the power going to waste in the stream, and all the standing timber, with some cut and seasoned, but no transportation. He figured that they ought to turn out a product easy to haul. He was strong on fancy little notions; so with Hicks's land and trees, and the neighbors' money, and God's power, and his own gall, he's turned the most of those pretty woods into picture-puzzles and wooden handles for things."

The Deacon ruminated a while.

"I went down there once and asked old Jabez Hicks whether they couldn't keep some of the beauty; a prettier mill, for instance, and some care for the looks of the stream banks. But that wasn't any part of young Smith's idea. He figured that when the timber was gone they could all afford to move away, and junk the mill and machinery—all that wasn't easily portable. I met young Smith then. Brisk and efficient, with a great line of talk. The jig-saw puzzle craze was just starting and he could get a contract for cheap little ones by the thousand gross from a chain-store concern. He told me it was a terrible shame to let that power go to waste, when it might be making a hundred thousand people more amused and happy with jig-saw puzzles. He smiled when I spoke of the old picnic ground, and said that that was just for the few and that he lived for the many. God's power had to be used, he said. I tried to get in something about God's beauty, but there wasn't any more use talking against him than swimming up-stream."

The Deacon ruminated some more, and I waited.

"The puzzle craze died out, but he had most of his timber down and seasoning, and he began to get orders for wooden handles for I don't know what-all. Just as benevolent as ever. Said it was a great thing, using God's power to make it easier for people to hold things. In another year," the Deacon tapped his pipe sharply to empty it, "the timber'll all be gone; all those old puzzles 'll be lost or else cluttering up drawers with pieces missing out of them; and the beauty'll all be gone out of Hicks's end of the valley—till God has time to undo the work of Smith."

"You don't like Smith," I ventured.

"I don't like his damn talk," said the Deacon, with unusual vigor. "All he wants is as big a hunk of God's power as he can harness up to work for himself, and he isn't honest enough to say so."

The old gentleman was looking the least bit ashamed of his heat, and I started to tell of my own travels; but he interrupted me after a moment. "Fathers' Day," he mused. "Maybe some sentimental women's magazine started it, but I bet a young fellow named Smith grabbed the idea and made it his own, and pushed it along. Family affection is a sort of power, ain't it? Lots of it, all over the country, running deep and strong. Shame not to harness it up to something and make some money for Smith. So he probably built a postcard mill, and muddied the stream; and a necktie factory, with the words 'For Father Dear' embroidered on every tie; and now I bet he goes around throwing out a benevolent chest and saying that he lives to help young people love their parents.

"I certainly miss Abigail," said the Deacon, "but if that Dickens there had 'For Father Dear' stamped on his beard, I'd drive her out into the storm—if she'd only come home and give me a chance," he added plaintively.

* * *

We puffed a while in silence. I looked about contentedly at the old familiar haircloth chairs with their antimacassars, the framed sampler, and the engraving of President Johnson's Impeachment above the Deacon's chair. He drew the morning paper from the littered table at his elbow, and glanced at it casually.

"Lindbergh all gone off the front page," he said. "Glad of it! Nice clean young fellow. When he did his stunt so simply, and was so unaffected, there was a powerful deep stream of pride and affection flowed right clear across the country. And at once a whole lot of brisk, benevolent go-getters began to sluice the stream and send it through run-ways, and make it turn a lot of their own private machinery. It wouldn't be young Lindbergh's fault if they got the stream so dirtied up we'd want it to hurry and run dry. I've seen that happen in Dewey's and Hobson's day, and even before that. But it's more likely to happen nowadays, with cheap newspaper writers to help build the sluice-ways.

"Self-interest isn't such a bad thing. I hope I've got a practical amount of it myself, and I can respect it in another man. It's when he pretends it's benevolence, or patriotism, or hero worship, that he makes me mad. Hypocrisy, to my way of thinking, is one of the two cardinal sins."

"What's the other, Deacon?"

"You wouldn't want me tried for unorthodoxy, would you, right here in Pelham? And besides, I don't want to corrupt your morals. Ma might be listening." The Deacon's gaze continued to rove the newspaper page. "Yes, hypocrisy, besides being a deadly sin, is one of the commonest. Every day there's news about folks who climb onto other people's bandwagons and stay on 'em only so long as they seem to be leading a procession; then they jump down and slip quietly away looking for another parade.

"Now here," said the Deacon suddenly, after another pause, "here's the old Ford Peace Ship coming into the news again. I'd almost forgotten it. There must have been some really sincere folks on that boat,—sincere about peace, I mean,—and some that quite sincerely wanted a free ride. But I guess there were quite a few who got on because they hoped it was leading an important procession. Same with that tragic Sacco and Vanzetti case. You could respect any man who felt so deeply about it one way or the other that he had to go and do something. But there were such a lot who wanted to ride somewhere at the head of a procession, or who wanted to harness the current and make it work for themselves. They got me so het up I couldn't think straight." The Deacon smiled at me shamefacedly and wiped his spectacles.

"That's off the news page now," I said.

"Election time! So many bandwagons now, going every-which-way, the professional paraders get confused." Suddenly the Deacon dropped his paper on the floor. "I'm thinking of offering to write the President's Thanksgiving proclamation for him one of these days," he said, eyeing me solemnly. "'Twon't be a long one. I'll ask the nation to praise the Lord that Thanksgiving Day comes so soon after election."

"Hasn't a President got to say more than that?"

"Not if he's the present incumbent. Besides, it don't need explanations. So many megaphone men have been busy deploring, from bandwagons, right up to the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, that it's a good scheme for the nation to settle back on its hunkers and try to remember something to be thankful for."

There was another pause; "Don't it strike you as more than a mere coincidence that every year, right after the politicians have stopped orating, we should declare a day of thanksgiving?" The Deacon rose blithely from his armchair. "Come, we'll find Ma; I figure she's been making some pies out of contented cranberries."

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

GENERAL LEWIS CASS, *Senator and Secretary of State, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of April, 1827, gave this racy account of the Red Man's distaste for Prohibition:*

At the treaty of Chicago, in 1821, the Commissioners ordered, that no spirits should be issued to the Indians, and informed them, in their own manner, that the bungs were driven into the barrels. A deputation of the chiefs was sent to remonstrate against this precautionary measure, and at its head was Topnibe, the principal chief of the Potawattomie tribe, a man upwards of eighty years of age. Every argument was used to convince them that the measure was indispensable; that they were exposed to daily murders, and that while in a state of intoxication, they were unable to attend to the business for which they were convened. All this was useless, and the discussion was only terminated by the peremptory refusal of the Commissioners to accede to their request. "Father," said the hoary headed chief, when he was urged to remain sober, and make a good bargain for his people, "Father, we care not for the money, nor the land, nor the goods. We want the whiskey. Give us the whiskey!"

Current complaints of "tinkering" with the laws, of "jokers", and of needless law-making, are no new thing, if we may judge from what WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER, *jurist and critic, wrote about the laws of New York in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of January, 1827:*

It is notorious that a great proportion of the changes made in our public laws, even those of the most important and extensive operation, are made for particular cases, and are sometimes very ill adapted for any other. . . . Important changes of general laws, to subserve a particular, though perhaps honest, end, are sometimes artfully thrust in by their friends among the matters of little moment, to be hurried through, at the end of a session, without debate, and consequently often without due intelligence of their necessary operation; and in other cases, where the principles of a law have been fairly discussed and are well understood, the acts themselves are yet so inartificially and inaccurately penned as to beget great doubt and uncertainty of their true intent; giving rise to perpetual litigation and innumerable emendatory acts.

The legislators themselves are often as much surprised as the courts, to find what has become law; and the chief business of each succeeding legislature is to patch up or repeal what was ill done by its immediate predecessor. . . . If our statements are not greatly overcharged, it can readily be imagined what a mass of useless rubbish a few years of such legislation must accumulate in the Statute Book; how many acts are to be consulted, and how many doubts of construction resolved, before the most experienced lawyer can instruct his client in what ought to be so plain a matter as the operation of the written law; and how necessary some system of revision and consolidation must from time to time become.

In the present triumph of self-rule for Ireland, is the name of THEOBALD WOLFE TONE *forgotten? It should not be, in view of the estimate of him made in a review of his life by his wife's father, the jurist,* WILLIAM SAMPSON, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of April, 1827:*

When we took up these volumes we intended no more than to exercise an impartial judgment within the sphere of our literary duties; we did not, nor do we yet, enter the field as champions of Ireland against England; we rather hope that some propitious change may remove the causes of such a disastrous strife, wherein men, formed to shine as an ornament and honor to their country, perish on the scaffold. But without engaging in that quarrel we must say, that had we been the most devoted partisans of England's power and empire, still by the reading of this narrative, our hearts would have been subdued into respect and admiration for the man who in so extraordinary a degree united the highest and most attractive qualities of the head and heart. It is rare to find such endowments in one individual; quick and brilliant conceptions, a judgment solid and exact, powers of argument clear and convincing, great firmness of purpose, with a temper gentle and winning, and a cheerful and pleasing vein of native wit, that in the darkest hours of danger and dismay lighted and cheered his way, and in the very heat of battle played like a lambent flame around his crest. Add to this a heart framed for friendship and love, and it must be owned, that, perish where he might, when or for what he might, when Tone fell, there fell a noble being.

A proverbial "September gale" of 1815 was so violent as to merit notice in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *in November of that year; the Editor,* WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *writing concerning some of its phenomena:*

The air was hot and suffocating at intervals during the time that the wind came from the south and south-east, the atmosphere was filled with the salt water which was taken up and dispersed into mist by the force of the wind.

This salt mist was left upon objects at a distance of forty miles from the sea, so as to be perceptible to the taste. Large numbers of gulls and sea birds were also carried to the same distance. And it was said, in one place, that an immense flock of white headed Eagles and Hen Hawks, amounting to thousands, passed over towards the westward, the *day preceding* the hurricane. At New London the brooks and springs were turned brackish for a day or two, and some of the wells dry during the gale. The leaves of the trees faded perhaps from the joint effects of the friction, and the salt mist, and had the same appearance as if scorched by the fire. Some of the earlier kinds, such as the willows, lilacks, &c., have since put out a new set of leaves. The violence of the wind may be appreciated from its having entirely dismasted vessels as they lay at anchor, with their sails furled, and from its havock among the trees. Upwards of twenty elms, in Boston alone, some of which were three feet in diameter at five feet from their roots, were torn entirely out of the ground. . . . The season has in other respects been remarkable. The month of July was hotter and drier than it had been known to be for twenty-five years; and the months of August and September, an almost constant succession of cloudy and wet weather, accompanied with east and north-east winds; while at a short distance from the coast and over the whole Atlantick, the winds have been almost without interruption westerly.

Sunday "Blue Laws" were a much-felt subject to WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *the Founder of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *who in the first number of this periodical, in May, 1815, had this to say of them:*

The best mode of passing the Sunday is, perhaps, still a desideratum, and must be different in different countries, modified by the character of the inhabitants. We confess we shudder at the recollection of the manner in which we were obliged to pass the Sabbath in our early youth. Placed in a town remarkable for its bigotry; when in a long summer's day, beside family prayers, we had gone through two services, the second of which terminated between three and four o'clock, we returned home, and under the watchful control of some sour, narrow-minded farmer, immured in a suffocating room, we were obliged to hear another endless sermon read, while we longed to bound over the fields, envying every bird that flew, but so long as the sun cheered the earth were retained in confinement; a system well calculated as a preparatory course for a Carthusian friar, but destructive of some of the best and most innocent feelings of boys intended for the world, and admirably contrived to disgust them with all religion . . . To men of reflecting habits and mature minds, seclusion and meditation through the day may be most congenial; but would the same course be useful to children, to servants, to the vast majority of society, who, chained through the week, look forward to one day in it for

religious duties and for repose and enjoyment? In striving to make these act like men of grave and serious habits, do we not overshoot the mark and, in attempting too much, produce a reaction both mischievous and permanent?

That "they order this matter better in France" could not, however, be truly said at that time; for MR. TUDOR *quoted as follows from "Three Weeks in Paris", then just published, by* THEODORE LYMAN, *the eminent philanthropist and author:*

The king has made an ordinance, by which the gay old fellows of sixty and seventy feel themselves particularly affected. "We, etc., decree, that all shops, cafés, restaurateurs, and places of amusement, be shut on Sundays;" etc.; and it also makes it unlawful to work on Saints' Days as well as on the Sundays. One can hardly conceive it possible for any king in Europe to issue a more tyrannical mandate; by a single blow to deprive his subjects of their most precious rights, the only rights that they think of any value . . . The French people esteem Sunday sacred, not to their religion but to their pleasures.

Remembered today chiefly as the inventor of the electric telegraph, SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE *was first introduced to public notice in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of September, 1815, as a promising young painter and sculptor:*

A painting by Mr. Morse, a young artist who went from this country to England two or three years since, is now exposed to the public at Mr. Greenwood's room in Tremont Street. This picture is calculated to raise the highest hopes of the future celebrity of this young painter. The subject is a dying Hercules . . . It was a bold attempt in a young man to represent this situation, and if it had failed it would have hardly been discouraging; but to succeed as he has done in the present instance justly affords the strongest expectations of his future success . . . It is an effort from which an artist will augur much, but is too nearly an academical study to gratify general spectators . . . We hope by the time Mr. Morse may have completed his studies that the dormant power of patronage in the country will be awakened, and that we shall be able to keep at least one of our artists from the necessity of seeking foreign patronage. With the talent Mr. Morse has discovered for sculpture, we hope he will pursue sculpture as well as painting.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

THE PROPHETS TO WHOM WE LISTEN

IN a conservative New York club recently a prominent banker of the elder school met a life-long friend of equal age and prominence. Both were of a standing which accustomed them to answer rather than ask the conventional question, "How's business?" and the banker's first remark was, "Has the United States gone crazy, John? You and I have never seen anything like this."

The speaker referred, of course, to the extraordinary phenomena that are now discernible in the financial world—phenomena which to most people apparently signify an abundant and welcome prosperity, but which to not a few experienced and temperamentally conservative watchers indicate danger ahead.

The paradox that "good times" are not always good has been demonstrated many times in our history, after the business collapse has revealed the flaw in the structure; yet on each fresh reappearance it is as difficult to accept as ever. Now, as on similar occasions in the past, the prophets who are listened to are the apologists for the present era, those who demonstrate, with a twentieth-century technique in the art of persuasion, that the United States has indeed received a new business dispensation and that "this time it will be different". In the tempo of the day any dissent from this view seems as anachronistic as stereoscopes in the front parlor or as "East Lynne" would be on Broadway.

But some of the older business statesmen, actuated perhaps by *noblesse oblige*, from time to time seek to restore the balance by pointing out a few obvious things, despite the chilly if polite reception given their statements.

A prominent Chicago banker says that while business is good and undoubtedly will continue so, "the antics of the stock market have put us in a dangerous mood. We are being encouraged too much. Many stocks are selling far too high merely because there is a plethora of cheap money". And he adds that the Federal Reserve Banks, by reducing their rediscount rates from 4 to 3½ per cent, have put "an actual premium on inflationary expansion".

The truth of these statements can be confirmed by a glance at stock quotations, which shows that some speculative favorites are selling for twenty times or more their indicated earnings. The dividen yield on the market leader, United States Steel Corporation common, at the high price touched in early September was only 4.37 per cent, and the probable margin of annual earnings over dividends—about $13 a share compared with $7—affords no reason for believing that even this standard investment stock should sell on the same yield basis as first-class bonds. To look at the facts in another way: the sudden perpendicular advances which occur almost overnight in many stocks already high priced, cannot be explained by any fundamental improvement in the company's business, or by any of the ordinary investment tests; they are obviously manifestation of a speculative fever.

These characteristics of the market are so apparent that recognition of them in the formulation of an investment program is demanded.

The first principle of investment under such circumstances is to place a larger proportion of funds in liquid form—in government securities or other high grade and readily marketable bonds or preferred stocks; and to make new purchases of other stocks only after an unusually rigid application of investment tests, giving more weight to the

position of the company than to the outlook for the industry to which it belongs. It may be argued by dissenters, of course, that this is exactly what conservative men have been doing for a long time, and that they have been wrong; however, there is a vast difference between being wrong in principle and merely premature in action, and we may eventually discover that the latter is the worst error of which the conservatives have been guilty.

The price of most stocks as well as bonds is now controlled completely by the price of money. All other factors are subordinate except in a few cases where the outlook for earnings is obviously dubious: For example, the shares of some of the oil companies which have been compelled to increase their indebtedness in order to carry their big inventories, and which in addition face the necessity of writing off losses on these inventories when they cast up their accounts for the year.

These exceptions are fewer in number than at any other time during the prolonged rise of stocks; buying has lately gone into shares of companies which had been comparatively neglected,—some of the leather and copper producers, for instance. On the whole the stock market during the latter stages of the advance has become distinctly less selective, and more and more a product of cheap money rather than of good business. This, practically, is inflation, confined though it is to securities, and no bickering over the term can disguise the fact.

But who, or what, will deflate—or, more properly, restrain inflation—before it goes further? Not the Federal Reserve Board, apparently. The Board has committed itself to a policy of "running wide open" even to the extent of compelling the Chicago Reserve Board to reduce its rediscount rate from 4 to 3½ per cent against the wishes of its directors. The reasons for the Reserve Board's rate cutting movement are set forth by its *Bulletin* as follows:

1. Gold imports this year have kept up member banks' reserves and made it unnecessary for them to obtain additional Reserve Bank credit.

2. The public has grown more economical in the use of currency, note circulation bein smaller than last year.

3. Demand for commercial credit has no expanded, due to lessened trade activity.

4. Lower rates in the United States hav been an influence causing funds to be trans ferred to foreign money centers, wher higher rates prevail, with the consequenc that sterling and other exchanges have ad vanced. This rise in the exchanges is facili tating the autumn purchases of America agricultural products by foreign countries and will be an influence against further im ports of gold.

5. The lower level of interest rates in thi country at the season when crops are mov ing is a favorable factor in the business sit uation.

This is the Board's own statement of it reasons for reducing rates. The last tw points in particular are highly significant fo the future. The Board thereby commits it self to co-operation with the central bank of Europe, and as the trend of rates there i downward, the probability of an advanc here is correspondingly limited. And if th Board is acting the god out of the machin this year to bring low rates for crop moving may we not expect the same procedure i other years?

In other words, we need not look to th Board immediately for a check to inflation and if rates are eventually advanced to kee the situation in hand, we may reasonably ex pect the action to take place later in the win ter and that another cut will be made whe the time comes for the farmer to benefi again.

It is not surprising that observers ar coupling the fact that 1928 is an electio year with this view of the Board's prospec tive policies, and that many opponents o those policies have resigned themselves t the expectation that easy money will follo its usual course, cause security prices t "peak" at artificially high levels, and be fo lowed by severe reactions when the Board with a rate advance, locks the door after th horse is stolen.

The prediction involved in this view of th situation is a double one, and the element o time is important. The general indicatio however, is that the immediate future is un

afe and that the most fortunate investors ill be those whose funds are in the most quid and higher grade securities; but that, oncurrently, the distant future may bring ven cheaper money, and in the long run, fter corrective reactions have occurred and usiness has had an opportunity to catch up, till higher prices for strictly investment se-urities may be witnessed.

The respective theories of bond and stock ıvestment are doubly worth reviewing at ıis time. The bond, representing a loan rom the buyer to the issuing corporation, tands for safety and certain fixed return. The stock, representing partnership in the usiness, stands for opportunity to profit by ong-term appreciation, received sooner or ater by extra cash or scrip dividends. When stock prices so far outrun earnings as o discount the possibilities of extra dis-ursements for a long time ahead, stocks ffer nothing to buyers, and the bond is the etter purchase even at a lower yield. This eems to be the situation this fall and it will nly be changed by a break or a long period f quiescence in stocks.

What is Ahead for Rails?

W. B. Storey, President of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, believes that the earn-ngs of the railroads in 1926 will not be qualled again for several years to come. The facts support his opinion. The busi-ess volume of 1926 in all probability will be qualled or surpassed during some year mong the next three or four, but there are ood reasons for believing that the railroads ill be unable, even in such a year, to save as uch for their net. Rate adjustments are onstantly being made, the majority of them lownward. Substantial wage increases ave been put into effect this year, starting n the east and growing like a snowball as hey roll through the rest of the country. Hope for lower taxes is not bright; whatever avings may be made through lower Federal ates will be offset by higher state and local mpositions. Further savings that can be chieved through more efficient operation re limited by the law of diminishing eturns.

Nevertheless many competent observers expect higher prices for railway stocks. In the case of the standard investment rails such as Pennsylvania and New York Central this optimism is based on a belief that they are undervalued in comparison with industrials of equivalent quality, and that the pressure of investment funds for an outlet will exert particular strength upon them. As that argument involves general market and monetary relationships rather than the position of the rails specifically, it may be left for the course of money rates to decide.

But in at least two respects the price of rails may have discounted more than the future will actually bring to them. One is appreciation of value through mergers; the other is gains in earnings to be derived from higher valuations which the Supreme Court is expected to allow in its forthcoming decision.

Merger rumors have long been sparks in tinder in the rail markets. The fact is, however, that not a single merger of importance has been authorized by the I. C. C. since the Transportation Act of 1920 laid the ground for consolidations. Much competent opinion holds that none will be authorized until Congress has had an opportunity to express itself upon the problem again. The Transportation Act laid upon the I. C. C. the duty of drawing up a merger plan. With Professor Ripley's assistance the Commission performed that duty, but its program has never achieved more than academic standing.

The mergers now being considered originated with the roads, and they conflict flatly with the Ripley plan. Unless Congress relieves the Commission of its obligation under the Transportation Act it will have good grounds for refusing approval to any merger, and would best maintain legality by doing so; this alone—disregarding the important correlative questions such as the disposition of the short lines—should dampen hope for further security appreciation through consolidations. Furthermore, the sum of one and one can never be more than two, even though the stock market has been claiming that the result of this addition is two and a half.

The controversy over valuations has gone

on since 1913 and earlier, and it is at last approaching settlement; probably the Supreme Court, which has a test case before it, will hand down a decision this winter clarifying the principles. Railroad, stock market, and much dispassionate legal opinion holds that the roads will win, that a principle of valuation will be enunciated which will automatically mark up the figures established by the I. C. C. Upon these figures, the law contemplates that rates shall be ordained which are designed to give the roads as a whole a return of 5¾ per cent.

But it is not impossible that if the roads win their case, and the higher valuations are duly set upon the books, it will prove an empty victory.

The old principle that rates must be what the traffic will bear has never been set aside in practice by the theory of a fixed return which is embodied in the law. The truth of this is attested by the fact that the roads themselves frequently take the initiative in rate reductions, and that only in 1926, six years after the passage of the law, did they earn the contemplated return upon the I. C. C.'s figures of valuation. And finally, if the Supreme Court decision is unfavorable to the I. C. C., a demand for revision of the law to reduce the theoretical return, or effect lower rates by other Congressional means, will flare up with tremendous vigor and perhaps practical results.

It will undoubtedly shock many bulls on railway stocks if they discover that this long- and hard-fought question, which has been considered of such immediate and practical application to security values, is really of only academic interest so far as share prices are concerned. But it is entirely possible that such a shock may be forthcoming.

The Business Outlook

The volume of business continues to run behind last year and industrial profits, while irregular, are generally less. As 1927 draws to a close it becomes apparent that its totals will fall below those of 1926 in such important business indices as railway car loadings, automobile and iron and steel production, and building construction. The summer was far from exhilarating. The autumn i rather better. Crop revenues promise t give the farmer more to spend than last yea particularly in the winter wheat states an in the Northwest.

A slight improvement in iron and stee business got under way as summer close and the decline in freight loadings a compared with 1926 narrowed to small pro portions. The least satisfactory reports c all the major industries come from th automobile factories; some of them ar making extraordinary sales and productio records, but the totals for the industry as whole suffer from the idleness of Ford. Hi re-entry into the market at the end of th year will raise the total of sales, but wha effect it will have on the profits of some c the other companies can only be surmised At any rate automobile market condition both present and prospective, illustrate th wisdom of selecting securities upon analysi of the position of the company rather tha the state of the industry.

The cotton textile industry has higher ra material to contend with, and cannot be ex pected to break consumption records agai as it did last season. The fluctuations o the raw cotton market have been sensational Early in September the price advanced to level which later developments proved wa unjustifiably high. The rise was accom panied by extremely active speculative buy ing, stimulated by bad reports from th crop. In its disregard of the fact that th carryover from the last crop is ample to fi out any deficit in the present yield the ad vance resembled the action of many stocks In large part it stems back to the same roo of easy money.

The recent price history of wheat and cor has been somewhat similar: a sharp rise fol lowed by a return to commercially sounde levels. The character of these advance has caused much conjecture whether infla tion is extending to the commodity markets —whether it is spilling over the banks of th security channels to which it has been con fined. For the past three years the commod ities have been under the restraint of abun dant supplies and cautious buying, of th kind still known as "hand to mouth" de spite the inadequacy and inaccuracy of tha

erm. Has the time come when the credit verflow will put that caution to rout, and hen the wise man will throw off some of his estraint and buy more confidently in the be-ef that the long decline in prices is at an nd?

Many months ago a prominent economist ttracted attention by his prediction that ommodity prices were approaching bottom, hich he believed would be reached shortly fter deflation in France and Italy was com-leted and the world virtually restored to a old basis. Within the past few weeks one f the leading forecasting services has ex-ressed its belief that the turning point was eached about the middle of the summer, and ecommended that the policy of hand to outh buying be relaxed in favor of "dis-riminative accumulation of materials." he course of the index numbers supports his theory. Without exception they have dvanced steadily since July 1, and while the eptember declines in grain and cotton prices re possibly contrary evidence they are ore probably incidents in a general trend. f we are to have less restraint on buying, nd rising prices, the stimulus to business in he closing months of the year will be no less ertain for the fact that accumulation today s a subtraction from tomorrow's volume; nd we may be reasonably sure that the orrow will be ignored in the exhilaration of he day.

But despite such advice it is extremely oubtful that the restraints bred since 1919 nd 1920 will be lightly thrown off. They ave been highly useful in keeping business n such an even keel during the past three ears, and it is inconceivable that men ho are in a position to avoid such risks ill suddenly begin to splurge on inventor-ies to an extent that will start a business oom.

It is more likely, therefore, that a con-inuation of moderate business until the end f the year, capped by a thoroughly satis-actory holiday trade, is in prospect. The ffects of the plethora of money will probably e felt more in the security markets, and in uch industries as construction which con-tantly demand large amounts of fresh cap-tal, than in commodities, and the upward rend is not likely to be sharp.

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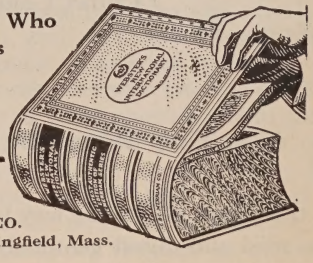

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AS OTHERS SEE IT

Landscape Worth Seeing

SIR:

May I tell you that I think your book notes in the October NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW quite "the stuff"? I read a large quantity of things of this sort—and write a good many—but yours strike me as a little better than the best that I come across. It is quite remarkable how much you say about a book and what a good idea you give of it in a few words. It seems to me that *The Literary Landscape* is going to add greatly to THE REVIEW'S worth and interest.

MITCHELL BRONK.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Alert and Classic, Too

SIR:

I saw while in Williamstown the new format taken by your REVIEW. May I congratulate you on its happy union of American alertness and classical tone?

COUNT CARLO SFORZA.

Cherbourg, France.

Now They Should Be Read

SIR:

If there were only some way to persuade us all to read and digest genuinely informative articles on foreign affairs such as Hamilton Fish Armstrong's *Where Three Races Meet*, world peace would move several centuries nearer at once. There is grave danger that another World War may arise out of the present Balkan situation, which is as full of dynamite as was the situation during the decade prior to 1914. The trouble with us is that we insist upon taking such discussio as entirely academic until it is too late. Th when we read exactly the same matter *Now It Can be Told* volumes we are great surprised that the facts were not brought o prior to the declaration of war. At wor however, a public service is rendered printing such articles as the one I ha mentioned.

WILLIAM COLLINGWOOD.

Atlanta, Ga.

Not All Flappers and Jazz

SIR:

Prof. Phelps's reactions to Broadw musical shows are doubtless those of a va number of theatre goers, but in his *U musical Non-Comedy* which you publish the October number I think he fails to rec nize the difference between musical come at its best (it still flourishes) and the called girl-and-music show. He says t World War stimulated many evil tendenc including musical comedy. Really, the w did its best to kill off musical comedy shutting off the supply of English, Germ and especially Viennese importations. the decade before the war we were getti really excellent light music and sparkli comedy in such shows as *The Belle of Ma fair*, *The Girls of Gottenberg*, *The Mer Widow*, *The Dollar Princess* and numero others from the other side. Their influen upon American made musical comedy w considerable. It was reflected in the lat works of Victor Herbert such as *The R Mill*. When Prof. Phelps speaks of squa of girls coming forward and advancing to t right and then to the left, he is describing

pe of chorus that has long since faded out the picture, even in the burlesque theatre. zz is perhaps less easily adapted to musical medy than the music of an older genera-on, but examples might be cited of success-l and highly enjoyable musical comedy in cent years that suffered from none of the fects of which Prof. Phelps speaks. The vue (so called) and the girl-and-music ow have, it is true, sunk pretty low, but ese should be distinguished from musical medy, which still lives and has a reasonably telligent and discriminating following.

FABIAN WORTH.

yster Bay, L. I.

Agreed as to Short Skirts

R:

Who among our sex would not agree with rs. Pennell in writing about short skirts in ur October issue? What she is aiming at the aspect of the ridiculous presented by e fat woman wearing short skirts, and the me of ancient age, both of whom should ow better. All the rest of us agree to that.

ELEANOR STETSON.

icago, Illinois.

High Brow Movies, Indeed!

R:

The other day I saw Emil Jannings in *The ay of All Flesh.* He displayed a copy of HE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as a visible gn of his high intellect. It ran for more an five minutes on the screen.

AXEL H. OXHOLM.

ashington, D. C.

Summer Camp Psychology

R:

I have received a very interesting letter om the Director of the Camp where I ssed the summer, and I think it would be real interest to your readers.

MAY THETFORD.

ew York.

I sometimes wonder if there was any camp at all across the lake from where I now sit in my shack. There are no tents on the hillside, everything is boarded up, and the "silence 'angs that 'eavy you're 'arf afraid to speak". But it must have been in session, because I have photographs, and certain impressions come from my memory which were not there before.

From my point of view a camping experience offers something more than just a place where one is to spend the summer days in having a good time; there is an educational factor in it which, I think, far outweighs the passing of time in the most agreeable manner. I would never mention the word "educational" to a girl who was considering going to a camp. She would think it meant *school*, and that is something to be avoided by every means within one's power, and it will only be later on in life that she will understand that education is something bigger and more serious than school discipline, that it is a process that is never finished, and the longer one lives the more does its value become evident.

Now for me, camp offers opportunities for the informal kind of education. The girl or boy who goes to camp is thrown on her or his own resources; the camp uniform removes whatever advantage might come from differences in dress, and nothing remains but the personality of the individual to get what is coming to it. I have seen various kinds of dress since I have been coming to H——, both extremes with all shades of difference in between. I have in mind one girl without any family connections who had to work for her camping season, but who was a leader in camp opinion and won the Camp Honor without a single dissenting vote. I saw another girl come here who tried to establish her popularity on the money she could spend; a limousine and chauffeur were at her command, she gave parties at the nearby Inn, she took groups on mountain trips, but she cracked under the strain of indifference and retired from camp at the end of a month, laughed at by those who had accepted her favors as well as the rest of the camp.

Yes, camping is a great eye-opener to what one can do and be, and most people shrink from knowing the truth about themselves, which applies to grown-ups as well as young folks. Yet I am quite diffident about placing my ideas before the Younger Generation, which I have studied with an affectionate interest for a number of years. All

that we have to offer them is our experience, and with Erskine in *Helen of Troy*, we want them "to have better lives than we had"; yet nothing annoys the young nowadays so much as the offering of our experience.

What's In a Name?

SIR:

After the Battle of the Eons, or something, in Chicago, I think Mr. Tunney is fully entitled to the honorary degree mentioned in your recent editorial, *The Intellectual Bruiser*. He and the referee evidently understand Einstein. But whether or not he got a long, long count, it needs to be pointed out that his name is not Eugene. Eugene is no sort of name for a heavyweight champion. His name is James Joseph and he might just as well have been called Jim if his small sister hadn't made Gene out of James. The J's are away ahead in the business: John Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, James Joseph Tunney.

PATRICK QUINN.

New York.

Rivalling Birth Control

SIR:

I notice from your editorial in the October issue, *Juggernaut*, that automobiles killed 137,017 persons in America between 1919 and 1926. With airplanes doing their best, and radio reports of prize fights taking a heavy toll, how are you betting as between modern invention and overpopulation?

ROBERT P. BRUMAN.

Jersey City, N. J.

An Appetizing Menu

SIR:

You have attained a very high editorial standard in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for October. I congratulate you upon i The menu with which you have provide your readers seems to be most appetizin Temple I think has done himself proud. believe you are going to put THE NORT AMERICAN REVIEW back where it belong

THEODORE H. PRICE.

New York City.

Color of Skin

SIR:

I have been deeply interested in the artic entitled *The Perils of Race Color*, which is n only of high literary value but, because of i candor, is of great service in such discussion Having in mind what appear well-establishe trends, however, I cannot feel that thin will remain in *statu quo*, while all these wo derful changes take place that you predic and yet I follow you to your conclusio You do not seem to allow as much as I thi you should for "the human element", frequently observed in the past as in t present day. If the yellows, the brow blacks, and the whites should remain intac I grant you that each of the darker race more or less in the order given, would ma desperate attempts to wrest world contr from the dominant whites. If I mistake n your article implies that each of these rac during the struggle for mastery, will rema segregated as it now is,—"theoretically But the inveterate habit of the whites imposing illegitimate relations upon t darker races of mankind, thus effecti marked divergence of color, seems to thro the matter into sheer confusion. It wou be an interesting, and I dare say, startli revelation should the facts as to variety color in the human flower garden be asce tained and exposed. Lacking this preci data, it is pure conjecture how many crusa ers will be able to qualify under each banne

FRANCIS LEWIS CARDOZO.

New York City.

VOLUME 224 *One-Hundred-Thirteenth Year* NUMBER 5

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR., (*The Senate or the States*) appears too youthful to have been not only a Senator but the Senior Senator from New York. Yet until very recently he bore that title, at the same time that he added "Junior" to his name. We know him as the present head of a family honorably distinguished for several generations in American public life, as a Statesman, and as a gentleman farmer who takes a keen interest in raising fine live stock at Geneseo, New York.

¶ *Publius* (*Charles Evans Hughes*) is a widely known publicist of long experience and keen observation in civic and national affairs. He was for some years the distinguished occupant of a high office of State, and a close associate of Mr. Hughes. This enables him to speak with peculiar authority concerning this possible Presidential candidate. For both personal and public reasons, however, it is necessary to withhold his name.

¶ *William Cabell Bruce* (*Governor Albert C. Ritchie*) is a Virginian who has become a distinguished member of the United States Senate, making his career in the law and finding time to write books on Benjamin Franklin and John Randolph. Baltimore is his place of residence and he has served his State as well as his Nation, having been General Counsel of the Maryland Public Service Commission for a number of years.

¶ *Count Carlo Sforza* (*The Divided House of Russia*) belongs to the period of pre-Fascist, Italian diplomacy. He figured as High Commissioner to Turkey in 1918–1919, which office was followed by that of Minister for Foreign Affairs within the Kingdom of Italy. When Fascism came into power the Count was serving as Ambassador to Paris. He resigned and is now devoting himself to lecturing, travel, and writing. He participated last summer in the Institute of Politics, at Williamstown.

¶ *Charlotte Perkins Gilman* (*Progress Through Birth Control*) is a great granddaughter of Lyman Beecher, and has been in public life since 1890, lecturing on ethics, economics and sociology, as well as writing for various publications. She has been specifically identified with the labor question and the advancement of women.

¶ *William N. Black* (*The Problem of the Mississippi*) is a Major-General, U. S. A., on the retired list. He was for years at the head of the Government works of river and harbor improvement especially concerned with the control of floods and improvement of navigation on the Mississippi, and has filled other important positions in connection with shipping and engineering.

¶ *C. H. Bretherton* (*Too Much Democracy*) is one of our English cousins who takes interest in things American. Although he now views the world from the confines of Oxford where at Boar's Hill he makes his home, Mr. Bretherton was formerly much *in medias res* as contributor of "Parliamentary Notes" to *Punch* thus following in the illustrious footsteps of Toby, M. P. Occasionally this Britisher is to be found at The Savage Club, a favorite resort of literary men and publicists.

¶ *Bancroft Gherardi* (*Voices Across the Sea*) has lucidity of style so clear as to resemble the innate simplicity of great ideas, whether they be expressed in the marvel of the speaking voice being thrown thousands of miles, or otherwise in the magic of our modern inventions. As Vice-President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Mr. Gherardi looks back over thirty-two years of continuous service with some one of the companies of the Bell System. Born son of a Rear-Admiral he began life at San Francisco, in the West, but that he has become enamored of the East is indicated

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING]

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How we need George Washington at this hour of public and private dishonesty, hypocrisy, smugness, filth, selfishness and scandal! Tear him out of the hearts of the young, indeed! Would that we could put him, just as he was, into the soul of every American youth!

No book has given me a greater pleasure and a healthier stimulation in years. The author has done a wonderful service for the future citizenry of our country and he has done it in a most wonderful way. In a very workmanlike manner he has trapped the literary wolverines who court publicity by befouling reputations of the truly great. Every teacher in our land should make a text of this book.

W. L. ETTINGER,
Supt. Emeritus, New York City Schools.

In his inimitable *Sartor Resartus*, nearly a hundred years ago, Carlyle gave us for all time the classic example of the tailor re-tailored. Today we have cause to be grateful for a no less profitable example of what we may venture to call, in their own chaste vernacular, the Debunkers debunked. There was much need of it, and splendidly has Dr. McCann answered thereto. The volume makes every true American its author's debtor.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON
(of The North American Review)

The present fashion of judging the great characters of history by the worst that can be inferred from their remains has brought to the front a gallant defender of Washington in Dr. McCann. Readers will much enjoy his interesting method of rubbing away the mud and leaving the noble but ever-human lineaments to speak for themselves. According to the slanderers whom Dr. McCann routs, Washington must have been the most skillful of swindlers and hypocrites or the age in which he lived the most gullible in all history. Dr. McCann's refutation of both conclusions ought to bring him many readers. His book is a great book for the youth of today for it puts cynicism to flight.

(*Signed*)
CHARLES C. MARSHALL
(Whose letter to Governor Al Smith, in the *Atlantic* made him known the country over.)

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by his membership in the Manasquan River Golf and Country Club, a river which is reminiscent of the Robert Louis Stevenson tradition.

¶ *Percy T. Fenn* (*Lo, the Poor Cleric!*) is not by any means to be classed among those wearers of the cloth whom we pity. By his teaching he has lifted his followers to a higher appreciation of spiritual truth and righteous living. London born, he was educated in Maryland, and ordained in New York by Bishop Potter. One of his sons is Professor of Political Science at Oberlin. Freed from his parish duties, Dr. Fenn is now touring the Continent, where he expects to sample worldly and spiritual realms.

¶ *Kengi Hamada* (*East is East and West is West*) discloses the difference in point of view evidenced by Easterners and Westerners in reference to the drama. It is refreshing to have this apt description from the pen of an able Japanese who now fittingly regards himself as an American, and who vies with the best American writers in his command and use of English.

¶ *Constance Lindsay Skinner* (*Cheating at Solitaire*) was early caught in the writing game, for she began to contribute to local papers in Vancouver even before she left the schoolroom. As political reporter and editorial writer, she later made her style felt in Los Angeles and Chicago. Residing in New York, she now has to her credit a number of novels and plays, one of her short stories being included among the O. Henry prize winners. A distinguished touch is lent to her reputation by the fact that she contributed two important volumes to that encyclopedia of history called *The Chronicles of America*.

¶ *Catherine Mitchell Taliaferro* (*To Vote or Not to Vote*) as a child of six had two ambitions, one to write a great book and the other to paint a great picture. Southern-bred as she was, college was deemed too mannish to be suitable, but life took her in hand and out of her widowhood came the sparks which vitalized her energy. Popular lecturer as she is, she still hopes to write a great book and to paint a great picture, for she prefers to do rather than to be something big. Her particular hobby is that every man and woman in this country should appreciate what it means to have a voice in the Government through the choice of a representative.

¶ *J. Brooks Atkinson* (*Large-Scale Drama Production*) is now dramatic critic for *The New York Times* and was formerly editor of its "Book Review", two important metropolitan activities, and also possesses, as readers of former numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will recall, a keen passion for nature. He is the author of *Skyline Promenades*, *Henry Thoreau*, and, if the secret must be known, of *Big Time*, which will be published next year; of which Mr. Atkinson confides, "Of all the skits I have written it is the one I am most eager about."

¶ *George Nordstedt* (*Prototype of "The Raven"*) was born in Sweden, came to the United States in 1897, and by his own efforts succeeded in rounding out his education until he became an able contributor to the Swedish-American press. He is the author not only of scientific and literary articles but also poems, including a translation of *The Raven* into Swedish.

¶ *Mrs. Walter Yust, née Barker* (*Youth's Magic Vista*) was assistant librarian of the Cossett Library in Memphis, Tennessee, before she joined the staff of *The New York Evening Post* where she conducted "The Readers Guide" in "The Literary Review". Her husband is now with *The Public Ledger* and the pair make their home in Philadelphia.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

BY HERSCHEL BRICKELL

"BIOGRAPHY," says Alan C. Valentine in one of the Oxford University Press's new *Reading Courses*, "is more popular now than ever before—partly perhaps because in this material age most of us demand concrete and certified truths rather than imaginative expressions, and also because of the narrowness of our lives many of us seek to escape into the lives of more free and interesting souls. No field of art fills better the demands of modern intellectual curiosity."

Carlyle put it another way in his essay on *Jean Paul* and we listen perforce to the Sage of Craigenputtock because he is so well entitled to speak with authority on this subject:

> It has been said that no Poet is equal to his Poem, which saying is partially true; but in a deeper sense, it may be asserted, and with still greater truth, that no Poem is equal to its Poet. Now, it is Biography that first gives us both Poet and Poem; by the significance of the one elucidating and completing that of the other.

These are all good reasons for a current literary mode, but fundamentally our interest in biography rests upon the fact that we ourselves are the most interesting of all things past or present to ourselves; by a process of transference and substitution we are as keenly interested in the lives of other men and women. At any rate, biography has come sharply to the fore in the last few years, a part of its popularity being accounted for by newer methods of approach in which the art of fiction has played no small part. And if we now have many novelized or fictioned biographies—not quite the same, these adjectives, in their genuine significance—we also have many novels that are biographies, so that there has been an interplay of influence.

The Bed's Head Bookshelf

(*In this place will appear each month a ment of one or more books that are of more than pass interest and which possess some peculiar qua that makes them fitting for a place at one's "bed hed"*.)

Two small books I have chosen for this mon selecting them for no other definite reason th that I have read them again and again strai through and piecemeal, and have found th charms durable. One is *This Simian World* Clarence Day, Jr., published in 1920, with author's own delightful and individual ill trations. In a small compass, this is one of best satires on the human race our times ha produced; it enjoyed five printings and sho be available now in an inexpensive reprint. . The other book is a collection of short stori *Teodoro, the Sage* by Luigi Lucatelli, publish in 1923, and attaining the dignity of a seco printing. Lucatelli was an Italian journal who died in 1915 at the age of thirty-eight. short stories are simply unforgettable.

A Book About Biography

This is a subject not easy to lay aside the Landscape at the moment is so f examples of the biographical art that g alizations must be abandoned. Prof James C. Johnston examines the whole with care and intelligence in a fine study now available, *Biography: The Literatu Personality*, with a foreword by Gam Bradford (Century, $2.50). This is a ne volume which will no doubt be followe many others on the general subject. T is, for example, much to be said pro an upon the subject of the story-biogra Professor Johnston is right, of course, i insistence that whatever the biograp method his first regard should be for t which is, or should be, the goal of every on the life of a man.

One of the most popular biographi this autumn is Francis J. Hudleston's

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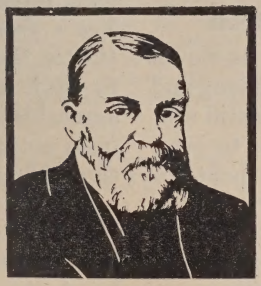

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DORAN BOOKS

tleman Johnny Burgoyne: Misadventures of an English General in the Revolutionary War (Bobbs-Merrill, $5). Mr. Hudleston is Librarian of the British War Office, and as such had access to a rich store of documents, which he has used for his background, but which has not burdened his gay spirit at all. He writes around his subject delightfully, dashing off after a *bon mot* wherever he suspects one is to be found, and pitching the whole book in a key that makes for a steady smile on the face of the reader. Since De Fonblanque's heavy work, there has been no life of General Burgoyne; there need not be another in a humorous vein, and it would be unfortunate to have Gentleman Johnny treated otherwise. To take him seriously would be to spoil one of the best jokes in our history.

Intimate Pictures of Napoleon

The books about Napoleon are, as we all know, without end. Emil Ludwig's long and readable biography of the spring is still selling at a great rate; now it will have to compete with two that have many elements of popular interest. I refer to Robert Gordon Anderson's *Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes* (Century, $2.50), which is a good novelist's story of the Little Corsican *en famille*, exact enough in detail, and highly diverting; and *Napoleon and His Women Friends*, by Gertrude Aretz (Lippincott, $5), which is translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul, and which tells the full tale of Napoleon's numerous amours.

If the military conqueror never loses his fascination for his fellow-man, it is equally true that the great religious leader continues to interest many and divers minds. Following Shirley Jackson Case's recent important study of Jesus from the historical point of view, we now have two "biographies" which emphasize the mystical element. Alphonse Seché's *The Radiant Story of Jesus* (Century, $3.50), may be said to represent the Roman Catholic attitude toward the Nazarene; M. Seché accepts all the legends that cluster about his figure, and weaves them into a story of much beauty. Its basis is the Gospels and Apocryphal literature. Henri Barbusse, author of *Under Fire*, in *Jesus* (Macaulay, $2.50), has written a first-person story which is rhapsodical in its emoti content, filled with tender piety, and representative of the Hebraic mystic's fee about Jesus as M. Seché's is of the Ro Catholic's.

An Early American Builder

A full-length study of an American c sus is Arthur D. Howden-Smith's *Corn Vanderbilt* (McBride, $5), well illustrated picturing Vanderbilt as one of the first g American builders. Mr. Howden-Smith put a great deal of research into this b and has not spared his subject; he give nearly the whole truth about the ruthless powerful founder of a great fortune a could find and write.

Not many biographies of actors can claim to the high qualities of good taste high intelligence that characterize *Up Years from Bloomsbury* by George A (Little, Brown, $4) which is a delightful b to read, and which strips away in a r agreeable manner a good deal of the b from acting. This, I should add, is on the really first-rate biographies of the y

Another book in the same field is Will H. Crane's *Footprints and Echoes* (Dut $5), which is filled with anecdotes of hundreds of people this "gentleman-act came in contact with during a long ca on the American stage.

Emil Ludwig's *Genius and Character* (I court, Brace, $3.50) is a series of studie groups of three famous men; it is consid in Germany one of the best of all L Ludwig's biographical works, and is certai find its public here where the German bio pher has so firmly established himself.

Lewis Browne on Heine

Lewis Browne's *That Man Heine* (M millan, $3) is one of the recent outstan biographies of literary men; it is some forty years since we have had a deta study of the poet. This one has been wri in collaboration with Elsa Weihl, and biographers attempt to uncover the root Heine's actions. Much new material has come available of recent years and the b is arousing the interest—and controvers which one might expect from a lively tr ment of such a subject.

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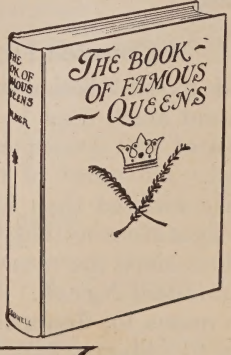

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Send for Illustrated Fall List

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Other important recent books in the nature of biography are: Mary White Ovington's *Portraits in Color* (Viking Press, $2.50), a score of studies of leading negroes of our day; Beverly Nichols's saucy and diverting *Are They the Same at Home?* (Doran, $2.50), studies of many well known people in many fields, from Senorita de Alvarez to Arnold Bennett and from Sir Thomas Beecham to Michael Arlen; and *Louis XVIII* by J. Lucas-Dubreton (Putnam, $3.50), a spicy life of the last of the Louis.

Of a more intimate nature—although most biography is intimate enough in these days—is a new volume of the letters of Benjamin Franklin *My Dear Girl* (Doran, $3.50), which contains the correspondence of Father Ben with Polly Stevenson and Catherine and Georgiana Shipley. The Rev. James Madison Stifler of Evanston, Illinois, edited this important collection, and contributed connecting material; the idea came to him while he was examining a famous private library, the identity of which remains a secret.

Also intimate and amusing is *John MacDonald: Memoirs of an XVIII-Century Footman, 1745–1779* (Harper, $4), which is in the Broadway Traveller's Series, as John travelled the wide world over and had a jolly time doing it; from another social sphere is *The Memoirs of the Marquise de Keroubec (1785–1858)* (Ives Washburn, $2.50), the diary of a French aristocrat which covers the Revolution, the Directorate, the Reign of Napoleon, and which closes in the day of Louis Phillipe, a naughty little book in a pleasant way, and unusually attractive looking.

A Crowded Fiction Shelf

This month's fiction shelf spilled over long ago, and much must be written if only the novels of real consequence are briefly discussed. No novel of the year was more eagerly awaited than Margaret Kennedy's *Red Sky at Morning* (Doubleday, Page, $2.50), her first since the overwhelming success of *The Constant Nymph.* Fairly judged, there is no reason for disappointment in this successor to a literary sensation; Miss Kennedy could not justly have been expected to do another *Constant Nymph* nor has she. But she has written a soundly conceived excellently written story, with a great dea sharp humor in its characterizations, an fine sense of cumulative power; it has a sw of inevitability in its tragedy, for traged is. If it is no *Constant Nymph* it at l shows very clearly that Miss Kenne astonishing earlier success was no mere fl in the pan; that she is going on writ first-rate novels.

Another eagerly awaited novel was J Erskine's third, *Adam and Eve* (Bob Merrill, $2.50), and I hasten to say that i quite as entertaining as *Helen of Troy Galahad*, which should be recommenda enough. *Adam and Eve* is a triangle-no with the blonde Lilith as the third angle all her allure. There is, of course, a dea ironical comment upon many matters an see little reason why Professor Erskine's work should not delight as many reader have its two predecessors.

An Excellent Prize Novel

Mazo de la Roche's *Jalna* (Atla Monthly Press-Little, Brown, $2), winne *The Atlantic Monthly's* $10,000 novel c test, is already a huge success from the sta point of popularity, and its recognitio altogether deserved. It is a novel of cl acter; a Canadian family is dissected analyzed with a deep humor and great insi by Miss de la Roche. This is good, s reading matter in which there is no skimpi the truly delightful grandmother is a port of sufficient excellence to make the b memorable, and the elderly matriarch abundant company.

Martha Ostenso was a prize-winner on few years ago. She has added a good c to her reputation, which was first establis with *Wild Geese*, followed by *The Dark Da* and now we have *The Mad Carews* (Do Mead, $2.50), which is another fine no done in prose of a high quality, and stea interesting, although a little disappointin its ending. In Miss Ostenso the best wo writers of America have gained a stu recruit, and she is certain to improve as goes on.

Readers of fiction who have a turn for unusual, and who are able to enjoy a no of ideas, will find Manuel Komroff's *Juggl*

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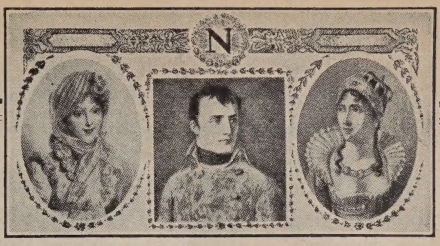

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Kiss (Boni and Liveright, $2.50) much to their liking. For years Mr. Komroff has been writing highly individual short stories for the better magazines, but this is his first full-length novel. It is essentially allegorical, in essence the story of disaster that comes to a man who follows the trail of the "bitch-goddess, Success". There is a tender irony in the book, and for all its emphasis upon idea, its incidents are full of movement and excitement. It is a poetical novel; the clear reflection of one of the few wholly original minds in contemporary American literature.

The Stevensonian Romance

Those who recall John A. Steuart's memorable biography *Robert Louis Stevenson, Man and Writer: A Critical Biography* will have an additional interest in Mr. Steuart's new novel about the youthful romance of a great romancer *The Cap of Youth* (Lippincott, $2.50), which tells the story of Stevenson's love affair with Katie Drummond, the Scottish lassie. Mr. Steuart is a novelist of distinction, and is on thoroughly familiar ground in this story, which if it had taken another turn might have altered completely the life of its protagonist.

Robert Nathan's *The Woodcutter's House* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2) carries on the story of several of the characters in *The Fiddler in Barly* including the delightful dog, Musket. Mr. Nathan's work is known by far too few people who might have pleasure from it; it has a world of quiet beauty, and none who find pleasure in the loveliness of simple, exquisite prose should deny it to themselves.

One of the most brilliant of recent novels goes to the credit of a newcomer—at least Mathilde Eiker has had only one other novel published, *Mrs. Mason's Daughters.* Her new book is *Over the Boat-side* (Doubleday, Page, $2.50). It tells the story of a woman who makes a marriage of convenience in the most modern fashion, and it is a hard-surfaced, sophisticated novel which has done a great deal to strengthen Miss Eiker's standing with the critics.

Grenville Vernon's *The Image in the Path* (Dial Press, $2.50) is a well handled story of an odd triangle involving a man, a woman of his own age, and the woman's daught The setting is thoroughly cosmopolitan, a the theme not unlike Hardy's *A Pair of Bl Eyes,* although Mr. Vernon's hero pursues image entire. Upon one occasion, he p mits the young girl, supposedly well educat to say "Between you and I", but if one c forgive this slip, there is a good readal novel here.

Mr. Montague's Bulls-eye

Last month there was mention here of C. Montague's *Right Off the Map* (Doubleda Page, $2.50), and I wish there were spa now for a detailed discussion of this rema ably civilized piece of fiction. To me belongs among the best novels of this ye It is a war-story, and in addition to being extraordinarily well sustained piece of iro cal writing, a thoroughly engaging tale, wi characters who are quite alive and altogeth sympathetic.

Other novels of recent weeks that shou not be overlooked are Rosamond Lehman *Dusty Answer* (Holt, $2.50), which is a be seller, and which appears to be the most i portant first novel to reach us from Engla this fall; Susan Ertz's *Now East, Now W* (Appleton, $2.50), which is quite up to t quality of Miss Ertz's earlier novels; Do Peel's *Children of the Wind* (Hought Mifflin, $2.50)—Miss Peel is nineteen ye old—which is a delicately written and rath surprisingly mature story; and John Bucha *Witch Wood* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), p nounced by some critics the best novel by Scot who writes wholesome books for peo who like to be intelligently entertained their fiction.

Other recent novels that deserve menti —some of them will be discussed more fu later—are Anzia Yezierska's *Arrogant Beg* (Doubleday, Page, $2.50); Nathan Asc *Love in Chartres* (Albert and Charles Bo $2.50); Signe Toksvig's *The Last De* (John Day, $2); Raphael Sabatini's *T Nuptials of Corbal* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.5 *The Bloody Poet: A Novel about Nero* Desidir Kostolanyi (Macy-Masius, $2.5 and *Half Price* by Constance Travers Swe man (Morrow, $2.50), this last a discussi of chastity under existing conditions in t country.

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Ernest Hemingway's Stories

A large number of collections of short stories have appeared in recent weeks, several of them of first-rate importance. Ernest Hemingway's *Men Without Women* (Scribner, $2) is one of these, the first book of Mr. Hemingway since *The Sun Also Rises*, the echoes from which still reverberate. Long before he became a famous novelist, Mr. Hemingway was one of the best of our short story writers, as the relatively few of us who know his *In Our Time* fully realize. The new book contains a number of stories that have attracted much attention in the magazines, including "Fifty Grand" and "The Killers". It also contains a story of a bull fighter called "The Undefeated", which I think is one of Mr. Hemingway's best. There are others that are excellently done, notably "Che Ti Dice la Patria", a sort of travel sketch of Italy, with a delicious last line. Readers who were shocked by *The Sun Also Rises* will find these stories less titillating than that frank exposition of life among the disenchanted, but no less entertaining.

Zona Gale's *Yellow Gentians and Blue* (Appleton, $2) is a slender volume of short short stories, some of them less than a thousand words in length, divided into two parts, the yellow gentians, and the blue—the bitter and the hopeful. One does not need to say that Miss Gale writes with great beauty. Some of these little pieces are among the finest things she has done, I think, and the whole collection notable in quality.

Achmed Abdullah's new volume of short stories, *Steel and Jade* (Doran, $2), contains a number of colorful, robust, swiftly moving tales, some of Captain Abdullah's native Afghanistan and other parts of the East, and some of New York's Chinatown. One of the best belongs to the latter group, "A Matter of Face", which is a story for the durable anthologies. There is swing and vigor in these well-done stories, which are for the most part romantic in the more agreeable implications of a loose term.

Tales of Post-War Europe

Vernon Bartlett's *Topsy Turvy* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is a book of connected stories of post-war Europe, thoroughly disillusione stories of a worn and weary continent and i tired and unhappy people. A newspap correspondent is a character in each; the cover many countries, and are excellentl done against backgrounds with which M Bartlett is evidently familiar.

If you have thus far overlooked the first the works of the Englishman, H. H. Munr whose pen name was Saki, to appear in th country, I can recommend it heartily. It a small book of short pieces called *Th Chronicles of Clovis* (Viking Press, $1.50 Munro was killed in the war and a great lo it was, for he had the light touch we hear s much about and see so seldom. His sho stories are little masterpieces, most of the light-hearted, but not all, and when he se out to write a grim one, how well he does i A novel of his, *The Unbearable Bassington*, also available (Viking Press, $1.50).

One of George Moore's best collection long short stories is now for the first tim available in a popular edition under the titl of *Celibate Lives* (Boni and Liveright, $2.50 Its earlier title was *In Single Strictness*. Th story called "Hugh Monfert" is omitte from the present volume and in its place substituted "Albert Nobbs" from *A Story Teller's Holiday*. Moore is a master of a form which at its best is capable of great things

A new anthology which contains selection from a number of fine volumes of shor stories is *Samples*, the fourth edition of book published annually by the New Yor Guild for the Jewish Blind. Boni and Liver ight are its present publishers. There ar tales this time from Willa Cather, Georg Ade, John Galsworthy, Ernest Hemingway Elinor Wylie, Louis Bromfield, and man others.

In *Ideals* by Evelyn Scott (Albert an Charles Boni, $2.50), we have five long shor stories—perhaps novelettes is a better wor to describe a form for which we lack a satis factory designation. They are written i Miss Scott's somewhat pyrotechnical style but concern everyday people and thei problems, and are well worth reading.

Essays by John Galsworthy

Several recent volumes of essays deserv consideration for places in one's curren

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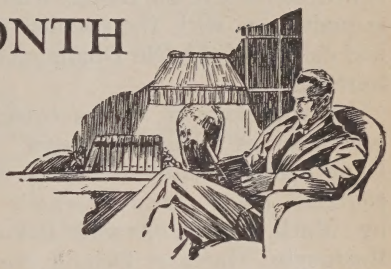

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hen he discovered that the k-of-the-Month Club exactly l his need—and the enterprise because there were so many rs like him.

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City---------- State----------

reading, notably John Galsworthy's *Castles in Spain* (Scribner, $2.50), the first collection of essays from this distinguished pen in several years. Many are on literature or men of letters, and there is one which sets forth Mr. Galsworthy's own *credo*, "The Faith of a Novelist".

Emily Clark's *Stuffed Peacocks* (Knopf, $2.50) is a delightful volume of essays, more or less thematically connected, about Richmond, Virginia, and its people. The author was associated with *The Reviewer* during the palmy days of that interesting magazine; she knows her subject thoroughly and handles it well, as those of her readers who have some acquaintance with the peculiar civilization and culture of the Old Dominion cannot fail to recognize.

An anthology of essays covering a full generation is "Harper Essays" edited by Henry Seidel Canby (Harpers, $2.50). It contains pieces from *Harper's Magazine* by Mark Twain, Arnold Bennett, John Burroughs, Margaret Deland, etc., etc., and forms an important contribution to literary history, aside from its intrinsic interest.

The consideration of contemporary American problems of widely diverse natures continues to engage our best thinkers. For example, there are freshly out two books on the question of Prohibition, both, as it happens, very much anti. One is Dr. Fabian Franklin's small, but well done, *The A B C of Prohibition* (Harcourt, Brace, $1), the other, *The Prohibition Mania*, by Clarence Darrow and Victor S. Yarros (Boni and Liveright, $2.50), which is, first of all, an attempted refutation of the charts, statistics and reasoning of Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University.

Judge Lindsey on Marriage

Judge Ben Lindsey treats of the prevailing state of morals in the nation and his own suggestion for increasing the sum total of human happiness in *Companionate Marriage* (Boni and Liveright, $3), a book in which Wainwright Evans collaborated. Judge Lindsey's modifications of the conventional marriage arrangement are already largely in effect; he makes it clear that he does not advocate "trial marriage", which many types of marriage seem to have become.

Albert C. Diffenbach writes a bitter attac on the Fundamentalists in *Religious Liberty The Great American Illusion* (Morrow, $1.50 Ellsworth Huntington and Leon F. Whitne discuss some alarming statistics in *Th Builders of America* (Morrow, $3.50), in whic they set out to prove that the best of ou racial stock is dying out, and that the pr portion of leaders to the masses is small now than it has ever been in our history, most difficult fact to demonstrate unless on is convinced of its truth before the argumen begins. This book is a plea for eugenics, an eugenics is one of the prettiest theories th emotions and intelligence of man have ev devised. It can always be supported b analogies from the animal kingdom, althoug nobody knows just what type of human bein we need or wish to breed. Without abs lutely autocratic control, such as the anim breeder exercises, there is as much chance eugenics playing any serious part in huma affairs as there is for an over night establish ment of the Golden Rule as the guidin principle of human affairs. If it entertain you to read about eugenics, however, here your book.

Elmer Davis's collection of sharply satir cal pieces, *Show Window* (John Day, $2.5 deserves a place somewhere here, as a goo many of the contemporary manifestations imbecility are pilloried in it with great succes including the new religion, of which Henry Mencken is prophet and messiah in on "Portrait of a Cleric" is here, and more tha worth the price of admission, even if M Davis were not showing—and showing up a good many other familiar faces.

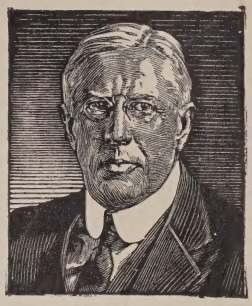
Romance of the Past

Nor are we neglecting our great and glor ous past while we are banging away at th follies of our own times. The frontier romance continues to fascinate us; Charles Finger has collected a book of *Frontie Ballads* with woodcuts by Paul Hono (Doubleday, Page, $3); Charles M. Russell *Trails Plowed Under* (Doubleday, Pag $3.50) brings back cowboy life at its heyda and Walter Noble Burns tells a thrilling stor in *Tombstone* (Doubleday, Page, $2.50).

In this connection, Will James has out new book, *Cow Country* (Scribner, $3.50

SCRIBNER BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

AMERICA FINDING HERSELF
by Mark Sullivan



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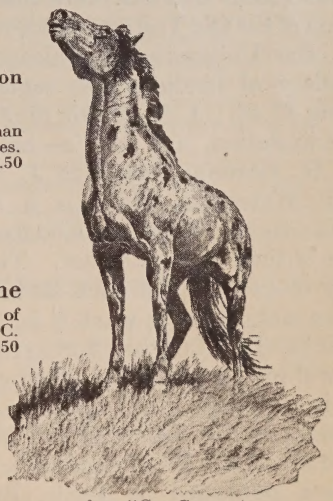

from "Cow Country"

For Younger Readers

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(Scribner $2.50 classic) *by* Jules Verne

One of the best stories by a great master of narrative superbly illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. $2.50

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by Philip Ashton Rollins

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

with his own illustrations, which is a good deal like his other cowboy books, and that ought to be praise enough. He is one of the prize story tellers of our times, and can draw a bucking horse so well you can hear the squeal of the animal and the creak of strained leather.

In the general field, there are few books of the season of more timely interest than Lyle Saxon's *Father Mississippi* (Century, $5), which is a large book giving the full history of the river from its discovery through its misbehavior of last spring and summer. Mr. Saxon was born on the banks of the Mississippi in Louisiana; he was hard at work on the book when this year's floods came and so was able to add some remarkably graphic chapters from his own experiences with rescue squads. There is a full discussion of the flood control problem from every angle, and a great deal of good writing about the more picturesque phases of the river's story.

Not enough space is left for all I should like to say about some other books, but I recommend Dan Streeter's *Camels!* (Putnam, $2.50) to all who can enjoy a spoofing book about travel. This work measures up to Mr. Streeter's first, *Denatured Africa.*

A New Old Testament

It is, to be sure, a far cry from this to the announcement that the much-discussed new version of the Old Testament is now available from the University of Chicago Press in a variety of bindings, the regular edition costing $7.50. J. M. Powis Smith directed the translation, and had as his assistants Alex R. Gordon, Theophile J. Meek, and Leroy Waterman. This is a companion volume to the Edgar J. Goodspeed translation of the New Testament. There will be many of us who will stick to King James, human nature being what it is, but so important and scholarly an effort as this deserves and will have a great deal of attention.

It is necessary to call attention here to an oversight in the Landscape of last month. I said Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's *Books and Bidders*, published by Little, Brown, was available only in a $15 limited edition. There is a regular edition of the fine book at $5; the limited edition has long since been oversubscribed, so George G. Ross of Litt Brown informs me.

Some Christmas Hints

If you are casting about for books to gi for Christmas, there is the new Storisen Edition of the works of James Branch Cabe of which a few sets are left. This limited a definitive edition is sold by subscription on the price being $190, or $10 a volume, and is expected that the books will be broug out at the rate of six a year. Three volum have already appeared, *Beyond Life*, *Figu of Earth*, and *The Silver Stallion*, and the ne three will be along next spring. The pu lisher is McBride.

The Blake Centenary has brought ma handsome items to light of late, and no that I have seen is any more attractive th the Nonesuch Press edition of *The Pen Drawings of William Blake*, with sevent five reproductions in collotype, which se for $15, and which is handled in this count by Random House, a branch of the Mode Library organization.

The Nonesuch Press has also printed beautiful small edition of *The Prose a Poetry of William Blake*, complete in o volume at $5, and Mona Wilson's *The Life William Blake*, at $18. These may all had from Random House, which hand Nonesuch and other fine English books.

Holt is bringing out a new edition Blake's *Drawings from the Book of Job*, wi illustrations in collotype, at $6; only o thousand copies are being printed, a Dutton *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* full color facsimile, the Fitzwilliam Muse copy being used for purposes of reproductio as it is considered the finest of the nine ori nal copies extant.

Another contribution of Dutton's to fi book-making is a new edition of Oscar Wild *Salome*, with "inventions" by a you modernist named John Vassos. This published in a $10 limited edition and popular edition at $3.50. The Vassos illustr tions are highly symbolical and for the mo part freshly original and quite striking. T book otherwise is handsome, and well suit for gift purposes if one can get past the gre someness of the story.

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illustrated book is the new Doubleday, Page edition of Sir Hugh Clifford's noted work *The Further Side of Silence*. Mahlon Blaine is the artist, and the price is $3.50. Mr. Blaine, after a thrilling career as an adventurer, has settled down in New York as an illustrator and has made a place for himself near the top.

A Rockwell Kent "Candide"

Random House embarks upon its own programme of publishing this fall with a new edition of *Candide* illustrated by Rockwell Kent, of which twelve hundred copies will be printed at $12. In addition to the Nonesuch items mentioned here, there are also a number of Golden Cockerel books now available, the most expensive of which is Keats's *Lamia* with twenty engravings by Robert Giddings. There are only two hundred and fifty copies at $25. *A Sentimental Journey* with six engravings by J. E. Laboreur in an edition of the same size is priced at only $8.50, and many of the fine books on the Random House list are relatively inexpensive.

The volumes in Boni and Liveright's rapidly growing Black and Gold series are well suited for gift purposes, and the price is not too high—$3.50. This admirable series now contains eight volumes, the three most recent the Firebaugh translation of *The Satyricon*, the Sir Richard Burton translation of Giambattista Basile's *Il Pentamerone* and the Jowett *Plato* with a new introduction by Professor William C. Greene. Several volumes will be added to the series in the next few months, including a collection of traveler's tales from the period of Marco Polo, which Manuel Komroff is now editing.

"Peter Whiffle" Dressed Up

Knopf has recently done a gift edition of Carl Van Vechten's *Peter Whiffle* with new and diverting illustrations, the price being $3.50, with the box thrown in. This firm has a large number of special and limited editions, and the unusual attention that is paid by its directors to the physical appearance of its books makes many of the ordinary editions look like Christmas gifts.

Houghton Mifflin is offering a Shakespea Head Press edition of *The Rubaiyat* for $2, limited edition at $5 of William Shenstone *Men and Manners*, with an introduction b Havelock Ellis, and Richard Brinsley She dan *An Ode to Scandal*, and *A Portrait*, bo long out of print and selling in their new dre for $3.

This is a most cursory glance at the list limited and fine editions available at presen and the subject is worth going into furthe for no other gift can match in enduring valu a good book that is as beautiful to look at it is to read. More and more people gi books these days, and the custom is to b encouraged; there is an excellent chance f the exhibition of the most appealing qualiti of good taste and judgment in the selection such presents.

Walter Hines Page's Books

I observe that as one of the results of th recent merger of Doubleday, Page ar Company and George H. Doran Compan in future to appear in these pages and els where as Doubleday, Doran and Compan Houghton Mifflin have taken over all th writings of Walter Hines Page from th Doubleday, Page organization. Next spri there will appear an additional volume Mr. Page's letters, edited, of course, b Burton J. Hendrick, and to be called, it expected, *The Education of an America* They will cover the early part of Mr. Page life in the South, his journalistic apprentic ship, and his career as editor of *The Foru* and *The Atlantic Monthly*, and as a successf publisher.

In the interest of truth and accuracy should like to call attention to the fact th I mentioned in the November Landscape new book of short stories by James Stephe and remarked, because the Stephens ite happened to fall in an odd place: there w be some who will wonder what the devil is doing in this galley. It came out usual, not *galley*, but *gallery*. The corre quotation is "galley", and I hope very mu the printer lets me get away with it th time.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

YOUTH'S MAGIC VISTA

BY RUTH McCLINTOCK BARKER

THE three-year-old member of the family already has a small library. I stand before the colorful shelves which almost fill one side of her room, and, remembering my own book-loving but book-limited childhood, I reflect in amazement that not all the progress of the past three decades or so has been made in the realms of science, mechanics, or medicine. One of the greatest changes I know has come about in our attitude toward children's reading.

Evidence of this change, which of course has been gradual, is all about us. In the public library the children's room is usually the pleasantest room in the building, and the librarian in charge is always the pleasantest sort. I mention libraries first because to me the change in library sentiment toward children's literature has been as phenomenal as the improvement in the literature. So late as the close of the last century, most librarians looked askance at the idea of children in libraries. Furthermore, we have special bookshops for children—the most engaging bookshops. Noted librarians and other public leaders occupy themselves with making selective book lists for young readers. Children's librarians, women's club members, and book sellers combine to further the cause of literature for young folk. And at this season of the year, publishers' catalogues offer eloquent testimony to the improved status of books for boys and girls.

For at last children are recognized as an important part of the reading public; famous authors and artists write and illustrate books for them; and leading publishers are proud to put their best effort into the making of beautiful juveniles.

A careful study of the fall lists and of a majority of the new juvenile books that are ready as this article is being written, reveals some interesting tendencies.

It is to be noted that important books of poetry are few, but the small group bristles with pride because it includes the eagerly awaited new book of poems about Christopher Robin who was once very young, and *Now We Are Six* (Dutton, $2). The new book is charming; it has Mr. Milne's delightful touch, and that, as Christopher Robin himself might say, is that. Also the pictures were made by E. H. Shepard, and that is also that. But there is only one *When We Were Very Young;* after all once in a lifetime is as often as one can expect a book like it.

I find among the season's offerings many translations, some of them handsome gift books; a large number of stories about foreign countries; other books beside poetry by very young writers; and a surprisingly large amount of first-class fiction. And finally some beautiful new editions of juvenile classics.

Tales About Animals

Also I find to my great delight that publishers have not listened to reformers who wish to devitalize Mother Goose, or others who object to stories of talking birds and beasts. Mother Goose needs no defense from me. And as for beasts which talk and birds which understand and answer, anyone who has had intimate contact with small children knows that they personify everything—their dolls, toys, dogs, cats, trees, flowers, even the furniture. And I have it on the best authority, that of a very small person, that these usually inarticulate objects talk to her! Knowing this, I do not have to be assured that Hugh Lofting's latest volume, *Doctor Dolittle's Garden* (Stokes, $2.50) will find a place ready for it on the shelf by earlier chronicles of the droll little doctor and his animal friends. In this one the doctor adds certain insects to the group, and learns to converse fluently in the language of the butterflies. Could anything be more delicious?

E. V. Lucas makes a whimsical contribution to tales of merry animals this season with *A Cat Book* (Harper, $1.50), a collection of amusing verses illustrated by Pat Sullivan the creator of "Felix", the famous cat of the comic strip. Peggy Bacon has written and illustrated *The Lion-Hearted Kitten* (Macmillan, $2.50), droll stories about a gloomy

hippopotamus, a mercenary camel, a mischievous monkey and other animals beside the kitten, and among the new titles in "The Little Library" (Macmillan, $1 each) are three about unusual animals: *The Good-Natured Bear*, by Richard Henry Horne; *The Cat and the Captain*, by Elizabeth Coatsworth; and *Little Jack Rabbit*, by Alice Dussauze. I am enthusiastic about this "Little Library". They are such sturdy little volumes, and all of them books to be read over and over.

Marion Bullard's *The Somersaulting Rabbit* (Dutton, $2) is an amusing story of a very modern young white rabbit, with striking illustrations by the author. *The Animal Alphabet* by Harrison Cady (Houghton Mifflin, $2) is a large picture book which will be cherished for its verses as well as for its illustrations. And Rhea Wells's *Peppi the Duck* (Doubleday, Page, $2) is the story of the life and times of a wise little duckling which lived in the courtyard of a castle. The illustrations by the author are charming.

To return for a moment to Mother Goose, a fall book season without fascinating new editions of the old rhymes would be a dull one—and this one is not dull. A most pleasing book is *Jack Horner's Pie* (Harper, $2), the rhymes selected and illustrated by Lois Lenski. The arrangement of the book, a page of rhymes and then a page of pictures, is especially good, and one that children always like. The same plan is followed in "The Happy Hour Books" (Macmillan, 50 cents), which include two titles from Mother Goose: *Wee Willie Winkie, and Some Other Boys and Girls*, and *Humpty Dumpty, and Some Other Funny People*. This new series of twelve square little books, nursery favorites of long standing, brilliantly illustrated by artists specially chosen, marks I believe a decided advance in inexpensive books for children. C. F. Pritchard and W. E. White have taken liberties with the Mother Goose tradition, but they have created in *Mother Goose Circus Parade* (Putnam, $1.75) a picture book which every child will love.

Stories of Other Lands

I remember it was not the fashion some years ago, especially among youngsters, to think very well of foreigners. But today children are becoming world-conscious, and books are helping to make them so. This season, as I have said, is rich in translations and in stories of other lands written by well-known authors. One of the former which is quite irresistible is *Bibi, a Little Danish Girl* by Karin Michaelis, translated by Lida Sihoni Hanson (Doubleday, Page, $2.50). Bibi is the small adventurous daughter of a station master and a countess who was disowned because she made, as Bibi said, "a messylance with Daddy". A little "runaway" who bears a charmed life, Bibi wanders all over Denmark on her various self-conducted excursions, and the book is largely made up of her amusing letters to her father, in which all degrees of life in Denmark are described. The illustrations by Hedvig Collin fit the story perfectly. I think it is not too much to say that *Bibi* is destined to become a classic.

Children of the Moor, by Laura Fitinghoff, translated by Siri Andrews (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), is a story of Sweden a few generations ago. When hunger threatens their homes, a band of children wander southward, have many thrilling adventures and find new homes and happiness in the end. A more ancient Sweden is the background for *Canute Whistlewinks and Other Stories*, by Zacharias Topelius, translated by C. W. Foss, and selected and edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott (Longmans, Green, $2.50). Topelius, who is to Norway and Finland what Andersen is to Denmark, employs all sorts of droll creatures in his stories: giants, fairies, mermaids, and many others.

Siri Andrews is translator also of another Swedish book: *Karl's Journey to the Moon* by Maja Lindberg (Harper, $1.50), a large picture book, delicately colored, and a delightful fairy tale, too, which describes a little boy's trip in a soap bubble to visit the man in the moon. Other newly translated fairy tales include *Polish Fairy Tales*, by A. J. Glinski, translated by Maude Ashurst (Dodd, Mead, $2.50); *The Princess Who Grew* translated from the Dutch of P. J. C. De Vries by L. Snitslaer (Stokes, $1.50), and *The Cock and the Hen*, a Czechoslovak folk tale translated by Raf. D. Szalathay, and illustrated by Rudolf Mates (Harper, $2.50).

The last named is included in the exhibition of art for foreign picture books which is "touring" the country now.

Two stories for boys complete the list, *Nimble-legs*, translated from the Italian of Luigi Capuana by Frederic Taber Cooper (Longmans, Green, $1.50), the story of a fleet-footed Sicilian boy who was made a secret messenger for Garibaldi; and Eugenie Foa's *Mystery of Castle Pierrefitte*, translated from the French by Amena Pendleton (Longmans, Green, $2), a story of the Pyrenees in the late eighteenth century.

Distinguished names appear on many of the books of stories about distant places. I note especially the following: Charles J. Finger's *Tales Worth Telling* (Century, $3.50), a collection drawn from South America and Java, from Arabia and Turkey, Ireland, Hungary, and many other countries, and all told in Mr. Finger's inimitable style. The illustrations by Paul Honoré help to make this a rarely beautiful book. Arthur Bowie Chrisman, who won the Newbery medal last year with his *Shen of the Sea*, will win fresh acclaim with his new volume of Chinese stories, *The Wind That Wouldn't Blow* (Dutton, $2.50). The new collection is marked with the same whimsical humor, the same beauty of expression that characterized Mr. Chrisman's earlier book.

East Indian folk-lore furnished the material for Frances Jenkins Olcott's *Wonder Tales From Pirate Isles* (Longmans, Green, $2). This third volume in Miss Olcott's interesting series of Wonder Tales is largely translated from the Dutch. *The Magic Tooth and Other Tales from the Amazon*, by Elsie Spicer Eells (Little, Brown, $2) is not only an entertaining book, but is an authentic record of South American folk-lore as well, while all the glamour of ancient India hovers about *Jataka Tales Out of Old India*, retold by Marguerite Aspinwall (Putnam, $1.75).

Not folk-lore, but boys and girls of today fill the pages of *Saturday's Children*, by Helen Coale Crew (Little, Brown, $2), fascinating stories of boys and girls of Ireland and Scotland, of England, France, Italy and other countries, who have to work for their living. *Italian Peepshow and Other Stories*, by Eleanor Farjeon, is largely an adaptation of old folk-tales, with a group of the author's own stories included. *The Wonder-Smith and His Son*, by Ella Young and illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff (Longmans, Green, $2), is a collection of early Irish folk-tales, simply but beautifully told. *The Golden Bird and Other Stories*, by Katharine Gibson (Macmillan, $2.50), contains a group of little known folk-tales from Greece, Japan, France, Egypt, and China, with unusually fine illustrations by Edwin G. Sommer. *Children of the Mountain Eagle*, by Elizabeth C. Miller with illustrations by Maud and Miska Petersham (Doubleday, Page, $2), is a long story of the home life of Albanian children very interestingly told.

Biographies for Juveniles

The startling journeys of Lindbergh, Chamberlain, and Byrd are all described and sketches of the lives of these and other famous aviators are adequately presented in Irving Crump's *Boys' Book of Airmen* (Dodd, Mead, $2), a timely book which should be a leader this season among juvenile biographies. Girls will be especially pleased with Helen Ferris and Virginia Moore's collection of interviews with notable women who have succeeded, presented in *Girls Who Did* (Dutton, $2.50). Boys, however, are favored by the biographers this fall, and the *Boys' Life of Colonel Lawrence*, by Lowell Thomas (Century, $2), *Boys' Life of Alexander Hamilton*, by Helen Nicolay (Century, $2), and *Nolichucky Jack* (Life of John Sevier), by John T. Faris (Lippincott, $2), all the work of seasoned writers, will find a place among permanent collections of children's books.

Nature Stories

The demand for nature stories seems never to be satisfied, and while the output for the season is not large, its quality is exceptionally good. Louise B. Baynes edits a volume of her noted husband's bird stories under the title, *Three Young Crows, and Other Bird Friends*, by Ernest Harold Baynes (Macmillan, $1.75); Helen Fuller Orton, who writes most entertainingly of life on a farm, has a new book for small readers, *Prancing Pat* (Stokes, $1.25), the life and adventures of a beautiful horse; *Jungle John: a Book of the Big Game Jungles*, by John Budden (Long-

mans, Green, $2.50), is a well illustrated book somewhat reminiscent of Kipling's *Jungle Books; Redcoat, the Phantom Fox*, by Clarence Hawkes, veteran writer of animal stories, is illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull (Milton, Bradley, $1.50); while varying degrees of doghood are presented in Leslie Crump's *Pip* (Dodd, Mead, $1.50), the amusing story of a yellow pup; *Rowdy* by Robert J. Diven (Century, $1.75), and *Flash, the Lead Dog*, by George Marsh (Penn, $2.50), both stories of Alaskan dogs; *Cop: Chief of Police Dogs*, by Reginald M. Cleveland (Milton, Bradley, $2.50), interesting not only as a story, but for the information it gives on the training of police dogs; and Lilian Gask's *Brave Dogs* (Crowell, $1.50), tales of animal heroism with human appeal.

Stories to Read Aloud

Always in demand too are collections of stories to tell or to read aloud, and to satisfy this demand comes Christopher Morley's *I Know A Secret* (Doubleday, Page, $2), stories told to his own children and their friends, a book that will need no recommendation to Mr. Morley's numerous admirers. *A Treasury Tales For Little Folks*, edited by Marjorie Bruce (Crowell, $3), and *Fireside Stories*, selected and edited by Veronica S. Hutchinson (Minton, Balch, $2.50), tales for very little children with quaint pictures by Lois Lenski, I like very much, while two of the most useful books of this group, and beautiful too, are *Christmas in Storyland*, by Maud van Buren and Katharine I. Bemis (Century, $2), an anthology arranged by two librarians, and *A Book of Princess Stories*, edited by Kathleen Adams and Frances Atchinson, illustrated by Louis Lenski, (Dodd, Mead, $2) tales which the editors, who are also librarians, have found to be in constant demand at story hours.

A miscellaneous collection of stories and poems, riddles, games, and things to make and do, make up the *John Martin's Big Book* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), now in its successful eleventh year. Another annual which has met with continuous success, *Number Five Joy Street*, by Lord Dunsany, Walter De La Mare, and others (Appleton, $2.50), contains stories and poems by a number of well-known writers.

Fiction

Coming to fiction, I find it hard to make selection. There are so many good bool among the lot, and it is manifestly impossib to mention all of them, or to say more than word or two about those which are me tioned. Wading bravely in, I choose head the list, and I think deservedly, Co nelia Meigs's *The Trade Wind* (Little, Brow $2). This is the prize-winning story in th Beacon Hill Bookshelf contest, and it is o of the most interesting, one of the best wri ten stories of adventure by sea I have ev read. The time is that of the America Revolution. Others especially worth whi include *The Real Reward*, by Christine Whi ing Parmenter (Little, Brown, $2), a mode story for girls; *Hidden Island*, by Anwort Rutherford (Little, Brown, $2), adventu and mystery for boys; *Forward Ho! a Story the Argonne* (Stokes, $2), the Great War fro the viewpoint of a French-American bo *Janny*, by Jane Abbott (Lippincott, $1.75 a girl from the Canadian woods who is su denly compelled to adjust herself to life New York City; *Fortunate Calamity*, b Isabella M. Alden (Pansy) (Lippincot $1.75), a story of modern girls which wi interest the older generation as well as th younger, for in the nineties "Pansy" was favorite; *Twinkle, Little Movie Star*, b Lorraine Maynard (Century, $1.75), narrative of life in Hollywood; *The Secret Spirit Lake*, by Joseph B. Ames (Centur $1.75), a fast-moving yarn wherein bo scouts solve a mystery and find much ad venture; *Storey Manor*, by Ethel Cook Elio (Doubleday, Page, $2), a mystery story fo girls; *Downright Dencey*, by Caroline D Snedeker (Doubleday, Page, $2), a tale Colonial times which is quite different fro the usual run; *And Michael*, the unusu title of an unusually wholesome book fo girls, by Nelia Gardner White (Penn, $1.50) *The Overland Trail*, by Reginald Wrigh Kauffman (Penn, $2), which describes th adventures of western pioneers; and Con stance Lindsay Skinner's *The Tiger Wh Walks Alone* (Macmillan, $1.75), with a bo hero who enjoys many adventures includin a South American Revolution.

Two quite out of the ordinary pictur

ooks: *The Katy Kruse Dolly Book*, with ext by Rose Fyleman (Doran, $2), and unningly contrived illustrations made from olored photographs of life-like dolls, and *lever Bill*, by William Nicholson (Double-ay, Page, $1), adventures of a doll told with handful of words and pages of excellent rawings, are bright spots among the many ttractive books offered for very small eople. I would like to linger over some of he others in this group: over Rachel Field's *he Magic Pawnshop*, with illustrations by lizabeth MacKinstry (Dutton, $2.25), herein reality mixes with magic in delight-ul fashion; or Mary Graham Bonner's *Iagic Map* (Macaulay, $2.50), with pictures y Luxor Price, geography made easy in ubtle fashion, but really too good to class hat way alone; or Margery Williams Bianco's ppealing fantasy, *The Adventures of Andy* Doran, $2.50), Andy being a doll who feels eserted because her owner has grown up and narried; or Alfred Kreymborg's *Funnybone lley* (Macaulay, $3.50), illustrated by oris Artzybasheff, whimsical, and beauti-ully written, with Mr. Kreymborg's gentle hilosophy peeping out from every page.

I could fill pages about them; they are ascinating, these crisp new, beautiful books or our children. The magic of youth is in hem. The new, however, must always hare honors in any group of juvenile books ith the few old books that have lasted hrough many generations, and appear each ear in lovely new array. The list this year ncludes numerous gorgeous editions of old airy tales, many old yarns of brave adventure, nd a few not available in any other form. elected almost at random are these: *Labou-aye's Fairy Book* (Harper, $2); Grimm's *Household Tales and Stories* (Macmillan, 1.75); Jules Verne's *Michael Strogoff* (Scrib-er, $2.50); Scott's *Talisman* (Houghton, Mifflin's Riverside Bookshelf, $2); Quiller-Couch's *The Splendid Spur* (Doran, $2.50); ohanna Spyri's *Gritli's Children*, new trans-ation by Elizabeth P. Stork (Lippincott's tories All Children Love, $1.50); *Jolly ood Times*, by Mary P. Wells Smith (Little, rown, $2); *The Poor Count's Christmas*", y Frank R. Stockton (Stokes, $1.50), riginally published in *St. Nicholas*, and now n book form for the first time.

The chief end of all literature for young folk is, I take it, to entertain; after that, to inspire, to instruct, to serve as mental ballast. Taken in the large, the season's juveniles live up to these requirements generously.

Other Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Robert Frost. By *Gorham B. Munson.* New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00. .

The biography of an American poet which is included in *The Murray Hill Biographies*, sub-titled "A Study in Sensibility and Common Sense".

St. Francis of Assisi. By *G. K. Chesterton.* New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

The life of the Little Saint seen through the eyes of a critic who is warmly attached to the friar of long ago.

The Romance of Villon. By *Francis Carco.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

In the course of extricating the historical Villon, M. Carco builds a fictional biography on the basis of known and authenticated facts.

Bismarck. By *Emil Ludwig.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $5.00.

This is a candid and straight-forward biography—a lucid, well digested and entirely reasonable piece of work, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Merry Pilgrimage. Translated by *Merriam Sherwood.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

For children of eight to ten, this is a fine new wonder tale, preparing them, as no retelling could do, for the spirit of the ancient days of France.

Sarah's Dakin. By *Mabel L. Robinson.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A book about Sarah and her remarkable collie dog, Dakin, who has a most unusual personality and a fascination for seals.

Old Testament Stories. Retold by *Eulalie Osgood Grover.* Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

In simplified form the narratives of the Old Testament should become a part of every child's fund of permanent knowledge.

Jinglebob. By *Philip Ashton Rollins.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Typical of old-time "top" punchers was Jinglebob, who is described just as he was in fact, as he rode for the ranch and "played his final ace".

Sails of Gold. Edited by *Lady Cynthia Asquith.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Various well known authors have contributed to this book for young folks, such as A. E. Phillpotts, Hugh Lofting, A. A. Milne, and others.

Bob, the Spaniel. By *Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff.* New York: G. Howard Watt. $1.50.

A true account of a pet brought from Scotland which demanded much love and affection.

Lessons from the Out-of-Doors. By *Ida M. Folsom.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

A series of nature talks, with questions for children to answer.

The Little Long Ago. By *Laura Spencer Portor.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

Delightful peeps into a real childhood told by a person who has not forgotten her own young days.

Dimple Diggers. By *Robin Christopher.* New York: Elm-House Publishers. $2.00.

A set of thirty rhymes that would delight the heart of wee childhood.

Deric with the Indians. By *Deric Nusbaum.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

A fourteen-year-old describes his experiences withIndian friends in the southwest, and his adventures and discoveries as an archæologist among ancient ruins of prehistoric peoples.

Bob North Starts Exploring. By *Robert Carver North.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

A boy's journal of an adventurous expedition with his father into the unmapped wilderness of Northern Ontario.

Paul of France. By *Clarence Stratton.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

In this book the author tells a story of the Fourth Crusade, a period of history very little known and slightly written about.

FICTION

Reminiscences of an Ex-Detective. By *Francis Carlin.* New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00.

No stories are more fascinating than those that tell of tracking down clever criminals—bogus clergymen, versatile forgers, murderers masquerading as counts. confidence men, wily blackmailers.

The Image in the Path. By *Grenville Vernon.* New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

A novel of life in France, Italy, and England, in which the chief characters are American.

Sixteen to Forty. By *"Marna".* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

An account of the life of a woman who began her career obscurely and ended in circles of social and artistic merit.

The Messenger of the Gods. By *Phyllis Bottome.* New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Imogene is the product of the social and family life of the present—a modern girl cast in the mould of the period.

Crude. By *Robert Hyde.* New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. $2.50.

Here, in a first novel by a new author, are set forth th reactions of several individual members of the younge generation to experiences which they all have i common.

Lights Up. By *Grace S. Richmond.* Garden City Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

This is the story of a girl who stayed at home, an thought that by so doing she had missed her chance fo happiness.

The Silent Force. By *T. Morris Longstreth.* Ne York: The Century Company. $4.00.

A richly dramatic and anecdotal history of the Mounte Police of Canada.

The Cannoneers Have Hairy Ears. *Anonymous.* Ne York: J. H. Sears and Company. $2.50.

A diary of the front lines containing war, saturated t the hilt with natural, unforced drama, done by a we known newspaper man, who was Captain of Artillery

High Endeavour. By *Anthony Gibbs.* New York: Th Dial Press. $2.50.

Vivid portrayal of character with humor and wit by th son of Sir Phillip Gibbs.

Carry On, Jeeves! By *P. G. Woodhouse.* New York George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

As shrewd as ever, as wise as ever, as funny as ever— Jeeves, the servant supreme, carries on.

Profane Earth. By *Holger Cahill.* New York: Th Macaulay Company. $2.00.

Mr. Cahill takes an American lad from his farm to th towns and big cities of America, flinging him into vortex of modern problems.

Lazy Isle. By *George F. Hummel.* New York: Bon and Liveright. $2.50.

An American salesman on the lethargic and lovely islan of Capri joins in the lot of the inhabitants who live in th Mediterranean atmosphere of ease and contentment.

Children of the Ritz. By *Cornell Woolrich.* New York Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

This is the winner of *College Humor's* ten thousand dol lar prize for the best American novel.

Gilman Redford. By *William Stearns Davis.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A historical novel of the time of Boston in 1770, concern ing events which are told by Roger Gilman, a boy at Harvard.

The Death Maker. By *Austin J. Small.* New York George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

A tale of mystery and devilry, connected with the actions of a certain Death Maker.

Three Silences. By *Catherine Dodd.* George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

The background of this story is the strange and beautiful Isle of Man, with its ancient legendry and mystery.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The outstanding boys' book of the season. It is being read by young people everywhere.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF COLONEL LAWRENCE

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Author of
With Lawrence in Arabia

The life-story of the most romantic and daring figure in modern history—Colonel T. E. Lawrence—written by the man who knows him best, Lowell Thomas, author of *With Lawrence in Arabia.*

Illustrated, $2.00

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON

By HELEN NICOLAY

The story of one of America's greatest statesmen. True and inspiring biography. *Illustrated,* $2.00

CHUCK BLUE OF STERLING

By GEORGE B. CHADWICK

Charlie Blue, known to his friends as Chuck, and the story of his career in a modern American college. *Illustrated,* $1.75

SHIP OF DREAMS

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

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ROWDY

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High romance set in the days of the American Revolution. By the authors of *The Lucky Sixpence,* etc. *Illustrated,* $1.75

TWINKLE, LITTLE MOVIE STAR

By LORRAINE MAYNARD

The story of the trials and triumph of a lovable child prodigy of the screen. *Illustrated,* $1.75

SOAPSOADS' LAST YEAR

By ETHEL COMSTOCK BRIDGMAN

The story of the senior year of a group of typical American girls. By the author of *A Year at Miss Austin's.* *Illustrated,* $1.75

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF AMERICAN LANDMARKS

By LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

The latest of Mrs. Bryant's beautiful and informative art books for children. *Profusely illustrated,* $2.50

THE SECRET OF SPIRIT LAKE

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The Boy Scouts of the famous Tulasco Troop appear in new adventures, concerned with a mystery at the Troop Camp on Spirit Lake.

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THE SHADOW ON THE DIAL

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Ronny Spear and his sister find an engrossing mystery connected with an old estate which their father purchased. How they solve it forms the exciting development of this story.

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THE CENTURY CO. **PUBLISHERS OF ENDURING BOOKS**

High Snow. By "Ganpat" (*M. L. A. Gompertz*). New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

A sparkling story of love and adventure in the towering mountains of Thibet.

Young Orland. By *Herbert Asquith*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

The hero, by his unconventional birth and upbringing, is placed in romantic contrast to his surroundings, until the Great War puts a breathless stop to the conventional concerns of that period.

The Quest of Youth. By *Jeffery Farnol*. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Again England of the early nineteenth century is made both romantic and realistic for us.

The Llanfear Pattern. By *Francis Biddle*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

A story of society in Philadelphia with all its conventions, and the attempt to break through these inhibitions by a member of the younger generation.

LITERATURE

Epitaphs. Compiled by *William H. Beable*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.75.

At first glance one would hardly turn to this as a book of humor, and yet this element will be found to a surprising degree.

Oxford Reading Courses: The Essay. By *M. Edmund Speare*. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.00.

The Oxford University Press wishes to give direction to the reading of the average man and woman who may have little time for normal literary instruction.

The Wisdom of Lang-Sin. By *Sir Thomas Barclay* New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

Sir Thomas has created the character of this Confucian philosopher and made him discourse on language and deportment, on religion, on women, on government *et cetera*.

Tokefield Papers. By *Frank Swinnerton*. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Miscellaneous essays written by Mr. Swinnerton and named from the cottage in which the author makes his home.

The Search for Atlantis. By *Edwin Björkman*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

Excursions by a layman among old legends and new discoveries.

Simplicity Towards Christ. By *Howard Chandler Robbins*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

A plea to divest ourselves of unnecessary complication in the Christian life.

More Contemporary Americans. By *Percy H. Boynton*. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

In this collection we find Herman Melville, Lafcadio Hearn, Ambrose Bierce, Joseph Hergesheimer, and others.

Epigrams. Edited by *Walter Jerrold*. New Yo Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.75.

"Wit and Wisdom in Brief" is the subtitle of this lection of epigrams, carefully collated from a w variety of sources.

Playgoing: An Essay. By *James Agate*. New Yo Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

This English critic gives a delightful discussion of great dramatic classics and of the actors and actres who have been associated with them.

The Game of Love and Death. By *Romain Rolla* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

This is a play concerning Jérôme de Courvoisier, thin and man of science, who, though he loses faith in work, in the French Revolution and in the destiny mankind, refuses to be debased with the herd.

On the Slope of Montmartre. By *William Wal Irwin*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Compa $2.00.

The elusive charm of Montmartre is revealed by American author who makes his home in Paris.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Etiquette of Beauty. By *Dorothy Cocks*. N York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00.

Subject treated in various ways, physical, mental spiritual, with pleasing thoroughness.

Lenz on Bridge. *Sidney S. Lenz*. New York: Sim and Schuster. $2.50.

The author does not ask the reader to learn rules, he t how he would play certain hands and gives his reas

The Book of Opportunities. Edited by *Rutherford Platt, Jr.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.0

A concise presentation of the jobs which face the plicant who desires to make money and advance in

POETRY

Creatures. By *Padraic Colum*. New York: Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Boris Artzybasheff has illustrated with bizarre eff this slim book of word pictures.

The Gypsy Trail. Compiled by *Pauline Goldmark Mary Hopkins*. New York: Mitchell Kenne $2.00.

This anthology for campers is one of the best book poems for the pocket.

Wandering Cries. By *Helenjoy Kimball*. New Yo Harold Vinal, Ltd. $1.50.

In a fine tradition, touched with the ardor of the t lyric impulse, this small collection of verse marks arrival of a new poet.

The Great Awakening. By *Alva Romanes*. Francisco: The Long Publishing Company. $2.7

This book of poems is dedicated to "the prisoner, keeper and his judges, in the hope that there may co to each a better understanding".

in Possessed. By *William Rose Benét.* New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

ems which recapture all the oriental magic of an abian Night's tale: gold and ivory, scarlet and jade; ests and kings, rogues and mandarins!

Dreams Came True and Other Poems. By *Norma Paul Ruedi.* New York: The Avondale Press.

rses by a young poet.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS

ing Machinery. By *A. V. Hill.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

is is a treatise on human nerves and muscles by the bel Laureate of Medicine.

ur Growing Child. By *H. Addington Bruce.* New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $2.50.

ves cheerful and completely dependable guidance on entifically established facts which it is really essential t parents and teachers should know.

e Problem of Lay-Analyses. By *Sigmund Freud.* New York: Brentano's. $2.50.

f anyone asked me today what book I should recommend for the easy understanding of the very essence of choanalysis, I would not hesitate to offer this book," s Dr. S. Ferenczi.

eative Education. By *Henry Fairfield Osborn.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

personality in the whole world of science is more ent, more essentially creative as applied to present blems of education, than is Professor Osborn.

redity and Human Affairs. By *Edward M. East.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

e facts in this book are those that are known about edity, accompanied by what may be scientifically erred.

w Governments of Eastern Europe. By *Malbone W. raham, Jr.* New York: Henry Holt and Company. 5.00.

book which, although it restricts itself severely to tern, not including south-eastern Europe, is nevertheless bulky with the mass of material presented.

erican Parties and Politics. By *Harold R. Bruce.* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.75.

is book is the author's conception of what should stitute an introductory course of instruction or ding in American political parties.

e Mexican Question. By *William English Walling.* New York: Robins Press. $2.00.

liscussion of the Calles régime by one who witnessed inauguration in 1924.

e Science of Social Relations. *By Hornell Hart* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $4.50.

The objective of this book is to make sociology at once fertile, vital and practical.

A Doctor Looks at Doctors. By *Joseph Collins, M.D.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00.

In "Things to Know Series" the patient is taken into the confidence of the physician.

American Medicine and the People's Health. By *Harry H. Moore.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $5.00.

An outline with statistical data on the organization of medicine in the United States with special reference to the adjustment of medical service to social and economic change.

Federal Health Administration in the United States. By *Robert D. Leigh.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

This volume is both an historical record of what has been done in federal health work and a complete guide for the use of public health officials.

Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington: United States Government Printing Office.

The annual report of the Board of Regents of The Smithsonian Institution showing the operations, expenditures, and condition of the Institution for the year ending June 30, 1926.

The Congressional Conference Committee. By *Ada C. McCown.* New York: Columbia University Press. $4.50.

This book analyzes and traces carefully for the first time the development of a piece of Governmental machinery of much importance.

Legislative Functions of National Administrative Authorities. By *John Preston Comer.* New York: Columbia University Press. $4.00

This volume clarifies our understanding of the development of the executive as a factor in directing our activities.

British War Finance (1914–1919). By *Henry F. Grady.* New York: Columbia University Press. $5.00.

This books aims to give a picture of the working of British financial machinery during the stress and difficulties of a great war.

The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America. By *Bernard Fay.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.00.

Ramon Guthrie has translated this study of moral and intellectual relations between France and the United States at the end of the eighteenth century.

The American Philosophy of Equality. By *T. V. Smith.* Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $3.00.

An examination into the earlier and later conceptions of American equality.

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— *The Nation.*

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Selected and edited by
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JAMES W. WADSWORTH

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1927

THE SENATE OR THE STATES?

BY THE HON. JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR.

JOHN CROCKETT calls the roll of the Senate many times during a session of the Congress. As his fine resonant voice rings through the chamber, the Senators present answer "Aye" or "No" or "Here" as occasion requires. The absentees are accounted for by explanations given by their colleagues and are generally protected by "pairs" when a vote is being taken. The routine, as old as the Government itself, is thoroughly familiar to frequent visitors in the galleries. Doubtless there are some people so constant in their attendance that they could, if permitted, call out the names in perfect unison with Crockett. The true "gallery hound" might do even better and reel off the list of general pairs. If school textbooks have not already done so, the Capitol guides do their best to drill it into the heads of visitors that there are two Senators from each of the forty-eight States of the Union. Neither population nor area nor wealth has anything to do with it. The Constitution says: "Two for each State."

The visitor figures out, with no very great mental strain, that there are ninety-six Senators, all told. He takes it for granted that the mandate of the Constitution is respected, and does not bother to count the names as Crockett calls them; but perhaps from now on he would better do so. Indeed, that same visitor might well have counted with Crockett during the last or second

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session of the Sixty-ninth Congress. Had he done so, he would have discovered that instead of ninety-six names on that Senate roll-call, there were but ninety-five. How did this happen? Had some Senator died? Had a Senator been expelled? Had some State neglected to elect the Senators to which it was entitled? Had the Senate declared a seat vacant on any grounds? To all such questions the visitor would have received an answer in the negative. And of course he would not think of asking if some Senator had resigned. They don't! What had happened? Just this: Under the rules of the Senate, an incoming Senator must take and subscribe to the oath in the presence of the Senate; until that is done, he has not actually assumed the office with its obligations. A Senator, newly appointed, had been denied the privilege of taking the oath of office. The excluded Senator was Frank L. Smith of Illinois.

Before we attempt to estimate the significance of his exclusion, let us review, briefly, the events leading up to it. The term of the late Senator McKinley of Illinois, was to expire on March 4, 1927, and his successor was to be chosen at the general election on November 2, 1926. Senator McKinley, a Republican, was a candidate to succeed himself. He was a veteran in public life, had served creditably as a member of the House of Representatives for several terms, and for nearly six years as an influential Senator. He had a large and well organized following among Illinois Republicans, enjoyed the undoubted advantage which goes with possession of the office and was, incidentally, a man of great wealth. Frank L. Smith, an adherent of a faction in the party hostile to McKinley and his friends, decided to contest the latter's nomination in the Republican primary, which was to be held on April 13, 1926, and announced his candidacy in November of the preceding year, five months before the primary. A long, gruelling battle ensued. Smith is a man of modest means and could not, himself, bear the financial burden incident to such a contest in a State as large or as populous as Illinois. His friends, therefore, formed a committee to organize his following and finance the campaign. In all, about $250,000 was raised and expended by the committee. Parenthetically, the McKinley organization spent a considerably larger sum. Smith had little

or nothing to do with raising or spending the money. He was busy on the stump. He contributed $5,000 to the committee's fund.

It is not necessary to examine into the issues upon which this battle was waged; some were of National import and some were merely local or factional. Suffice it to say that when the turmoil and the shouting had died, Smith proved to be the winner, defeating McKinley by more than 100,000 majority. In the November general election, Smith, running as the Republican candidate, was again victorious, defeating his Democratic and Independent opponents by a plurality of 70,000. Thus he was elected a Senator from Illinois for a term of six years commencing March 4, 1927.

In the period between the primary and the general election, a special or select committee of the United States Senate, headed by Senator Reed of Missouri, went to Chicago (July 26 to August 5), and in the exercise of the comprehensive powers conferred upon it proceeded to investigate the Illinois primary campaign. The facts concerning the organization of the Smith committee and the expenditure of $250,000 were brought out. Moreover, it was shown that of this sum, $125,000 had been contributed by Samuel Insull, a wealthy public utilities operator; and especial emphasis was laid upon the fact that Smith, the political beneficiary of this large contribution, was at the time and had been for five years chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission—a body clothed with broad powers in connection with the regulation of public utilities companies, including the so-called Insull companies. Thus the finger of suspicion was pointed at Smith by the Reed Committee, the inference being to the effect that Insull was rewarding Smith for past favors or paying for favors yet to come. And if this inference were correct, then Smith must be a corrupt person and unfit to sit in the Senate. Furthermore, it was contended that the expenditure of $250,000 by Smith's supporters was grossly excessive and calculated to debauch and corrupt the voters of Illinois. The cry was raised in a portion of the press over the country that Smith's nomination had been purchased.

At this point it is well to remember that there is no Federal statute regulating primaries in which Senators are nominated,

that the laws of Illinois do not place a limit upon the amount which may be contributed by an individual or expended by a political committee in a primary, that there is no evidence whatsoever showing that Smith money was spent illegally or corruptly and, furthermore, that the people were aware of all the facts when they voted for Smith at the general election, and that neither of his opponents in that election was contesting his right to sit. Smith's accusers rested their case entirely upon the *amount* of the expenditure and the fact that Insull contributed one-half of the sum. From this, his unfitness was inferred.

Under ordinary circumstances, Smith, after forwarding his election credentials, would present himself at the Senate and take the oath at the convening of the first session of the Seventieth Congress, in December, 1927. It was understood that opposition would be raised against him at that time, but events moved more rapidly than was anticipated. Senator McKinley died in December, 1926, about three months before the expiration of his term. In accordance with the provisions of the Federal Constitution and the laws of Illinois, it devolved upon the Governor of that State to appoint a person to represent it in the Senate during the remainder of the McKinley term. As Smith had just been elected by the people of Illinois for the full term, it was quite natural for Governor Small to appoint him for the few remaining months of the McKinley term.

The Governor made the appointment. Smith's credentials as Senator-designate were presented to the Senate by Senator Deneen, of Illinois, on January 19, 1927, and Smith himself was ready to take the oath on that day. Senator Deneen moved that Senator Smith be sworn in, with the further provision that all charges brought against him should be referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections for investigation and report to the Senate. Whereupon, Senator Reed of Missouri, Chairman of the Investigating Committee, offered the following resolution as a substitute:

> Resolved, that the question of the *prima facie* right of Frank L. Smith to be sworn in as a Senator from the State of Illinois, as well as his final right to a seat as such Senator, be referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections; and until such Committee shall report upon and the Senate decide such ques-

tions and right, the said Frank L. Smith shall not be sworn in or be permitted to occupy a seat in the Senate.

The said committee shall proceed promptly and report to the Senate at the earliest possible moment.

It will be noted that the Reed substitute assumed that the Senate might not only question the right of Smith to be sworn in, but might exclude him permanently from taking the oath. After a sharp debate, lasting the greater part of two days, the Senate adopted the Reed resolution by a vote of forty-eight to thirty-three. The Committee on Privileges and Elections failed to report before the end of the session on March 4. Thus was Senator Smith prevented from assuming the duties of his office. Thus it happened that there were but ninety-five names on the Senate roll-call during those last months of the Sixty-ninth Congress.

Here we see an exercise of power of vast significance—the Senate by a majority vote refusing to receive a Senator appointed in strict accordance with the Constitution of the United States and the laws of the State from which he comes and, furthermore, meeting all the qualifications prescribed in the Constitution. And let it be remembered that exclusion of a Senator-designate differs not at all in principle from exclusion of a Senator-elect. Indeed, Smith's opponents have already let it be known that they will attempt a similar exclusion when he presents himself at the opening of the Seventieth Congress as Senator-elect for the full six years term. So the battle is more than likely to be renewed this December. Its final outcome will be influenced by a number of factors—a report from the Committee on Privileges and Elections (if the report is in time to be influential), political considerations affecting the organization of the Senate itself at that time (the body would seem to contain a Republican majority of *one*), similar considerations affecting the Presidential campaign of 1928, and last, but most powerful, the reaction of the American people to this assumption of power by the Senate. It is in the hope that the readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW may appreciate the profound importance of the issue, that the writer ventures to discuss it in some of its fundamental aspects.

There are three features of the Constitution which we should examine. One provides that a Senator shall be at least thirty years of age, that he shall have been a citizen of the United States for nine years, an inhabitant of the State he is to represent, and shall not be a member of the Senate while holding a Federal office. Another, contained in the Fourteenth Amendment, provides that no person shall be a Senator who, having previously taken an oath to support the Constitution, shall have engaged in insurrection against the same or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof, unless the Congress, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, removes the disability. The third is that much discussed provision to the effect that each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its members.

The first two referred to above give rise to little or no dispute as to their meaning or scope. Likewise, the power of the Senate as judge of the elections and returns of its members is pretty thoroughly understood. It has been exercised upon many occasions. It has often happened that after a Senator-elect has presented credentials from the duly constituted authorities of his State certifying to his election, and after he has assumed his office as a matter of *prima facie* right, contests have been filed against his right to sit. The Senate thereupon has investigated the election and has rendered a decision in accordance with its judgment. There have been one or more such contests in nearly every Congress in recent years.

It may be said that the present controversy rages around the interpretation of the phrase "judge of the . . . qualifications." Some contend that under this provision the Senate has unlimited power over the admission of members. They contend that regardless of the legality of the election and the soundness of the credentials, the Senate may exclude on any ground deemed sufficient by a majority, such as shady reputation, moral turpitude (evidenced at any time), spending in the election more than the majority considers proper, ultra-radical views, doubtful sanity, objectionable affiliations, reprehensible personal habits—in fact, anything which, in the judgment of the majority, indicates unfitness on the part of the Senator-elect. The probability, even the certainty, that Senatorial judgment will vary from time

to time, and that consequently no fixed standard of fitness can be established, does not deter those who believe in this interpretation. They insist that the Senate possesses and should exercise this unlimited power. Their attitude was reflected quite accurately by Senator Reed of Missouri, when he referred in debate to Senator-designate Smith as an *applicant* for membership—much as if the Senate were a social club and Smith nominated for membership therein by the State of Illinois. Again, it was asserted that if the Senate did not protect itself from contamination, no one else would protect it. Thus, if the people of the State offend the conscience of the Senate (whatever that may be) by electing an "unfit person", the Senate will shut its door in that person's face and the State will go without its equal representation in the Senate until its people learn to send better men to Washington, or until the conscience of the Senate undergoes a change. In any event, the Senate will be supreme. Senator Bingham, with telling sarcasm, suggested that the Constitution should be changed so as to provide that hereafter Senators shall be chosen by the people of the States by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. This may appear absurd, but it is just what has happened in the Smith case. And its repetition is threatened in the next session.

If Smith is excluded when he presents his credentials for the full six years term, what will the people of Illinois do about it? It is hard to suggest anything they can do. For the time being they cannot hold another election and thereby revoke their former decision or elect Smith again. They have already elected Smith to the seat to which Illinois is entitled. Smith holds the credentials. They are irrevocable. They cannot be taken away from him. So it may very well be that Senator-elect Smith will wander around the corridors of the Capitol, knocking occasionally at the Senate door, for a period as long as six years, without being admitted to the Chamber to take the seat assigned by the Constitution to Illinois. Absurd? It is more than that, it is revolutionary; for by this process the Senate becomes the master of the people in the several States, instead of their servant.

As contrasted with the interpretation of Senatorial power adopted by Smith's opponents, which would make possible such

a spectacle, there is the sound contention that the phrase "judge of the . . . qualifications of its own members" merely empowers the Senate to ascertain whether the member-elect meets those qualifications or is free from those disqualifications set forth in the Constitution itself, and that, having so ascertained, the Senate has no further power in the matter of qualifications. Is the member-elect thirty years of age? Is he an inhabitant of the State he is to represent? Has he been a citizen for nine years? Is he free from the disability mentioned in the Fourteenth Amendment? Is he free from the disability incident to Federal office-holding? The Senate may inquire into these matters and is the sole judge of them; and as it judges, so may it admit or exclude the member-elect. Under no circumstances may the Senate add a qualification or disqualification to those mentioned in the fundamental law. If his credentials are in order (and the Senate is the judge of that), and if he is fully eligible under the Constitution, then the Senator-elect has a *prima facie* right to his office and must be permitted to assume it. To invoke additional qualifications and exclude him if he fails to meet them means, as James Madison said, that "the Legislature might subvert the Constitution". By its action in the Smith case last January, the Senate deprived Illinois of its equal representation in the Senate. It nullified a vital provision of the Constitution. Madison was right.

Some of us may question the good taste or sense of proportion of Smith in failing to prevent Insull from making a heavy contribution to his primary campaign. There may be healthy discussion on that point; but such a consideration must not control our decision. Of supreme importance is the fact that, pursuant to the provisions of the Constitution and the laws of the State and, incidentally, with full knowledge of the primary campaign contributions, the people of Illinois have elected Frank L. Smith as one of their representatives in the United States Senate. The issue confronts us. Shall the legally expressed decision of the people be respected, or shall the Senate be the master?

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

BY PUBLIUS

After Coolidge, Who? Since it became clear that the President could not be forced to stultify himself by letting others organize to run him when he had said he did not choose to run, several booms held in readiness have been unleashed by their trainers. But behind all this industrious fostering of candidacies for the Republican nomination is clearly manifest a widespread feeling that Charles E. Hughes is the best and strongest candidate that the Republicans can name to succeed Mr. Coolidge.

Mr. Hughes has no machine of propaganda. No friend of his knows that he wants the nomination, or indeed, with certainty, that he would accept it. Here is no opportune bourgeoning of a carefully nurtured political plant, but a spontaneous tribute to character and ability, a turning to him with confidence in his statesmanship and faith in his power of appeal to the voters. This is all the more impressive in that it is not for the most part founded on enthusiasm and personal loyalty. Leaders like Henry Clay, James G. Blaine, and Theodore Roosevelt had the quality of inspiring romantic political attachment. Mr. Hughes has never established or sought such hold on the emotions of his countrymen. Nor has he built up a following by the familiar device of hooking other men's ambitions and interests with his own. Unpossessed of even a nucleus of political organization, unaided by ingratiating arts, nevertheless, more persons in the United States today would designate him as our foremost statesman than would so name any other man.

For more than twenty years since he was first seen in public life they have watched him with increasing respect and admiration. They know beyond question his honesty, his rare disinterestedness, his power of analysis, his clarity of thinking, his steadfastness and poise, and his constructive ability in dealing with difficult domestic and foreign problems. His first public service was

the correction of corporation abuses, the fair adjustment of rates for millions of consumers of gas, and the protection of insurance policy holders scattered through the whole country. As Governor of New York he enforced effective regulation of public service corporations at the very center of corporate influence. He challenged the entrenched habit of treating party leadership as a private perquisite. These policies brought him enmity that still persists. But the great body of people who were not interested in the selfish schemes of franchise holders or political bosses, honored him for the enemies he had made. They reëlected him Governor in spite of the determinations of politicians to set him aside, and his Governorship is one of the inspiring chapters in the history of New York.

On the bench of the United States Supreme Court he gave six years of distinguished service, and unwillingly reëntered politics solely because he could not decline an unsought nomination for the Presidency when he appeared to be the only man who could heal the Progressive-Republican schism. He coöperated loyally with his rival of that campaign in the war, and was called upon by the Administration for several important tasks. His masterly analysis of the virtues and the defects of the League of Nations Covenant first pointed the way to moderate reservations, which would have resulted in a happy adjustment of that controversy but for the extremists of both sides. His record of four years as Secretary of State is one of brilliant achievement. To him the world owes the unexpected success of the Washington Conference and the only practical progress yet made for the limitation of naval armaments. At a time when international relations are more important than ever before in our history, such leadership as his, at once firm, self-respecting, clear-headed, conciliatory and benevolent, would be of the greatest usefulness to our own people and the greatest promise to the rest of the world.

To meet our domestic problems, he is also admirably equipped. He is a national, not a sectional, figure. He understands the problems of great business, but never has been the slave of business. The corporations that have sought his legal advice because they recognized his great ability have most often seen it demonstrated in curbing business abuses. His judicial temperament

and habit of thoroughgoing study of all questions presented to him give assurance of fair dealing to every class and section. His whole career has been one of militant championship of justice and impartial dealing.

But all this perhaps is scarcely worth saying. It is too obvious and undisputed. Even his enemies acknowledge his eminent abilities and pay the tribute of resentment to the unbending rectitude of his character. In a world of practical politics the men who rule national conventions ask about availability. What are Mr. Hughes's powers as a vote getter? How can he be nominated without the possession of a political machine? The answer to both questions is in his past campaigns. He has never sought an office. He has always been drafted because the politicians found their party needed him. His first nomination, that for Mayor of New York, was made by a convention that hoped to use his prestige as an insurance investigator to defeat Tammany, but he refused to let that work, then under way, be dragged into politics. He did not seek the Governorship, but was nominated because party leaders considered him the strongest candidate they could find, and popular confidence in him was such that he was elected when every other candidate with him on the State ticket was defeated. Two years later, the political bosses whom he had antagonized, because he took seriously his pledges of independence, thought all was fixed to put him on the shelf; but, though they controlled the State Convention, they did not dare burden the national campaign in other States as well as New York with the odium of rejecting him. He not only won the election for himself by an increased plurality, despite the disaffection of some politicians and of the sporting element in the Republican cities, but his aid of Mr. Taft was one of the noteworthy features of that campaign. His speech at Youngstown, Ohio, was the most powerful argument made during the whole struggle, and its merciless analysis of Mr. Bryan's anti-trust and banking proposals, which had a specious appeal and were the particular pride of the Nebraskan, was so completely demolishing that nothing more was heard of them from the Democrats.

Again, in 1916, party leaders, including some in New York, despite their grievances over encounters with an independent

Governor, turned to him as the man best fitted to heal the division created in 1912. True, he was defeated, but he polled 928,000 more votes than were cast for Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft together in 1912, and 859,000 more votes than were cast by a united and triumphant party for Mr. Taft in 1908. He was defeated through no failure or fault of his own, but by conditions beyond control. No possible campaign of his could counteract the effect of the Wilson cry: "He kept us out of war!" Even Mr. Roosevelt's great popularity in the West, where he spoke in that campaign, could not convince the voters that they had any responsibility in Europe. The Republicans lost Kansas because the issues of the war were dimly perceived there, and the Republican farmers, prosperous from the demand for their produce, were persuaded that nothing would induce Mr. Wilson to enter the struggle. The Democrats had the advantage of posing as guardians of prosperity and peace, while the Republicans were handicapped by the fear that their victory meant war. Mr. Hughes was criticized for excessive moderation by ardent Pro-Allies in the East, but aside from political expediency, no man with a sense of patriotism would enter the White House, even if he could, committed by his campaign to foreign partisanship. Despite that difficulty, he carried the East by impressive majorities.

He faced an impossible situation with a large part of the country still under the spell of Mr. Wilson's soon-to-be-abandoned pacifism. And yet he almost won. He lost California and the election solely because the "Old Guard" leaders in that State did not keep their pledges not to let faction interfere with the national campaign, but tried to use Mr. Hughes and his visit there as an asset in their fight in the Senatorial primary against Hiram Johnson, by parading themselves as the exclusive friends of the candidate. Mr. Hughes sought to show every courtesy to Mr. Johnson, but before the slights to the latter's friends by the machine managers were discovered, the impression had been created that determined them to make Mr. Johnson's victory emphatic by contrast with the vote for the national ticket.

The prejudice against running a defeated candidate is pure superstition. It if had been regarded, Grover Cleveland would

never have been President a second time, and Alfred E. Smith would not have been restored to the Governor's chair and put on the road to a Presidential nomination. Mr. Hughes's prestige today is far greater than it was in 1916. He is wiser, he has mingled more with men, he has outlived many old antagonisms, he has dealt more with large affairs. He has become not only a national, but a world, personality. And he is probably the only Republican, except President Coolidge, who can be looked to with confidence to carry New York against Governor Smith.

He has never lost the State, but every time he has gone before its people they have given him increased pluralities. In 1916 he had 119,800 plurality, while the best Governor Smith has done in a Presidential year, when the rural Republican vote comes out, was 108,000, in 1924. In 1920 Mr. Smith lost the State by 74,000. Even his off-year pluralities of 385,000 in 1922, and 247,000 in 1926, do not appear so remarkable when the greater ease of getting out the city vote at such times and the fact that the electorate has been almost doubled by woman suffrage, thus tending to double old time pluralities, are considered. The suggestion of friends of some Western candidates that New York is not needed for Republican victory, is a counsel of temerity. However reluctant Southern Democrats may be to vote for Governor Smith, it is chimerical to suppose that he would lose any one of the Southern States, with the possible exception of Kentucky and Tennessee, and he would be strong in New Jersey and Massachusetts. Mr. Hughes would be stronger than any Republican mentioned to succeed Mr. Coolidge in the East, and, pitted against Governor Smith and the sidewalks of New York, would need to fear no defections in the West.

If, when the National Convention meets, the Republicans as in 1920 foresee certain victory, they are likely to do as they did then, pick some favorite son in a midnight conference. But if, as now seems probable, they face a hard and doubtful campaign against a candidate who inspires enthusiasm and is thought of by thousands of the plain people as one of themselves, the problem, even for friends of other men will be: Can they get on without Mr. Hughes?

GOVERNOR ALBERT C. RITCHIE

BY THE HON. WILLIAM CABELL BRUCE

Among the Democrats who have acquired a national reputation, and are generally regarded as being highly qualified for the office of President, Governor Albert C. Ritchie, of Maryland, is one of the most conspicuous. When the last National Democratic Convention was held in the city of New York, he had, even then, become sufficiently well known to the people of the United States, as a candidate for the Presidency, to be an object of not a little public curiosity and comment, because of his admirable record as Governor of Maryland, his timely and eloquent utterances touching the extent to which Federal encroachment had invaded the principle of personal liberty and eaten into the core of State authority, and the winning nature of his personal and social characteristics. Since that time, he has grown steadily, in point of National prominence and influence; so much so that it can, perhaps, be truly said that, with the single exception of Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, no other Democrat is now deemed so likely to be nominated by the next National Democratic Convention as he. One by one, he has been brought into personal contact with most of the National Democratic leaders, and, in many of the great populous centers of the country, in response to invitations from highly responsible sources, his voice has been heard; insisting, in singularly clear and persuasive accents, upon the Reserved Rights of the States, and the immunity to which the citizen is justly entitled against undue interference with his personal and business freedom by Governmental authority. If Governor Smith, as now seems not unlikely, shall come into the next Democratic convention with sufficient strength to secure the votes of two-thirds of its delegates, Governor Ritchie, of course, will not be nominated, but will, as his recent utterances have clearly disclosed, give his unstinted support to the nominee. Nor will he be nominated,

should the choice of that convention fall upon some "dry" candidate, or some candidate who has no record, one way or the other, in relation to the issues that have given Governor Ritchie his place in the public eye. But should Governor Smith, for one reason or another, not receive the nomination, and should the convention decide not to ignore political questions that everybody is thinking about for political questions that nobody is thinking about, Governor Ritchie, as things now stand, would seem to be the most eligible candidate for the Presidency that the Democratic Party could select.

The reasons for this view can be briefly stated:

He has the abilities, native and acquired, that the office of President calls for. An A.B. of the Johns Hopkins University, a thoroughly educated and trained lawyer, he possesses all the mental culture and discipline that even the most exacting responsibilities require. He early acquired a partnership interest in the business of one of the leading law firms of Baltimore, and, afterward, as a general practitioner, as a Deputy City Solicitor of the Baltimore Law Department, as the People's Counsel of the Public Service Commission of Maryland, and as Attorney-General of Maryland, he established a reputation for sound legal knowledge and powers of statement, analysis and reasoning which leave but little room for doubt that, if he had not allowed himself to be drawn off into the wider field of general politics, he would have won a reputation as a lawyer as solid and brilliant as that which he has won as a public man. Indeed, it was the very able and successful manner in which, as People's Counsel, he represented the People of Maryland in one of the first great rate cases decided by the Public Service Commission of Maryland, that led to his election as Attorney-General.

Repeatedly, in American history, the office of Governor has proved a stepping stone to the Presidency; and this is natural enough; for the duties of the two offices are generically alike. As the Chief Magistrate of Maryland, Governor Ritchie has exhibited a remarkable degree of executive capacity. Locking the door of his professional office behind him, and throwing away the key, when he first became Governor, he has, from that day to this, except when yielding to an occasional demand from

some great city for his views on the Federal questions of the hour, addressed himself with absolutely single-minded devotion to the duties of his public office. It is safe to say that no Governor of Maryland has ever had a more thorough knowledge of every part of its surface, or a more complete mastery of all its administrative activities. His tact, his mental balance, his keen, practical insight into human motives, have won for him a signal measure of success in reconciling party conflicts, and keeping on good working terms with the leaders and other members of the Maryland Legislature. It is not too much to say that his tireless labors and enlightened spirit have made themselves felt in every branch, great or small, of the Maryland State administration. They have produced strikingly constructive results in the field of State taxation, in the Civil Service of the State, now happily crowned, through his initiative, with the merit system of appointment, in the management of the roads and public schools of the State, and in the purchase of State supplies. They have also borne good fruit in legislation relating to coöperative marketing, the eradication of dairy herd tuberculosis and other matters of concern to the welfare of the farmer; and in legislation promotive of the health and safety of the miner. When he was reëlected in 1923, after completing his first term, it was by a plurality of more than 40,000 votes. When he was reëlected in 1926, after completing his second term, it was by a majority of 61,000 votes—the greatest majority that any candidate for the Governorship has ever received in the history of Maryland. Governors have been elected in Maryland by the popular suffrage since 1838; but he is the only individual who has ever been honored by the people of Maryland with a reëlection to the office. Facts like these, in themselves, indicate the calibre and public worth of the man as no amount of verbal eulogy could ever do.

Since his first election to his present office, Governor Ritchie has become the foremost champion in the Democratic party of those principles of individual freedom, business independence and local self-government which have, since our Civil War, been so gravely violated by the steady centralization of authority in the Federal Government, worked by Congressional legislation, judicial interpretation, and Constitutional amendment. This

process has gone on until Governor Ritchie could truly say, in his luminous address at the Jackson Day dinner of the Iroquois Club, at Chicago, last year: "The effect of all this is that, slowly but steadily, by this Federal supervision over roads, agriculture, health, education, infant hygiene, motherhood and what not, the liberty of the State and of the individual becomes impaired, and the Federal Government shapes the development and the policy of the States, and shapes them not to fit the States' own peculiar needs, but to fit some uniform Federal idea that emanates from Washington." By no one, in the recent history of the United States, has the application of the old Jeffersonian philosophy—the soundest that ever animated the energies of a people—to the present problems of our political life been so consistently and forcefully made as by Governor Ritchie. One by one, his public addresses, marked by deep reflection, close familiarity with the letter and spirit of our American institutions, and every token of clear and convincing exposition and argument, have pointed out the evil results which have flowed from the increasing Federal hypertrophy, and the increasing local atrophy, produced by shifting the regulation of personal liberty and matters of domestic import from the States to the General Government. The loss of personal and industrial freedom, the decline of individual initiative and enterprise, the multiplication of Federal Bureaus and Commissions far removed from the healthful and quickening influence of local sentiments and activities, the decadence of the local unit as a nursery of civic enthusiasm and a training school for statesmanship, the injustice of applying rigidly uniform standards of administration to forty-eight States, widely separated from each other in point of historic antecedents and traditions, social customs, usages and habits, the deadening influence of Federal autocracy upon the free play of political ideas and movements—all these morbid sequels of Federal expansion have, at one time or another, been brought out by Governor Ritchie, in the course of his public speeches, in such a manner as to make him, though the Governor of one of the smaller States of the Union, better known to the people of the United States than any Governor now living, except Alfred E. Smith.

With his political creed, it was impossible, of course, that Governor Ritchie should not be particularly hostile to the fifty-fifty system of Federal and State appropriations, by which the Federal Government, in the guise of benevolent paternalism, has succeeded in balancing the selfish interests of some of the States against the just rights of others, and depriving all the States of autonomous control over some of the most intimate concerns of their corporate life. "By fifty-fifty subsidies from the Federal Treasury," he said in a recent speech at Boston, "we are slowly surrendering our State Autonomy and administrative efficiency and independence; just as by constantly looking to the same Treasury for Federal uplift expenditures, in the States, we are submitting to Federal favoritism through a species of log-rolling bribery that is unworthy of us, and is undermining the independence and integrity of the States."

With his political creed, it was equally impossible for Governor Ritchie not to be especially inimical to the system of National Prohibition, which has so unwisely and tyrannically invaded the province of human liberty, and prescribed exactly the same rule of conduct for the social life of the wealthiest and most luxurious city, in the United States, as for the social life of the simplest countryside, within its borders. Speaking of National Prohibition, in the same speech from which I have just quoted, he said: "National Prohibition under the Eighteenth Amendment has bred more interstate discord and more political cowards and hypocrites, and has done more damage to the body politic and to our social fabric, than anything which, in my observation at least, has ever entered our national life. That is because you cannot regulate personal conduct and practices, which differ in different localities of a varied country, with a Federal yardstick; applying a uniform standard everywhere."

It is to be hoped that the next Democratic National Convention will be judicious enough to realize that, in Governor Ritchie, the Democratic Party has at least one man in its ranks, in addition to Alfred E. Smith, of New York, who, if nominated to the Presidency, would have bright prospects of election. In the prime of life, handsome in appearance, and engaging in manners and address, he would win favor in the popular eye whithersoever

he might go during the Presidential contest. Born in Virginia, a life-long resident of Maryland, sprung, on both the paternal and maternal side, from family stocks noted for intellectual superiority and public usefulness, he would stand out from our National background as few nominees to the Presidency have done. An Episcopalian, but as popular with Catholic and Jew in Maryland as with Protestant, noteworthy for his just treatment of the Negro in educational and other respects, his nomination would, in itself, be a silent rebuke to sectarian bigotry and racial bitterness. Endowed with fine powers as a writer and speaker, his thoughts and purposes as a candidate would be set forth with a degree of effective clearness that would leave little to be desired. An earnest advocate of the restoration of liquor control, subject to the limitations of the Eighteenth Amendment, to the several States, he would bring to the Democratic standard far more than enough Republicans, disgusted with the lawlessness, political corruption and bloodshed begotten by National Prohibition, to offset any Prohibitionist defection in the Democratic ranks. The foremost protagonist of the Democracy of Jefferson and Cleveland, his election would be a home-coming event of extraordinary significance in a party sense. The holder of a responsible post, under the Wilson Administration, during the World War, and a loyal adherent of Woodrow Wilson himself, he would make an especially strong appeal to all those Democrats who hold the name of that great man in reverence. Sane, firmly poised, without an eccentric streak in his character, sharing all the conservative attributes of the people of Maryland, a State in which there are many wealthy men and not a few vast industries, but no "malefactors of great wealth", the business interests of the country could confidently look to him for sound policies of finance and taxation. Irreproachably faithful, throughout his entire political career, to the general popular welfare, "equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever State or persuasion, religious or political," would be his watchword as it was that of the great Democratic leaders in times past.

To sum up, Governor Ritchie would be a President worthy, in every respect, to fill the exalted office which has exercised such a powerful influence in shaping our destinies as a people.

THE DIVIDED HOUSE OF RUSSIA

BY COUNT SFORZA

In Russia, the least important thing is the Government. The really essential factors are the workmen and the peasants. It is with them that one has to reckon, much more than with the Kremlin. But dictatorial governments always excite some curiosity, be they exercised by a small clique or by a single demagogic individual. We may then well examine what is now the Russian Government and what it stands for.

I

When one has enough mental serenity not to be biased by mere appearances and theoretical formulas, he can see that the present régime is simply a copy and continuation of the Czarist rule, with a little more disorder, comprehensible after such an upheaval. The present régime, which is not in the least to be confounded with Lenin's epoch, is controlled by a group whose chief is Mr. Stalin, a Georgian. The most important among his colleagues are Mr. Rykow and Mr. Bukarin. These gentlemen probably believe themselves to be most sincere Bolsheviki; but they are without the terrible gift of fixed ideas which made the real force of a Lenin or of a Trotzky. They are shrewd people. They believe that the Revolution has to be defended by an iron discipline imposing silence upon all members of their party and making them obey their chiefs *perinde ac cadaver*, as probably they would like to say, if they knew the rules that Loyola dictated for his Jesuits. Only they believe also, probably in good faith, that the Revolution consists essentially in the permanence of their very persons at the Kremlin.

No elections, not even inside the assemblies of the party, although it constitutes the smallest possible minority of the Russian people; no freedom of the press; no criticisms are allowed during the rare meetings of the party. Everything is

ruled by a small class of bureaucrats and of party officials, all selected from above, by Mr. Stalin himself, or in Mr. Stalin's name. Anybody who, having known a little of old imperial Russia, goes there again now, finds the same atmosphere of bureaucratic tyranny, of espionage, of fear—of mental suffocation, in a word.

But political passions, be they conservative or revolutionary, have rendered it so difficult to bear a serene judgment on the Russian situation, or to believe that a judgment is really serene, that it is better to let the Bolsheviki speak for themselves, which they rarely do.

Only a few months ago one of them dared to say at the Communist Federal Congress: "Among those who govern, many believe, and nothing has yet disillusioned them, that they are above all existing law, that they will never be punished, whatever they do."

Mr. Kalinin himself, although he belongs to the present all powerful group, went so far, a few months ago, as to write: "In old Russia there was no legal status for the masses; the nobles and the capitalists were always sure not to be punished; the officials were the tyrants of their subordinates. This continued for centuries. The national idea of justice came out in the end, breaking a world where the strong were always right and the feeble were always wrong. It is only too natural that the respect of the laws and of justice is not yet rooted in the people's hearts. The new law was there: but life still went on as before. We must confess that we have made no serious progress since Czarist times."

No doubt, there is something in Mr. Kalinin's excuses and defenses. All the same, they constitute a poorly veiled acknowledgment of the failure of ten years of Bolshevik rule.

The old imperial bureaucracy, corrupt and cumbersome as it frequently was, possessed a sort of moral force, the natural outcome of routine and tradition; always slow though it was, it happened sometimes to be honest and intellectual when represented by some rare but highly respectable types of the Russian *intelligencia*. Yet no boasts of perfection came out of the ranks of the ancient officials, but rather the contrary. The young

Communist bureaucracy, however, is always putting on pretentious and busy airs; with a conceited smile it is always shouting that a new world is about to come out of its ideas. In reality, as soon as the new comers are confronted with any difficulty, they hide badly—behind a mask of Napoleonic decision—the most childish incapacity and uncertainty. The fact that the new régime pretends and proclaims to be constantly infallible makes the effect of incompetence and ignorance so much the worse.

An official of the imperial epoch remained for years in the same employ and in the same town; even if incompetent, he ended sometimes by acquiring some sort of rough businesslike practice. The pretentious young agents from the Soviet Kremlin are not allowed to be laughed at; they may only be hated or feared. As soon as the grumbling and complaints from villages and towns grow to the point of disregarding the fear of governmental displeasure, and threaten to become a source of wider scandal, an immediate change of place and employment is ordered from Moscow. Frequently the change takes the form of a promotion, because the Soviet agents cannot be wrong. Through the whole extent of Russia, from the Pacific province to the Polish frontier, there is an eternal movement of officials in search of virgin places in which to show their talents.

So, through lack of men, through lack of courage and of free discussion, through lack of a sufficiently long and conscious evolution in the masses, the great dream Lenin dreamed, when he transplanted the Russian Government from Petrograd to Moscow, has been shattered. The fall is even worse than it would have been if anarchy had come. Anarchy, indeed, is an essentially provisional condition, out of which something new must come. The new Russian Government has simply sunk to the worst forms and traditions of that Czarist bureaucracy which Lenin felt sure he could replace by a more living and efficient Russia.

How could it have been otherwise, when the two régimes had in common the same hate and mistrust for individual freedom and for any fecund open struggle of ideas; for all that, in a word, which alone makes social life worth the living?

II

What are the relations between the masses of Russian workmen and the Soviet Government?

The Russian workmen constitute a maximum of fifteen millions in a total of one hundred and thirty million Russians, the remainder practically now all peasants. The Communist party, which had no more than thirty thousand members when, in 1917, it succeeded in seizing the power, has grown to 800,000 members. Indeed it might have increased to millions, when one thinks that, in Russia, it is only by the fact of being a member of the Communist party that one may have a complete sense of personal safety. They are, in the party, still under one million, not because of lack of applications for membership, but out of traditional respect for Lenin's formula prescribing "quality, not quantity". Be the quality good or bad in a Communistic sense, the fact is that admissions into the Party are still relatively slow. Of the 800,000 members of the Communist Party, only about 350,000 are workmen or ex-workmen, the other 450,000 being ex-bourgeois, assumed workmen and, in the lowest proportion, peasants.

There are books and newspapers in Europe and America that describe the privations and sufferings of the Russian workmen. The description is exact, the coloring is not overdone; all the same a polemical aim soon appears to the eyes of the few who know, when not a word is found about the real moral feeling of these workmen—a feeling which is still, in spite of privations and sufferings, a sort of religious unshaken faith in Communism. We may add, in parenthesis, that, by voluntary omissions of this kind, those writings often reach an effect contrary to their aims, by provoking, even in the spirit of some anti-Bolshevik but free Russian spirits, a sense of mental and moral dislike for the Western methods of polemical campaign against Communism. When, voluntarily or not, one disregards certain psychological sides of the race, nothing is to be understood in Russia.

Let us state the truth as it is.

The Russian workmen deeply believe—or, to be more cautious, till now they still believe, in spite of a series of deceitful years—

that the Leninist formula "proletariat dictatorship" is the key to the enchanting world of their hopes.

This formula they find repeated everywhere they go, in a hundred different forms. At the evening meetings, at the new free open air theatres, at the movies, they are constantly lulled by the same refrain:—Is it not the Russian proletariat alone, that rules the destinies of a great country? Where on the earth, except here in Russia, do bourgeois and ex-bourgeois tremble and bow before a real workman? Where, out of Russia, are imperial palaces turned into homes for old workmen? Where, if not towards Communist Russia, do all the working classes in the world turn their hopes and their deepest aspirations?

The Russian workmen do not seem tired of such courtly flattery. And, like the guests of the imperial villas in the Crimea now converted into rest-houses for old proletarians, they readily believe the pleasant lullaby. They do not deny that today they are suffering; but they tighten their belts and hope that tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow, everything will turn out all right.

There is—and those who are unable to see it are to be pitied—some moral nobility in their thinking and saying, as they often do, that it is for their sons that they wait, that it is their sons who will be happy and free on this earth.

Probably analogous delusions, if in a much lesser proportion, are momentarily to be witnessed in any other country where a dictatorial power has, as in Russia, suppressed all liberty of the press, where the formulas of the governing group are exclusively advertised and preached. But the mystic nature of the Russian soul reaches, with its longing for sufferance, a degree of sincerity not to be found elsewhere. It is with a sort of religious ardor that the working classes of Leningrad and Moscow believe themselves to be the vanguards of a new world, of a happier humanity. When they suffer, they find some consolation in thinking that, by what they are enduring, they advance the blessed day of universal happiness—the happiness of all the slaves and pariahs of Europe and Asia.

It is in this mentality of the only sure forces the Revolution still counts in Russia, that one has chiefly to find the real source

and cause of so many intrigues and plots, sometimes silly and sometimes well concocted, with which the Soviet Government has created or helped agitations and movements in different countries. All the Kremlin schemings for Communistic propaganda abroad, from England to China, had probably a paramount reason in the necessity of the Bolshevik leaders to give some food, some hope, some satisfaction to the religiously fanatic troops of the Russian working world.

All this propaganda brought on grave complications and humiliations, such as the London perquisitions and the violation of the Soviet Embassy in Peking, or, even worse, the murder of the Russian Minister in Warsaw, followed by an exceedingly mild sentence on the murderer. At the Kremlin they were shrewd enough to foresee all these complications: but they were obliged to get into trouble, in order to satisfy the workmen. To satisfy them fully, the Russian Government would have found itself bound, when faced by cases like the Peking violation of diplomatic privileges, to formulate menaces, to pretend reparations. But nothing of the kind has been done. If some strong note has been sent, for instance to Warsaw, it was simply meant for home consumption. For the same purpose have all the fine phrases been concocted in the Moscow press, to show how and why Russia is "too proud to fight".

The real truth lies in a contradictory force that opposes the workmen and that makes the Russian Government, placed between the two, feeble and uncertain; it is because of this hidden force that the Bolshevik political bombast is so frequently followed by sudden retreats.

This powerful element, so antithetic to the workmen, is—the peasants.

III

The peasants were Communist after the Revolution; even, to be more exact, they seemed Communist when their object was to drive the old proprietors out of their estates. It was the repetition of what has frequently taken place in the peasant movements, in so many countries, from ancient revolts of peasants in China to the *Jacqueries* of royalist France. The phenomenon

seemed more formidable in Russia, only because the peasants' movement identified itself, in time and manner, with Lenin's *coup*. In truth—and it is a point whose meaning has no scanty importance, to understand the Russian Revolution—the Russian peasant had already begun to seize the lands and to slay his old *barin*—who sometimes was slain and mourned in the same instant—even before he had heard a single word about Communism and Bolshevism. When Lenin caught hold of power, he simply formulated in words what the peasants had already created in deeds. This is why the peasants supported Lenin, but without giving any serious attention to his words.

The same phenomenon took place when they victoriously opposed the Wrangel and Denikin expeditions. They did not obey Moscow orders so much as they did their own instinct, which warned them against the young White officers, the sons of the landowners they had suppressed and slain some months before.

On the morrow of the Great War, I was in Constantinople as High Commissioner for Italy. As soon as the Italian officers attached to the General Staff of the White Army in the Crimea reported to me that many of the Russian officers organized small raids upon their former properties, to take them away from the sons of their old serfs, I realized at once that the White Russian expeditions, already morally suspect to many of the Russian *intelligencia* because financed with British and French money, were doomed to a complete failure.

But Lenin also had his big failure with the peasants. Thinking to be really all powerful, he said in a speech in the first weeks of 1919:

> The peasants ask freedom to sell their grain. This freedom means also the freedom to speculate. Do they not understand that it is impossible for us to allow that? We shall never agree: we will rather die than yield on this essential point.

The peasants said, or, rather, thought, in their turn: "The land is ours, but the grain is yours; the meadows are ours, but the hay is yours." They acted accordingly. The result was the terrible famine of 1920 and 1921, due to the fact that hardly half the Russian soil had been cultivated.

Lenin had sworn to die rather than to yield. He finally preferred to yield without dying.

Since then the Russian peasants have constantly increased their force. The taxation system has been changed to meet their fancies. They have been left proprietors of their houses. The land division has been made according to rules that, under new pompous revolutionary names, are but ancient Russian traditions. It is for the peasants that the *Nep* has been created, the *Nep* that makes it possible for them to buy the articles they need. When they did not find them, as happened two years ago, they carried back their grain, and so provoked a dangerous crisis. They even became rich: the *kulak* (literally, "closed fist") is already to be found in almost every village; and the *kulak* is nothing other than the shrewd peasant who is already hiring cheap labor to work his fields, who has already got an account at the bank of the near-by town.

Last, but not least, it is the peasants who have compelled the abolition of requisitions in kind, and the restoration of commercial freedom.

Now that he finds himself master of the land, the peasant is—naturally—much more of a Conservative than anything else. The same happened in France, when the *paysans* became, with the Revolution, the proprietors of the *Biens Nationaux*.

The Moscow theorists bow prudently to this new reality, unpleasant as it is for their dogmas. Recently the *Pravda* explained, with some *distinguo*, not unworthy of the finest traditions of the Jesuits, that a peasant does still remain "a good member of the Communistic proletariat", even when he employs a dozen "temporary" workmen, during harvest time.

Other Communists go further, and, at least with more intellectual honesty, they admit that the creation of a class of well-off peasants must be favored, as it may constitute the economic backbone of Russia. All right. But Stolypin, the last of the great statesmen of Imperial Russia, who in his efforts to save Emperor and Empire was always hindered by Nicholas II, never said anything else, and did not try to get at anything different. Only the "pure" grumble. Mr. Trotzky, who was once Menshevik, and, since he is out of power, has become a

fanatic of Communistic intransigeance against Mr. Stalin's rough empiricism, published some months ago a declaration in which one finds passages like the following:

> A Socialistic government has as one of its very first problems the task of leading the poor out of their hopeless situation. A lack of means in that very Socialist government makes impossible a sudden change, but it does not give us the right to shut our eyes to the actual situation and feed the poor with moral lessons on the psychology of extravagance, at the same time encouraging the *kulaks*.

Should Mr. Trotzky come again tomorrow into power, he would probably end by recognizing that from the depth of the Russian peasant masses a sort of bourgeoisie is slowly coming to the surface, a bourgeoisie which will end by resembling the old one, with this difference, perhaps: that it will hate and distrust the old monarchical forms, as it happened and happens with the French peasants, and very much for the same reasons. Mr. Trotzky would probably recognize, at the same time, that certain industrial concerns, to serve the peasants, have been started again, and contain an embryo of bourgeoisie.

It may be that the "pure" of the Bolshevism would be able, if again in power, to wipe away the newly arisen industrial concerns. They would be powerless before the thoughts, the feelings, the will of ninety per cent. of the Russian population.

To please the workmen, the leaders of Soviet Russia are bound to make a show of propagandist zeal abroad, in Europe and in Asia. Fiercely opposed in China, in Indo-China, in India, they have created a bureau at Mecca, to influence there, far from any western agent, the hundred of thousands of Moslem pilgrims. They will start still new devices, that will probably, all of them, result in nothing else than new embarrassments and humiliations for Mr. Tchicherin.

It is the existence of the two opposing forces in Russian life that imposes upon the new régime the fatal contradiction which so frequently characterizes its action. For the workmen, who deeply and naïvely believe in universal revolution, the Kremlin men are obliged to scheme and act, although they know, at the bottom of their hearts, of how little use it is, and how dangerous. For the peasants, a seemingly passive and silent mass, but, when

it really matters, all powerful, the Kremlin men are bound to submit to any humiliation; because those real masters do not want to hear of diplomatic complications, of mobilization, of wars.

The peasants would not endure being again called to arms. They would not expressly think of overthrowing the Kremlin men; but a simple heavy elbow push would probably be sufficient to provoke one of those changes that reactionary schemings from abroad were always and will always be unable to bring about.

One may go even further. It is to be believed that the various military actions of yesterday, the diplomatic ones of today, far from creating real dangers for the Russian régime, do simply, in a certain sense, strengthen it. For my part, I declared this publicly when, being at the direction of the Italian foreign policy, I was approached to obtain Italian collaboration in some foolish anti-Bolshevik action from outside. The attacks from outside succeeded only in making Russian solidarity stronger. This was certainly true when the London and Paris Cabinets supported Kolchak, Denikin and Wrangel. It is equally true, if only in a lesser degree, concerning certain recent diplomatic moves. The internal Russian struggle between Mr. Stalin and the other men now in power on one side, and the opposition led by Mr. Trotzky on the other, had reached a critical stage, just when the British Cabinet proceeded to the rather empty perquisitions in London and, after that, to the severance of diplomatic relations. Lenin's widow was at once put on the scene. With pathetic speeches, in a voice broken by emotion, she showed the enemies as already at Russia's doors. All opposition was quelled; a new union was sworn in, or, at least, a long armistice, among the violent opponents of the day before.

Truly, when one hears of any common anti-Bolshevik plan, as we do now on reading certain English Conservative newspapers, one is almost tempted to remember the classical *salus ab inimicis;* indeed no better service could be rendered to Moscow.

PROGRESS THROUGH BIRTH CONTROL

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

MINDS large enough to consider society as a whole were long ago impressed by the rate of increase in population and its effect on human happiness. From Plato and Aristotle to Franklin, Hume and Wallace, men have studied the matter, coming to various rather sad conclusions. The authority most commonly associated with the subject is Malthus, that scholarly English humanitarian, whose valuable work is, as so often happens, widely misunderstood. As an earnest young man discussing with his father the possibility of human improvement, he was impressed by the relation of the rapidly accumulating population to its means of subsistence, finding that the first tends to increase in geometrical and the second in arithmetical ratio.

On the conservative estimate that population tends to double itself every twenty-five years, while even the most intensive agriculture can not maintain such a rate, it becomes evident that increasing misery must accompany an unchecked birth rate. The checks listed by Mr. Malthus are preventive and positive; the preventive, "either moral restraint or vice, always so pernicious to society;" the positive, all the evil conditions of poverty and disease, with war, pestilence and famine.

"The Malthusian doctrine," as it was called, was heartily condemned by the Fundamentalists of the day as subversive of the Divine command to "increase and multiply and replenish the earth", and as leading to impious practices. Regarding the latter Mr. Malthus is by no means to be credited with advocacy of the various prudential checks so often associated with his name. The single precept advanced by him is this: "Do not marry until you have a fair prospect of supporting a family." In our century the matter is taken up again from a quite different standpoint by a woman, on strictly feminist grounds. Margaret Sanger's demand is for the protection of women, especially of the working

ass, from undesired and undesirable motherhood. Quite un-
nvinced of the efficacy of Mr. Malthus's moral appeal, she rec-
mmends practical methods of prevention, and these simple
vices are by no means limited to the use of oppressed wives.
So many people today, married and unmarried, seriously advo-
te as "the natural life" a degree of sex indulgence without
rallel in nature that they are eagerly willing to use unnatural
ethods to avoid the natural results. It is mainly this phase of
e birth control movement which brings upon it wide con-
mnation and the attempted suppression of its message. Yet
e matter is of such vital importance to society that it commands
owing attention, and is being studied from widely different
gles. The recent international conference held in New York to
scuss the question was attended by delegates from many
untries, serious thinkers in varying lines.

There is widening interest among physicians, who see so much
the pathological results of too much childbearing, not only on
e worn out mother and the father struggling to maintain his
mily, but also on the children, who cannot be well endowed by
hausted parents. Dr. Alfred Ploetz, of Munich, has made a
reful study in this field, finding that the mortality of the first
ne children varies little, but that "from the tenth to the nine-
enth the mortality is markedly greater".

Among economists the limitation of the birth rate is held im-
rtant, not only in relation to agricultural increase, but, as
arply, in competition for wages, and in the dysgenesic effects of
low grade of living. Eugenists plainly show the deterioration
stock from careless and excessive breeding, and urge a higher
andard of parenthood. It has already been shown in Holland
at a restricted birth rate is accompanied by a declining death
te, so that to a considerable extent quality can be improved
thout loss in quantity.

But it is restriction in quantity which is necessary if we are ever
enjoy permanent peace. We search profoundly for the cause
causes of war, and are beginning to see that one continuing,
escapable cause is babies, too many babies. Some twenty
ars ago a German seriously stated to me that Germany must
ve more land on account of her birth rate. I asked him if he

held that the surface of the earth should be divided among the peoples in proportion to their fecundity. He bethought him of the Russian birth rate, the Chinese birth rate, the African birth rate, and was silent.

Unquestionably "the pressure of population" is a basic and permanent cause of war. A given piece of country will support a certain number of people. When the people exceed that number they must live miserably and die in wretchedness, or go somewhere else.

This going somewhere else is the earliest and still most approved method of relieving that "pressure of population". From the remotest past the hungry hordes have sought more hunting grounds or fishing grounds or farming grounds, and if these were already occupied there was war, always war. When the second half of the world became accessible it gave vast relief. Here was room enough, surely. The previous possessors were superseded and Europe poured her surplus, especially, when possible, her undesirable surplus, upon the new continents. These were large, immigration was welcomed by the earlier comers, and for a while the pressure was relieved.

But even with a country the size of ours a little computation shows how short a time will fill it thicker than Belgium, which has 658 persons to the square mile, to our present thirty-five. We increased, from 1820 to 1920, from 6,638,453, to 105,710,620. In another century at this rate we shall have about 1,691,289,920, which is 560 to the square mile; in 2120 there will be 8,960 to the square mile, which is about 16 to the acre. In 2220, 256 to the acre, or about nineteen square yards apiece; and in 2320, 4,096 to the acre, giving hardly room to be buried in.

Even if we could be fed, life looks somewhat undesirable where there is standing room only. The above figures are based on the usual estimate that the population doubles every twenty-five years, and our last century shows that we have practically done this. Moreover medical science is steadily reducing our death rate, so that even if we limit immigration we shall still tend to increase at the average rate of sixteen fold in a century.

Four hundred years is not enough to strain our vision. We are quite accustomed to grasping long periods of time—if it is

behind us. We delight in studying the records of our remotest past, not only in historic limits but in the archæologic relics long previous; and back of that the geologic story of dim ages gone, with astronomic æons immeasurable. But to look ahead a few centuries and plan to arrange the world in better working order seems beyond us. The few scattered thinkers who have faced the future with a view to its betterment we call "Utopians". Yet knowledge of the past is only useful as it affects the future, and the future is the only period we can influence.

Rightly to evaluate any proposed measure affecting the interests of the human race requires definite knowledge of the nature and purpose of that race. We persist in looking at human life as an individual affair, and in holding that our highest duty in this world is preparing to go to another. Yet while passionately interested in our theoretical future in another world, we completely ignore the practical future of this one.

This may be somewhat due to the fact that to attain happiness in another world we need only to believe something, while to secure it in this world we must needs do something. The exhortations of the pulpit have sought to stimulate intense interest in our personal prospects of future life after death, but there is scant recognition of our common responsibility for the future life of our descendants on earth.

As a matter of fact man is the only animal able consciously to assist his own development. Since we mastered our food supply we have entered upon that later stage of progress called social evolution, but have only begun to be conscious of this process and of our own capacity to promote it. When so intelligently conscious we shall measure social conditions as they advance or retard human progress, our first duty.

The limitation of population is a proposition to be so measured. Unlimited, as heretofore, it has gone on swelling to the closest margin of subsistence, as in China; boiling over in conquest and colonization, as with any people able to take possession of some one else's country; or, as now, still boiling over and insisting that the more thinly settled countries shall admit in peaceable invasion the unchecked increase of the crowded ones.

It is a mere matter of arithmetic to show how soon this means

the saturation point for all countries, and not only that but a mixture of peoples obliterating all the slow-built distinction of races from which have arisen the special gifts of each to the world's progress.

If the Jewish people had freely mixed with all their Semitic brethren, the Hittites and the Hivites, and Jebusites and Perrizites and Amalekites and the rest, there would hardly have appeared the distinctive religious passion and ethical enthusiasm of the Peculiar People. If ancient Greece had mixed with Semites, Persians, Egyptians and northern barbarians, the wonders of Greek art could not have illuminated the world.

It is of course conceivable to have conquest without mixture, by maintaining a rigid caste system, as in India, but the results of this method are not promising. So we are faced with a choice of three courses: Shall we allow the unchecked increase of population, with peaceful overflow, till all countries are equally crowded and all peoples are either mixed, or stratified in castes? Shall we allow that unchecked increase and fight continually for our places in the sun? Or shall we keep the population within rationally chosen limits?

The reason that this question has not forced itself upon public attention before is that until lately there was no general objection to war. It was known that some races were stronger than others, and assumed quite rightly that the stronger should conquer the weaker and exterminate, disperse or enslave the conquered. This was certainly a "natural" process, following the precedent of all previous life forms.

But when we observe that a conquering people is not necessarily superior to the conquered, and that social progress has been most seriously retarded by the destruction of more advanced societies by the less so, this primitive process of selection seems quite unsatisfactory.

Moreover in the past, when we were even more ignorant than now, there was much beside war to keep down the population. Famine destroyed its millions; occasional pestilence and continual disease did as well; and the internal economic pressure of population kept a painful balance between birth and death. In England, after the Great Plague, the working class enjoyed

much better conditions for a time—until the population began to press again. Charles Booth, writing of modern economic conditions in London, shows the ruthless effect of that pressure on laborers from the country coming into the city. The first, he says, are reasonably well grown and healthy; the second generation smaller, weaker, more sickly; the third feeble, stunted, defective, degenerate; and *there is no fourth!*

Modern science and humanitarianism are changing all that. We are taking every means to preserve the most undesirable stock. Those who are able to earn are taxed to support those who are not. The best is handicapped by the worst, and this increasingly so as we learn new ways of keeping incompetents alive. It is true that in some places we are applying drastic methods of birth control by sterilizing the patently unfit, but even that is objected to by some tender hearts.

Perhaps since birth is woman's business it is right that she have some voice in discussing its control. Is it a pleasure or a duty for her to go through with the long and not wholly agreeable processes of childbearing, with all the ensuing care and labor of nursing and rearing children, merely in order to have them destroyed by warfare and disease, or kept alive at that degrading "saturation point" which falls just short of famine?

Women as a rule love their children. They suffer when they lose them. Quite apart from suffering there is grave economic waste in all that human energy poured into little graves, and taken from the care of the surviving family to be so hopelessly misspent. Mrs. Sanger's appeal for the over-burdened mother is a just one, it is enough to warrant prompt action, to justify birth control; but there is far more to be considered than any personal feeling, however strong.

The business of the female, as such, is not only the reproduction but the improvement of species. If that duty had been added to the ancient mandate as to replenishing the earth, it would have made the idea more acceptable to those who find it much easier to believe than to think. Still we are able to see it for ourselves now, and to see also that it is most essentially woman's work.

That it is her duty to bear children has been universally ad-

mitted, even urged; but that she should have the decision as to when, where and how many, is not so plain to most of us. For so long her high mission was summed up in the simple formula of "bearing him a son", and her condition as a prospective mother defined "as ladies wish to be who love their lords", that we are slow to grasp the distinct proposition that it is her place to regulate the population of the earth.

This means citizenship in the highest sense. If her race is decreasing, all patriotic duty should call for a higher birth rate; if it is crowding its limits and demanding someone else's country to spread in, then there is equally patriotic need for a lower birth rate. Biologically, politically, economically and ethically, women should face their special work of regulating and improving the race.

An active sense of social motherhood is desperately needed among the women of today, if we are to put a stop to war, to cease producing defectives, and to begin the conscious improvement of our stock.

With all this to be said for birth control, what is to be said against it? Simply this, that popular knowledge of preventive methods tends to encourage the selfishness of some married women and the incontinence of others, married or not. All this is true.

There are men and women to whom marriage is merely legalized indulgence, who deliberately prefer not to have children to interfere with their pleasures. Wishing a new name for an old relation they call it "companionate marriage". The social effect of this is gradually to weed out that kind of people, thus reducing the population without serious loss, either in numbers or quality.

Aside from these barren unions, we have that proportion of persons who seek sex indulgence without marriage, and whose activities have long been recognized as so deleterious as to be called "the social evil". The usual number of these is vastly increased by that new contingent who are infected by Freudian and sub-Freudian theories as to the hygienic necessity of such conduct. To these it is of immense assistance to have the means of avoiding resultant children, and they certainly take advantage of their opportunities.

But again, the social result is the elimination of this kind of people, if they continue their practices; while if they later decide that they want children, there is as yet no proof that such children will be any worse than those of previous years when it was openly believed that "a reformed rake makes the best husband".

Looking forward to an orderly and peaceful world, with competition in the arts and sciences, in invention and discovery, rather than in methods of military destruction, it is apparent that a regulated population is essential to health, peace and prosperity. The wholly safe and normal method of such regulation is to develop a race less sex crazy than at present, and capable of rational continence when it is necessary.

Pending such development, the less desirable methods now so largely in use seem better than to keep on in blind overproduction. But while restriction should be urged upon many races as sheer economic and political necessity, and upon many individuals for a variety of reasons, there is at the same time a need for a definite increase in some stocks unless they wish to vanish from the earth.

For the women of a race to become slackers in this primitive duty is contemptible. The charge lies close at our own doors, for the women of the stock that made our country, and whose birth rate used to be such that if they had kept it up we should be as numerous as we are now—and Americans, without any immigration whatever—these women have so ignored this duty that some of our highest types have a mere fraction of a child, as it were.

Our population needs regulating both ways.

THE PROBLEM OF THE MISSISSIPPI

BY MAJOR-GENERAL W. M. BLACK, U. S. A., RET.

When in 1717 the engineer, De la Tour, built a levee one mile long to protect the new city of New Orleans from overflow, the attempt to control the flow of the Mississippi was begun. Other settlers in Louisiana followed his example, and by 1828 almost continuous lines of levees bordered the Mississippi as far north as the Red River. In 1850 the United States granted to the several States which bordered the river title to the unsold swamp and overflowed lands within their limits, to provide a fund for reclaiming the districts subject to inundation. About the same time a general feeling of alarm arose among the dwellers along the lower river lest the confinement of the flood waters above should raise the flood heights in the lower river and again cause destructive overflows. An appeal was made to the Federal Government, and in 1850 Captain (later, General) A. A. Humphreys, of the Engineers, U. S. A., was ordered to investigate the questions of flood protection and channel improvement along the lower Mississippi. From 1857 to 1861 he was assisted in this work by Lieutenant (later, General) H. L. Abbot, of the Topographical Engineers. Their report, submitted in 1861, was received by the engineers of the world as a most valuable contribution to the science of hydraulics and remains a standard authority on the regimen of the Mississippi River. This report advocated the partial control of the floods by means of levees.

The first attempt by the Federal Government to regulate the low water flow for improving navigation was begun in 1837 by Lieutenant (later, General) Robert E. Lee, of the Engineers, U. S. A., at St. Louis, Missouri. During the Civil War work was suspended, and at its close the levees were in bad condition. Again the Federal Government investigated, and in 1869 General Humphreys and Major Abbot submitted further reports. In 1874 a board of military and civil engineers was directed to report

on a permanent plan for the reclamation of the alluvial basin of the Mississippi subject to inundation. This board reported: That a resort to cut-offs would be dangerous and useless; that the diversion of tributaries would be impracticable; that reservoirs for impounding flood waters would be impracticable for lack of proper size; that artificial outlets would be dangerous and impracticable; and that levees constituted the only practicable plan.

By the Act of June 28, 1879, Congress provided for the creation of a Mississippi River Commission of seven members, to form such "plans and estimates as will correct, permanently locate and deepen the channel and protect the banks of the Mississippi River; improve and give safety and ease to the navigation thereof; prevent destructive floods; promote and facilitate commerce, trade and the postal service." The commission has been in existence and actively engaged in its duties since that date. The original commission consisted of Colonels Q. A. Gillmore, C. B. Comstock and C. R. Suter, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army; Professor Henry Mitchell, U. S. Coast Survey; and Captain James B. Eads, Major B. M. Herrod and General Benjamin Harrison (later President) from civil life. Changes in the membership have been made from time to time and the list includes many well known engineers.

In addition to the studies and work enumerated above, committees of Congress from time to time have held extended hearings on the various phases of the problem in which representatives of various interested communities and of commercial bodies as well as private individuals have been encouraged to present their views at length, and the technical periodicals of the country have published numerous articles on the subject, so that all the phases of the problem have been presented and widely discussed.

It is a significant fact that all these studies have led to but one conclusion—that for protection against floods, reliance must be placed on a system of levees, assisted by a complete protection of the river banks against erosion, together with the use of the Atchafalaya River as an outlet for a limited portion of the flood waters.

II

The section of the Mississippi River between the mouth of the Ohio River and the Gulf of Mexico is known as the lower river, and it is in this section that the problem of the Mississippi is found. Here the river flows through bottom lands averaging forty miles in width between the foothills which limit the thalweg (valley) of the river, and about six hundred miles long, from north to south.

Running water has the faculty of carrying with it in suspension a quantity of silt, the amount of which varies with the velocity of the current. When the velocity of flow lessens, some of this silt is deposited. After the bottom lands had reached a certain elevation, at low water the river traversed them in a definite bed. Then when the river was in flood, the silt laden waters spread beyond this bed. The overflow water had its velocity lessened and deposits were made, in greatest amount just beyond the low water banks. As a result, these bottom lands slope down laterally from the river, falling seven feet in the first mile and about six inches to the mile beyond that limit. Their slope downward to the Gulf of Mexico is at an average rate of about eight inches to the mile. The river at low water thus runs in a trough along a crest line of the bottom lands.

As might be expected, since the banks and bed of the river are made up of materials deposited by the river, these materials are easily subject to erosion and movement by the waters. This action through the years has caused the river channel to be a series of bends, or open loops. Each loop increases the length of the channel and decreases the slope and the consequent velocity of flow, until today the low water slope and velocity of flow reflect a delicate balance between the current velocity and the resisting power of the banks. In the loops the current is thrown by centrifugal force against the concave banks, raising the water level and causing erosion. The filaments of water along these banks move in a spiral course down and across the river bottom to the opposite bank, carrying with them some of the eroded material. The concave bank is thus kept steep while the convex bank is built out and has a more gentle slope.

At the point between two bends where the concave shore of one loop reverses its curvature to become the convex shore of the next loop, the waters spread, and a portion of the materials carried in suspension, or pushed along the bottom, is deposited and a bar is formed. Such a point is termed a crossing. The course of the river is thus a series of pools and bars. At low water the average depth between Cairo and the mouth of the Red River is from 31½ to 48½ feet, with a minimum channel depth over the bars of 8 feet. The average slope of the surface is about 0.4 inches a mile. Between the mouth of the Red River and New Orleans, the average low water depth is 84 feet and the average surface slope is 0.02 inches a mile. Below New Orleans, the slope of the river is affected by the tides of the Gulf of Mexico, which have a range of 1.2 feet.

The low water discharge of the river at Columbus, Ky., twenty miles below Cairo, is 71,000 feet a second; at Vicksburg, Miss., 97,000 feet a second; and at New Orleans, 135,000 feet a second. In 1926 the Mississippi River Commission reported the following maximum recorded discharges: Columbus, Ky., 2,015,000 feet a second; Vicksburg, 1,826,000 feet a second; and at New Orleans, 1,358,000 feet a second. At the rate of discharge at Columbus, Ky., given for the highest flood of record in 1926, the volume of water passing in 4.8 hours is sufficient to cover to a depth of one foot an area equal to that of the State of Rhode Island.

The advance of a river flood is marked by an increase of current velocity and erosion, and in the volume of sediment, partly in suspension in the water and partly pushed along the bottom. The low water channels over the bars become obliterated and the flood waters form their own channels. After the crest of the flood has passed, the current velocity decreases and there is an increase in the deposit of sediment. As the water falls, the low water channels over the bars are gradually cut out and the river bed readjusts itself to the low water conditions. During floods the increase of depth over the bars is not measured by the amount of rise of the water surface. Up to a flood stage of twenty feet, at least, for each foot of rise of the surface there is an elevation of the bottom of six inches. This disappears before the

low water channel conditions have been regained. The widespread belief that the bed of the Mississippi has been gradually elevated under the influence of the levees has been proved to be erroneous.

The amount of soil moved by the river is enormous. In 1909 it was officially reported that the waters of the Mississippi River had to take care of a volume of materials amounting to 1,250,000,000 cubic yards annually, a volume equivalent to a mass one mile square and almost 1,200 feet high. A portion of this is left in newly built-up banks of the river and a portion (300,000,000 cubic yards) is carried in suspension and pushed along the river bottom into the Gulf of Mexico.

III

The problem of the Mississippi as it is presented to the engineers is threefold. The first to be met successfully was the improvement of the mouth of the river so as to obtain and maintain a deep channel of entrance and exit for the port of New Orleans. This portion of the problem has been satisfactorily solved by the construction of the jetty channels through the South and Southwest Passes. Before improvement, the limiting channel depth in the Passes was nine feet, while today the limiting channel depths through the South and Southwest Passes are 33 feet and 38 feet, respectively, with safe channel widths.

The second of the problems has been to create and maintain a channel suitable for navigation by river boats and barges between St. Louis and New Orleans during the low water stage of the river. The third is that of flood control. These two are closely interrelated. If the flood waters are left free to act as they will, no one can predict from year to year where the next year's low water channel will be found, nor what will be the least depth in the bars. Under such conditions, a river port of one year may find itself inland the next, and river carriers may have to be tied up indefinitely at wharves by reason of insufficient depths over the bars. It was this condition in the past which made the river so uncertain a pathway as to prevent its carriers from competing with the railways, and killed the river commerce.

The solution of this phase of the general problem has been in

confining the low water discharge of the river to a definite channel by works which could be overflowed during the flood season without destruction, and which, when uncovered, would again confine the river water to a definite path; in revetting caving banks; in assisting and hastening the formation of the low water channels after floods by dredging; and in confining the flood waters by levees. The works for limiting and defining the low water channel widths are so devised as to cause the river itself to build up new banks from the sediment it carries. As soon as these new banks are built to a height above the ordinary high water stage, they become covered by a growth of willows, and thereafter are practically permanent in position. The river regulation works are not yet complete, but, aided by a comparatively small amount of dredging annually, they maintain a limiting low water channel depth of nine feet through the lower river, and of eight feet in the middle river between St. Louis and Cairo, with but very short periods of interruption. The commerce of the river has been revived and the United States barge line between St. Louis and Cairo has more freight offered for transportation both north and south than it can accommodate, carried profitably at rates twenty per cent. less than the corresponding rates by rail.

IV

The floods of the Mississippi are caused by excessive rainfall. Winds from the southeast cause rainfall in the Mississippi Valley and the valleys of its tributaries flowing from the west. Winds from the southwest cause rains in the valleys of the tributaries from the east. These moisture laden winds drop the greater part of their burden near the coast, the amount of rainfall diminishing as the distance from the coast increases. The average annual rainfall at New Orleans is 57.5 inches; at Memphis, 50.3 inches; at St. Louis, 37.2 inches; at St. Paul, 29.6 inches; at Cincinnati, 38.2 inches; at Pittsburgh, 36.5 inches; and at Bismarck, N. D., 17.5 inches. At the headwaters of the Mississippi, the mean annual rainfall is reported to be 25 inches, and at the headwaters of the Missouri, 13 inches.

The volume of water reaching a stream after a rain is termed

the run-off, and the rate of run-off from a given territory for a given depth of rainfall will vary markedly. If the soil is porous and dry the rate is lowered. If the surface is impervious, due to a coating of ice or to being watersoaked by earlier rains, the rate is increased. To the surface run-off is added later the water reaching the streams through sub-surface flow.

The floods of the Mississippi are caused by floods in its tributaries. Col. Townsend, President of the Mississippi River Commission from 1912 to 1920, gives the estimated maximum discharges in feet a second of the principal tributaries as follows: upper Mississippi River, 450,000; the Missouri, 900,000; the Ohio, 1,400,000; the Arkansas, 450,000; and the Red, 220,000. There is also a large flood discharge from the Yazoo, St. Francis, White, Tensas and Ouachita rivers. When the flood waters of any tributary reach the main stream at a normal low stage, the river channel can take care of them without overflow. However, when two or more tributary floods are superposed, the channel capacity is not great enough and the excess waters spread beyond the banks.

The ordinary volume of flow in the Mississippi varies greatly through the year. The low season usually is from August to December. From January to March the river is at a medium stage. Flood conditions usually are found between March and July.

The various means which have been proposed for the better control of floods comprise reforestation; straightening the river by cut-offs; levees, with bank protection; reservoirs; spillways; and outlets. All of these measures have had ardent advocates and all have been thoroughly discussed and considered.

V

A full discussion of the influence of forests on climates and on floods, by Willis L. Moore, then Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, was published in 1909. In this discussion Dr. Moore reviewed the mass of available data, including the records of the Weather Bureau. His conclusions may be summarized as follows: Forestation has little or no effect on rainfall; during the period in which accurate observations have been made, the

amount of rainfall has not increased or decreased to any appreciable extent; floods are caused by excessive rainfall and the source of the rain over the central and eastern points of the United States is the vapor borne by the warm southerly winds from the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent ocean into the interior of the country, but little crossing the Rocky Mountains from the Pacific; the watershed of the headwaters of streams is comparatively small and the run-off is insufficient to cause floods other than locally in the mountain streams; the run-off of the rivers is not materially affected by any factor other than rainfall; high waters are not higher nor low waters lower than formerly—in fact, there appears to be a tendency in late years toward a slightly better low water flow in summer; floods are not of greater frequency and longer duration than formerly.

Other careful investigators in our own country, as well as abroad, notably Colonels Burr, Chittenden and Townsend in the United States, have reached the same conclusions.

The overwhelming weight of authority is to the effect that reforestation, when possible, is highly desirable for many reasons, but that it would have but little effect, if any, on flood control.

It has been suggested that if cut-offs were made between bends, when these bends markedly increase the length of the river and thus decrease the slope, the velocity of the flood currents would be so increased that flood heights would be lessened. Experience has shown, however, that though such an effect is produced in the reach of the river immediately above the cut-off, it is but temporary, and the relief above is more than offset by increased injury below. In a cut-off which occurred from natural causes in 1884, the length of the river was reduced by 12½ miles. The river at once began the work of restoring its former slope and by 1895 had regained a length of five miles, with a great destruction of valuable agricultural land. As a result of this and of other similar experiences, the engineers responsible for the improvement of the river and for the control of its floods make every effort to revet the caving banks when new cut-offs threaten to occur. Were unlimited funds available for river regulation, it might be practicable and somewhat advantageous

to shorten the river channel at one or two points where today the slope is much below the average, but the general effect on flood heights would be too small to justify the expenditures and risks attendant on such an attempt. Engineers experienced in the river work condemn a resort to cut-offs.

The volume of soil falling into the Mississippi annually has already been stated. The breaking down of the banks occurs during all stages of the river. At low stages where the current impinges upon it, the bank is eroded and undermined, resulting in the fall of the upper bank and the formation of a new bank slope. If, during low water, the upper portion of the bank has dried out and the slope of the bank is steep, during the succeeding flood period the upper bank becomes water soaked and when the water level lowers and the bank is no longer supported in part by the pressure of the water, the water soaked front of the bank breaks off and slumps into the low water channel. Another cause of bank failure is when a large mass of earth material rests upon a layer of quicksand or of very soft material. After a flood has passed, the soft layer may be squeezed out into the river channel by the superincumbent weight, or the soft material may be carried into the river by the drainage through it of water which has seeped through the surface soil further inland. In each case the result is a sinking of the river bank. On the lower river, sinking banks have been found where the drop has been fully 20 feet for nearly a mile up and down stream and with a width of several hundred feet. In other cases a large mass of material may rest upon a smooth inclined surface of rock or other slippery material. If this surface becomes coated with water, due to seepage from the surface after a heavy rain, the superincumbent mass may slide down the slope until it is arrested by some obstacle or falls into the river channel.

Any bank failure causes a new irregularity in the shore line and produces increased erosion; causing increased bar formation, and, in the loops, a danger of the formation of cut-offs. In addition to the loss of arable land, failing banks cause the precipitation into the river of trees, which become snags, dangerous to navigation; the destruction of levees and other structures built too close to the shore; as well as adding to the work which

the river must do to keep its channel clear for the passage of its waters.

Bank protection has always been considered as one of the requisites in the treatment of the river. In addition to its necessity for other reasons, the protection of the banks of the Mississippi and of its tributaries would increase the capacity of the river channel to carry off the excess flood waters, and would diminish flood crest heights by keeping out of the channel a great portion of the billion and a quarter cubic yards of soil moved by the river each year.

VI

Levees have been used for centuries in Asia and Europe for the confinement of flood waters. The first levee along the Mississippi, in 1717, had a height of about four feet. Today the height of the levees protecting New Orleans is over twenty feet, but less than 25.2 feet, the height recommended in 1914 by the Mississippi River Commission as necessary to confine a flood equal to that of 1912.

The increase in the height of the floods is easy to understand. Before the settlement of the Mississippi Valley the flood waters in excess of the bank-full channel capacity were able to spread over an area approximately 600 miles long by thirty to fifty miles wide, consisting in great part of fertile, arable land. The overflow waters drained from these lands gradually. The duration of high water stages was prolonged, with a lower height of the flood crest. In measure as the lands were brought under cultivation, additional levees were built. For many years levees were built first by individuals and later under State authorities, the cost being met by the sale of the reclaimed swamp lands and by local taxation.

After 1882 the General Government participated in Mississippi levee construction, and after 1887 the allotment and control of United States funds made available for levee construction was in the hands of the Mississippi River Commission under the proviso that for a levee in any locality the local interests must contribute one-third of the cost. In 1914, the Commission adopted a scale for levee heights between Cairo and the Gulf

in which, for each locality, the height of the jetty was determined by adding three feet to the estimated height at that point which would be reached by confined flood waters of the greatest flood then on record. The increase in flood height, in part due to the extension of the levee system, is indicated by the record of the maximum gauge readings at Vicksburg, Mississippi, for the various high flood years, viz.: 1858, 46.9; 1897, 52; 1912, 51.6; 1922, 54.8; 1927, 58.7.

The levee system of the Mississippi extends from Rock Island to below New Orleans, and along the lower waters of a number of the tributaries, and in length aggregated in 1925, 1,833.8 miles. The system was then reported as 86.8 per cent completed.

Between 1882 and 1926 the following amounts have been expended in levee work:

By the United States from Government funds	$67,760,000
By the United States from contributed funds	13,189,000
By State and local organizations	147,972,000
Total	$228,921,000

The existing levee system cannot be looked upon as the result of a prearranged and well coördinated project, since a large portion of the levees were designed, located and built under different and independent authorities. Each year has witnessed some losses due to abandonment, or to destruction by the river. In 1926 the loss totalled about 3,300,000 cubic yards. Failure of the levees may arise from various causes. The levee cross-section may be too weak to withstand the pressure. The levee may slump when water-soaked, due to weakness or the erosion of the underlying bank, or due to the poor quality of the material of which it was built. A leak may be produced by a stratum of permeable materials, or by a hole made by a muskrat or other burrowing animal. The levees may be over-topped by the flood waters or by waves from passing steamboats. Whatever the initial cause may be, prompt action is required, for a flow across or through a levee once started increases rapidly and soon causes a crevasse.

VII

The flood of 1927 was caused by the unusually heavy rainfall in the valley of the river in March and April. The crest of a flood out of the Ohio and middle Mississippi had practically reached Cairo when excessive rains occurred during the week ending April 17, during which more than fourteen inches of rain fell in New Orleans in thirty-six hours, and the fall in Memphis and Little Rock was six to eight inches. So that the crest of floods of the White and Arkansas rivers arrived at Arkansas City on the Mississippi River at almost the same time as the crest of the flood from Cairo. At Cairo this flood was already 1.5 feet higher than any previously recorded and the junction of the floods caused an unprecedented rise along the lower river.

From records of previous floods it had been estimated that flood control plans must be such as would take care of a discharge of about 2,000,000 cubic feet a second. The Chief of Engineers now estimates that future projects must be such as will provide for a flow of 2,500,000 feet a second.

In 1927 the flood caused twelve crevasses in the levees of the main river below Cairo, which had an aggregate length of about five miles; three in the Arkansas; and several in the Red River and Atchafalaya systems, and caused the flooding of 18,000 of the 30,000 square miles of land protected by them. From the official report on the causes of the crevasses, it is found that two, and possibly three, were caused by caving banks; five were in levees below grade which were overflowed; one was cut by direct erosion; in three cases, leaks developed, causing slumps; at one the levee was accidentally rammed by a heavy vessel and broke; the remainder occurred in levees not designed to withstand so great a flood.

VIII

The fact is beyond dispute that by the use of reservoirs the run-off from the watershed above them can be regulated. In Minnesota the reservoirs at the headwaters of the Mississippi which have a combined area of 516 square miles, receive the run-off from a watershed of 3,800 square miles and have a

capacity of 93,000,000,000 cubic feet. The effect of these reservoirs is not felt below Lake Pepin, fifty-two miles below St. Paul. A system of reservoirs has been proposed for the headwaters of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. Such a system would undoubtedly protect Pittsburgh against floods, but would not affect appreciably the flood heights of the Mississippi. The same conclusion holds for reservoirs at the headwaters of the Missouri and of its tributaries.

The Chief of Engineers has stated that "in the flood of 1913, if all the water flowing past Pittsburgh on the Ohio, all that flowing past St. Paul on the Mississippi, and all that flowing past Sioux City on the Missouri, had been held back by reservoirs, the flood waters south of Cairo would have been reduced by only two per cent."

The flood waters of the Mississippi which must be controlled come from rainfall on the territory along the main body of the river and those of its tributaries. During the flood of 1897 the river was above the bank-full stage at Cairo from March 1 to April 27. During this period the volume of flow in excess of what the channel could accommodate amounted to 2,236,550,000,000 cubic feet. Colonel Stickney, Member of the Mississippi River Commission, reported that to store this volume of water would require a reservoir capacity equal to an area of 8,022.5 square miles and 10 feet deep. In 1913, Colonel Townsend, President of the Mississippi River Commission, stated: "To have retained the Mississippi flood of 1912 within its banks would have required a reservoir in the vicinity of Cairo, Illinois, having an area of 7,000 square miles, slightly less than that of the State of New Jersey, and a depth of 15 feet, assuming that it would be empty when the river attained a bank-full stage."

It is thus evident that if excessive floods in the lower Mississippi are to be prevented by the storage of excess flood waters, this storage must be effected either by a reservoir of enormous capacity below Cairo, or by similar reservoirs on the lower Missouri and Ohio rivers. Such reservoirs must be so constructed as to receive the excess flood waters and hold them until the river has fallen to such a stage as to make its channel able to carry their discharge without overflow. The reservoirs must

be empty when the flood approaches. This last condition is one which makes it difficult for a reservoir to fulfill the double function of flood control and of being a source of water power. The existing reservoirs at the headwaters of the Mississippi River were built for the purpose of providing an additional depth of water in the river above St. Paul, Minnesota, during the low water season, for purposes of navigation. All flowage rights around them had been secured by the United States. But during the period when the writer was in authority over them, each year there was a conflict of interests over the period of storage and the time and rate of their discharge. A power company operating on the river demanded a constant discharge. Farmers located around the reservoirs demanded an early emptying of the reservoirs in order that they might obtain a hay crop from the lands overflowed when the reservoirs were full. Navigation interests demanded the storage of the waters until the period of summer low water.

Reservoirs for flood control, to be effective, must be used for flood control irrespective of losses in power production or in agriculture. Under the conditions, a project to control the Mississippi floods by means of artificial reservoirs along the main river or its tributaries would prove both difficult and costly.

It was the very fact that the fertile bottoms along the Mississippi were much desired for agricultural use that caused the destruction of the natural storage reservoirs which formerly existed along the lower river, viz., the St. Francis basin, having an area of 6,706 square miles; the Yazoo Basin, with an area of 6,648 square miles; the White River basin, 956 square miles; and the Tensas, with 5,370 square miles.

Since 1897, levee construction has gone on continuously under the pressing demands of the people of the Mississippi Valley. In so far as known to the writer, no demand has yet been made for the restoration of the natural storage reservoirs along the lower river to their original condition of periodical overflows. The desire has been to hold fast to the rich protected basins and find some other means of controlling the Mississippi floods.

IX

A spillway for flood control is a long waste-weir built along the bank of a river for the purpose of carrying off a portion of the river flow after the river surface has risen to a certain height. It is usually supplied with movable gates or a movable dam along its crest for the regulation of the volume taken from the river. It feeds into a channel or pool from which the water is led away by an artificial channel, or it may feed into a storage reservoir. In any case the dam or levee on which the spillway is built, as well as the receiving channel, must be carefully protected against erosion by the flow of the diverted water. Spillways have been built along the upper Sacramento River to control the volume of flood flow. An outlet is simply a deep spillway.

It is evident that excepting when used in connection with a storage reservoir, spillways and outlets can be resorted to for the control of the Mississippi floods only where it is possible to form for the diverted waters an outlet into the Gulf of Mexico distinct from the mouths of the Mississippi. It is also evident that such an outlet cannot be made north of the northern boundary of Louisiana without a very great outlay.

The Pearl River flows through the middle of the State of Mississippi, east of and generally parallel to the Mississippi River. The shortest distance between the two rivers is a little over fifty miles. It would be physically possible to build a channel between them as an outlet, but it is doubtful if such a project would prove advisable from an economic standpoint. Similarly a connection might be made between the Arkansas and Red Rivers, with the Atchafalaya as an outlet. The Atchafalaya now forms an outlet. At one time the Red River entered into the Mississippi River at the western end of a deep bend or loop of the latter river. The Bayou Atchafalaya had its head close by the Red River mouth. Later the Mississippi made a cut-off across the east end of the loop, leaving the mouth of the Red and the head of the Atchafalaya joined to the Mississippi by a short reach of channel known as Old River. The ordinary discharge of the Red found its way to the Gulf through the Atchafalaya. Flood waters of the Red at times passed through

Old River to the Mississippi, and flood waters of the Mississippi, conversely, at times passed through Old River to the Atchafalaya. The channel of Old River silted badly, and some years ago the question of closing it completely was seriously considered. The distance to the Gulf from the mouth of Old River is less than by way of the Mississippi, and it was feared that in some heavy flood period the Mississippi would abandon its own channel and cut a course to the Gulf through the Atchafalaya. It was then determined to maintain and deepen Old River, but to limit the volume of flow entering the Atchafalaya. Other outlets formerly existed along the west shore of the Mississippi, south of the Red, through bayous. These have all been closed. Outlets on the east side to Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne have also been considered and rejected. The crevasse in the east bank levee below New Orleans made during 1927 by the State of Louisiana now makes an outlet into Lake Borgne and the Gulf. The entire subject has been under study by the Engineer Department of the Army for some months, and a report will be submitted to Congress at its next session. Regarding the problem, General Jadwin, Chief of Engineers, has recently said:

> The need for a revision of the Government project rests primarily on the following propositions: First this flood has shown that protection must be furnished throughout against greater floods than those which existing works were expected to meet even if all works contemplated by the present authorization had been completed; second, levees necessary for the protection of this great endangered region and not heretofore under the government jurisdiction should be brought thereunder; third, the problem is now manifestly national; fourth, the percentage of participation of the heavily taxed districts must be reduced; fifth, the law should be so modified that the Government shall have sufficient definite authority promptly to locate the works where the soundest engineering indicates they should be built, whether this involves larger levees, some strengthened and spaced farther apart, or spillways or reservoirs, or a combination of all these structures.
>
> The waters concerned come from a great variety of States and inflict their damage primarily on a limited number—some seven: at the same time we have an abiding confidence in the disposition of the country at large to treat all of its citizens fairly and to recognize that so great a threat hanging over the heads of seven sovereign States is in reality a threat and a challenge to the entire Nation. It is less serious only than war itself, and must be met squarely and without delay by the Nation as a whole.

TOO MUCH DEMOCRACY

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

In a prosperous and enlightened community the forms and processes of government matter very little. When, on the other hand, the community is poor, when the economic struggle is desperate, when men can become rich only at the expense of their neighbors and the "snatchers" and the "snatched from" seek, the ones to acquire and the others to hold, with every weapon they can lay hands on, then the practise of government becomes vastly important and the theory of government a subject of general concern.

An exhaustive review of the subject inevitably leads us to the conclusion that national poverty and Democracy, like crabbed age and youth, cannot live together. When taxes are high and incomes small, then there is talk of a dictator—naturally, since dictators are the cheapest form of government a nation can have. When there is plenty of money and plenty of work, when enterprise is in the air and the standard of living tends to rise, then Democracy—a system of government which enables anybody who cannot or will not work to earn an honest livelihood as a politician—tends to assert itself.

But nations have their ups and downs, and the proverbial "three generations from clogs to clogs" is not confined to the weaving shed. "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey," says the poet, "when wealth accumulates and men decay;" and the first symptom of decay in man, who was intended by Nature to be an individualist, red in tooth and claw, is that he embraces democratic principles.

But what is Democracy? asks the reader; determined that before he permits himself to be seduced into a fundamental controversy we shall each know what the other is talking about. I reply that, as the farmer said when he saw the hippopotamus, "there ain't no such an animal." Democracy is a relative term,

like whiskey. You remember that the Scotchman said that some whiskey was better than others, but there was no bad whiskey. Some forms of government are more democratic than others. An oligarchy is more democratic than an autocracy. A constitutional system involving adult suffrage is more democratic, *ceteris paribus*, than one with a property qualification, and one which includes the Referendum and Initiative is more democratic than one which has neither.

There is not and never has been a pure democracy, and there never will be. Even if it were possible to devise a workable system under which all the people made all the laws all the time, it would still be necessary to entrust the functions of the executive to individuals who, however hedged about by laws and restrictions, would still have to do a lot of things that a great many people objected to. So when we use the word "Democracy", as in the title of this article, we simply mean a constitutional system in which a relatively large number of people have a finger in the governmental pie. How difficult it is to carry the matter further is seen when we consider the definitions of Democracy that have been propounded by men who should have known better. Lincoln called it "government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people". All governments are *of* the people and profess to be *for* the people. The earmark of Democracy is government (theoretically) *by* the people. The more cautious English jurisprudent, Austin, defined a democratic system of government as one in which "the will of the people *ultimately* prevails". What difference is there between a constitutional system in which the will of the people ultimately prevails—of course by constitutional methods—and one in which it not merely prevails at a pinch but is consulted every time there is a law to be passed or an executive act to be performed? A vast difference, obviously. The former is not Democracy at all. It may be a permissive despotism, such as Signor Mussolini exercises. It may be bureaucracy whose activities are just a shade less expensive and troublesome than would be the effort involved in replacing it by something else.

It is not by considering what Democracy means, but what government means and what "the people" means, that we shall well and truly lay the foundation of our argument. Government

is easily defined. It is the direction, by law or by executive action, of the actions of the individual for the benefit of the community. To the extent that the citizen is so directed, his liberty is curtailed. To the extent that he is left to do as he pleases, he enjoys the priceless boon of liberty. But in between doing as one pleases and doing what someone else commands lies a third position. What of the citizen who has instructed somebody else to order him to do things he does not wish to do, for his own benefit? Is his liberty curtailed? Obviously it is, unless he can promptly revoke the authority to give the order and refuse to obey it *uno ictu*. Democracy has nowhere yet reached that pitch of completeness, but there is no reason, apart from considerations of time and space, why it should not. Already we have the spectacle of the American people enacting Prohibition by a thoroughly democratic recourse to the ballot box, and immediately thereafter violating and defying, not in ones and twos but *en masse*, the law they have just made.

The metaphysical question here involved does not really call for an answer, because it can never be definitely established that a particular democrat has or has not delegated to another the power to control his liberty of action until such time as he shall think fit to revoke that power. Democracy does not envisage each man as being a law to himself, directly or by delegating his authority to another, but as being a law to everybody else. In a word it embraces fundamentally that sublime institution, the Tyranny of the Fifty-One Per Cent.

In support of this conception, not one single cogent argument can be advanced. Unable to explain it on reasonable grounds, Montesquieu propounded the Social Contract theory, which supposes the individual, at some remote stage of civilization, to have agreed to surrender his own complete liberty of action in return for the protection and coöperation of the crowd. No such thing happened or could have happened. Communal civilization developed under the ægis of the Big Stick. Supreme at first by virtue of his individual prowess, the Tyrant soon came to rule with the assistance of others. His was in fact a tyranny of fifty-one per cent. of the common denominator of numbers, arms, organization, character and determination. His Prætorians or

feudal barons or two-sword men would say to themselves, "We are really supreme; but as long as the Tyrant does our bidding, we will not dethrone him." Then, as the people became better organized and more united, they in turn said, "We are really supreme. We can kick out the Tyrant and his Prætorians and feudal barons and two-sword men whenever we have a mind to, but as long as they make successful wars and administer justice and do not tax us too heavily, we will let them bide." And here and there, just to show who was top dog, they revolted and made the Tyrant toe the line, whereof Magna Charta is the most famous example. Later they carried the thing a step further. With civilization becoming daily more complicated, they discovered that they could do with much more government *for* the people and less government *of* the people (for the benefit of the Tyrant and his friends) than a monarch with no constitutional strings round his leg was likely to give them. So the ballot box came into the picture, but there has been no uniformity in its use. America chooses a fresh Tyrant every four years, supplies him with hand-picked legislators, but otherwise leaves him pretty much of a tyrant. Britain keeps an hereditary Tyrant but has transferred all his power to his advisers, whom it replaces whenever it thinks they are getting too fresh or going to sleep on their jobs.

In thus replacing the one tyrant by the many, society has done itself no good. For a despot is occasionally a wise and benevolent despot and as such endows the State with laws and institutions and sows the seeds of learning and fosters creative genius to an extent that a whole series of stupid and vicious tyrants can only partly annul. But the Tyrant Demos has no inspiration. When it is emotional it does infinite harm (in which case it refers to itself as "the mob"), and when it is feeling high-minded it is, for reasons I shall make plain, even more of a nuisance. The fifty-one per cent. is at its best when it is apathetic—like a boa constrictor—which fortunately it often is. Its one redeeming feature is a sort of shrewd instinct, which enables it to detect and gainsay the ineptitudes of those it entrusts with power when they do not coincide with its own.

There are two outstanding objections to Democracy or Government by Counting Noses. In the first place the fifty-one per

cent. and the forty-nine per cent. are never the same, so that no *modus vivendi* or compromise can be arrived at between majority and minority. A permanent majority always has some consideration for the minority. A political majority is ruthless because its business is to deliver a knock-out blow to a political minority and disappear. Majority and minority are never quite the same, but the result is the same. For the few are wiser than the many, and the process results in a composite victory of folly over wisdom.

Secondly, though the fifty-one per cent. theoretically rule the roost, they, being politically apathetic, are easily made use of by the politically energetic, who are either professional politicians or cranks, the latter being, of course, infinitely the more harmful of the two, because they are usually to be found committing fundamental assaults on nature and truth from what appear to be the highest moral motives.

At this point we must pause to note one important thing. Democracy is least harmful when the democrats are most ignorant. It only becomes really impossible when the people are reasonably sophisticated, politically alert, and sufficiently educated to have opinions on everything but not enough to have sound opinions on very much. An ignorant and debased proletariat will commit occasional excesses, but normally it refrains from political activity out of sheer incompetence, leaving the business of governing and law making to those whom it has appointed for that purpose. The politician class, whether it be professional, as in America, or amateur, as in Britain, is generally pretty astute, with the result that while powerful "interests" do not suffer, government on the whole is conducted on safe, sane and conservative lines.

Of course, if the leaders happen to be stupid or fanatical, even more harm is done than if the people took matters into their own hands. An illuminating example of this is furnished by the prolonged coal strike in Britain in 1926. The miners would have gone back to work within a few days on the terms finally accepted, but their leaders, one of whom happened to be a Bolshevik and the other an obstinate fathead, counselled otherwise and the miners said, "We pays b——s to do job. Let b——s get on with

it!" and patiently stayed away from the pits until told to go back.

When the general standard of intelligence is high, Democracy becomes impossible. Let us rather put it in another way and say that between a community having a comparatively low order of intelligence, no education and no political sophistication, and a nation of intellectuals,—which has never existed but if it did could accommodate itself to any form of government or none at all,—there lies a point at which Democracy is impossible because the people are too enterprising and active minded to let others do their political thinking for them, and still too ignorant and narrow to do their own political thinking with success.

Of all the democratic peoples the United States alone has reached this point, and it is the United States that alone presents the spectacle of Democracy as a gigantic failure. A crisis in national affairs generally stimulates a flight from Democracy. We have seen it in Italy, in Turkey, in Spain, in Poland and elsewhere. It is in the United States that we shall see, if anywhere, the flight from Democracy deliberately undertaken by a nation seeking, in a moment of vision though not of emergency, to replace an unworkable and unworthy system of government by a better one.

There is no country in the world where the fifty-one per cent. interferes with the liberty of the forty-nine per cent. so often or so fundamentally as in the United States. More inhibitory laws are annually placed on its statute books, State and Federal, than on all the statute books of Europe together. Theoretically, these inhibitory laws represent the desires of the majorityof the people —who are presumed to inherit from their Puritan forbears a mania for making each other be good by numbers. Actually they are the work of a few cranks and fanatics, enthusiastic, well organized and well supplied with money—since Big Business is always on the side of the inhibitionists—and as active as the mass of the electorate is apathetic. As new and unwanted laws have multiplied, respect for the law as such has weakened and a high premium has been placed upon the arts of the lawyers skilled in defeating the law. While leading the world in the number and variety of its legal inhibitions, the United States also leads it in

the number and variety of its criminals and the ease with which they elude detection and arrest.

These difficulties are enhanced by the Federal system. Half a hundred legislatures, half a hundred executives, half a hundred judiciaries—what an intolerable waste of money and effort and time! And for what? An American is an American wherever you meet him. To the European he is an astonishingly constant type. No questions of orthodoxy separate Maine from California, no geographical considerations, expressed in terms of economic interests and through them embodied in laws of a widely divergent character, distinguish Arkansas from Tennessee or Texas from Vermont. If New York and Oregon, or Alabama and Michigan, were to exchange legislatures, laws, judiciaries and executives tomorrow, ninety-nine per cent. of the citizens of each State would never know the difference. But while the United States is becoming more of a political and economic and social unit with every year that passes, the multiple-state system effectively prevents any sane unity of moral and intellectual ideals by enabling the cranks and fanatics to achieve their inhibitory aims piecemeal and by giving the inhibited citizen fifty codes of law that he can flout and despise instead of one that he must respect.

These things do not at present seem to trouble Americans very much. They are too busy becoming more prosperous, more industrious and, along certain limited lines, more civilized. But if they ever get all the money they can use, or if they become poor and have to economise, they will surely sit back and ask themselves whether their present political system, with its freak laws, its graft and corruption, its ten thousand murders a year, its lynchings, its universal bootlegging, and its universal contempt for the law,—all directly attributable not to human but to Constitutional weaknesses,—is worthy of the greatest, the richest and in many respects the most civilized people in the world.

What they will do, having asked this question and answered it in the negative, remains to be seen. Certainly they will abolish the Federal system, which is not of the slightest use, replacing all the local legislatures with an all-powerful Congress. All laws but those of the United States, suitably enlarged, will be repealed, and all State judiciaries and executives will be incorporated into

what are now the Federal Executive and Judiciary. They will take the judiciary completely out of politics and abolish the jury system, which has proved a hopeless failure everywhere but in England and has been tolerably satisfactory there only because of the complete moral control which the judge has over the jury.

They will make the Presidency a life appointment (power to remove him on impeachment for misconduct being reserved to a two-thirds majority of both Houses of Congress), because the present four years term is wasteful and highly detrimental to the even tenor of the nation's economic way. The President will also be given power to dissolve Congress or at any rate the House of Representatives in the event of a bill which in his opinion the electorate would not endorse being passed over his veto. All permanent public officials will be placed under what I believe is known in the United States as the Civil Service Commission. If they have become really wise the American people will abolish the Senate as at present constituted and replace it with a small Upper Chamber of legislative experts appointed for life from a post-graduate College of Statecraft, as members of which they will have devoted a number of years to study or to the practical work of diplomacy, arbitration and so forth.

It is possible that by the time the United States people are ready to make even such superficial changes as these, the world's political and economic ideas will have undergone a further change. New political forms of which we have no conception may have been devised. The only thing certain is that the American people cannot go on as they are, or they will soon be burning each other at the stake for not believing in the personal Devil.

It may also be urged that America will never abolish nose-counting from its politics. That may well be; and desirable as more drastic changes might be, those above outlined as not merely possible but probable do not, it will be observed, assail the fundamental principle. They merely change the political machinery so as to make it difficult if not impossible for the fifty-one per cent. to be continually poking their noses into the forty-nine per cent.'s affairs. To do that, in this age of collectivism and paternalism and Socialism and Communism and every other sort of "ism", is to do a lot.

VOICES ACROSS THE SEA

BY BANCROFT GHERARDI

I

On the morning of January 7, 1927, commercial telephone service was opened between New York and London by a conversation between Walter S. Gifford, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Sir G. Evelyn P Murray, Secretary of the British Post Office Department. At 8:45 A.M., New York time, Mr. Gifford removed his telephone receiver from the hook and asked for Sir Evelyn at the British Post Office in London. One minute later, at 1:46 P.M., London time, Sir Evelyn answered this telephone call, and after mutual greetings, they dedicated the service to the use of the public. This simple ceremony was a milestone in the progress of communication through the spoken word. It marked the establishment of telephonic communication between the Old World and the New.

At rapid intervals thereafter, the service was extended westward throughout the United States and throughout England, Scotland and Wales, and today any one of the 17,000,000 telephones of the Bell Telephone System in the United States, as well as the telephones in Cuba, may connect with any one of the 1,400,000 telephones of the British Post Office System. Service between Great Britain and the principal cities of Eastern Canada was opened through the London and New York connection on October 3.

The difference in local time between the two ends of any telephone conversation over the transatlantic connection is a constant reminder to every user of this service of the substantial part of the earth which is spanned by it. The New York businessman who, immediately on arriving at his office in the morning, calls his London correspondent, finds the latter has just returned from his lunch. Even more marked is this in the case of com-

nunications between the Pacific Coast and Great Britain. San Francisco and London are so nearly on the opposite sides of the earth that there are no overlapping hours in the business day, and in the winter it is possible for anyone on the Pacific Coast to talk by the light of the rising sun to a person in London who is at the same instant seeing the last rays of the setting sun.

II

The connection between the United States and Great Britain is made by means of a radio telephone link, connecting at each end with the regular commercial telephone systems of the two countries.

Let us suppose you, at a telephone at your home in Chicago, are talking to me at a hotel in London. The conversation goes to the long distance switchboard in New York City in the usual way over the regular wire telephone system. From the long distance switchboard position, through which all trans-atlantic service is handled at the American end, a telephone circuit extends to the radio sending station at Rocky Point, Long Island, a distance of about one hundred miles. Here the feeble telephone current, started by your voice, is magnified many millions of times and its characteristics are impressed on the high frequency carrier current of several hundred horse power. This current is radiated into space from the antennæ on the towers. A very minute part of this current, less than one-billionth part, is picked up by the receiving station in the North of Scotland; is magnified, transformed back into an ordinary telephone current, and sent on a pair of wires to the main toll switchboard in London; from which point it goes to the telephone in my hotel, by means of the regular telephone wires.

But, when I reply to you, my reply does not go over the same route beyond the main toll switchboard at London. There, it goes over a special telephone circuit to the radio transmitting station at Rugby; is magnified, combined with the carrier current and radiated, to be picked up by the American receiving station at Houlton, Maine; at which point it is transformed back into a regular telephone current and sent on a special telephone circuit

to the long distance toll board at New York. Here, it joins with the ordinary telephone circuit which brought your voice from Chicago to New York, and this takes my reply back to you in Chicago.

So, while you are talking to me from Chicago to New York, thence by wire to Rocky Point, thence by radio to Cupar (Scotland), and from Cupar by wire to London, I am talking to you from London by wire to Rugby, thence by radio to Houlton (Maine), and thence to New York by wire. This separation of the sending and receiving stations at each end is desirable in any case, and is made necessary by the fact that the radio telephone service in the two directions is worked on a single carrier wave length.

III

From the early days of the telephone the theoretical possibilities of radio telephony were recognized, but its practical realization grew out of the work of the Bell Telephone engineers that made transcontinental telephony possible. In 1909, I went to the Pacific Coast on a business trip with General John J. Carty, who was then Chief Engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, while I was one of his assistants. After being on the Coast for about two months, on the return trip we had a conversation which I can remember as clearly as if it had taken place yesterday. General Carty told me how much he had felt isolated from his office in New York and how difficult he had found it to deal with the many questions which had come up and be sure that we had a common understanding with those in New York.

He then said, "Gherardi, we ought to find out how to extend our telephone lines and give commercial service to the Pacific Coast."

I replied, "Yes, sir."

Carty: "Do we know how to do it?"

Gherardi: "No, sir."

Carty: "Can we find out?"

Gherardi: "Yes, sir."

Carty: "How long will it take?"

Gherardi: "No one can say definitely now, perhaps five years, perhaps more."

Carty: "As soon as I get back I shall ask Mr. Vail for the necessary authority to proceed with the work."

Immediately upon General Carty's return he secured this authority from Mr. Vail, then President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The work was undertaken, and in less than six years commercial service was opened from coast to coast.

Before the completion of this work, our scientists and engineers engaged on it saw that in the apparatus and methods developed for transcontinental telephony were the germs from which could be produced a practicable and useful radio telephone system.

Research and laboratory tests were intensively pressed, and by the spring of 1915 speech was successfully transmitted by radio, first for a distance of about two hundred miles, and then for one thousand miles. The results of these experiments warranted the prediction that, working along similar lines, with still more powerful apparatus and larger transmitting towers, it would be possible to transmit speech across the Atlantic, a distance of more than three thousand miles. For the purpose of this experiment, the use of the towers of the radio telegraph station at Arlington, Virginia, was obtained from the United States Navy and they were equipped by us with special radio telephone transmitting apparatus. At the same time, a receiving station was placed at the Eiffel Tower in Paris through the courtesy of the French Government, who, notwithstanding the war in which they were engaged, did us this great favor. Other receiving stations were installed at San Diego and Vallejo in California, at Darien on the Isthmus of Panama, and at Honolulu on the Hawaiian Islands. To each of these points we sent experts and the necessary receiving apparatus developed and constructed in our laboratories. In September, 1915, articulate speech was successfully received at all of the stations except in Paris, and the following month speech was received at that station through the babel of radio telegraph communication, incident to the World War, which then filled the ether. The war, however, made the conditions for further experimental work so difficult that, with this achieve-

ment, further transatlantic telephone experiments were laid to one side for the time and were not resumed until after the conclusion of hostilities.

At the end of the war our experiments were resumed and in order to make a trial, with all of the commercial conditions present and with the complications incident to two-way working, in July, 1920, the Bell System established regular radio telephone communication between the coast of California and Catalina Island, and for about three years worked this service continuously and satisfactorily, handling, by means of it, commercial business to and from Catalina Island, where, until this system was installed, there was no telephone connection. By July, 1923, this radio link had served its purpose. It was therefore discontinued and a submarine cable substituted for it. The experience gained, combined with the long distance experiments already made, justified a confident approach to the commercial transatlantic radio problem.

In the first part of 1923 a demonstration of radio telephony, by means of newly designed apparatus, was made, sending from the United States and receiving at a station which we had installed for the purpose near London. This demonstration was made to a group of British Post Office officials and to newspaper men assembled in London. Following it, the British appointed an advisory committee on transatlantic radio telephony to advise the Postmaster-General of Great Britain on the whole question. Its report was favorable. By January, 1926, the British Post Office had completed their sending station at Rugby, and we had built a receiving station at Houlton, Maine. Then, for the first time, there was available as a whole the system necessary for two-way transatlantic talking.

By March, 1926, two-way talking demonstrations were given to the press of both countries. Many further questions, technical, operating and of a business nature, remained to be worked out, but these were all duly solved, and on January 7 for the first time in the history of the world the telephone systems of the two countries, separated by the waters of a great ocean, were joined together, and another of the limitations which nature has placed on the extension of telephone communication was overcome.

IV

On the disembarkation of the Persians at Marathon, in 490 B.C., "Pheidippides the courier was sent to Sparta immediately to solicit assistance; and such was his prodigious activity that he performed this journey of one hundred and fifty miles, on foot, in forty-eight hours."

Rome maintained her communication, in times of stress, with such important seaports as Alexandria, by fast galleys rowed by hundreds of slaves moving in time with the rhythmic beating of the gong of the hortator and spurred on by the lashes of the whips in the hands of his assistants.

Then communication was incident to transportation and dependent upon its methods.

If we now pass over twenty centuries to the end of the American Revolution, we find that upon the surrender of Yorktown (October 19, 1781)—

"Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman, of Washington's staff, bore the glad news northward as fast as horse could travel. He reached Philadelphia after midnight of the 24th, and the city watchman proclaimed the tremendous tidings."

Five days to carry from Yorktown to Philadelphia, then the capital of the young Nation, a distance of three hundred miles, news of thrilling and vital importance.

Nor is the story of communication over water a different one. On Christmas Eve, 1814, the Commissioners met for the last time to conclude the War of 1812, and immediately a messenger started for a ship ready to carry him to America. The first news of the signing of the treaty reached New York on February 11, 1815, and three days later it reached Washington; about seven weeks to transmit this news from Ghent to Washington. In the mean time, on January 8, 1815, two weeks after the termination of the war, the Battle of New Orleans was fought, and news of this reached Washington on February 4.

Except for such systems as semaphores, heliographs, flag signals and carrier pigeons, never used except in a limited way and for special purposes, communication was still fettered to transportation.

V

Even then, however, the dawn of the day of communication was beginning to glow. By a brilliant series of discoveries, the scientists of this country and of Europe were developing the fundamental facts of electricity, the agency that was to break the shackles that fastened communication to transportation. About 1840 came the pioneer commercial application of telegraphy, and from this start, through the extension of land lines and submarine cables, all of the principal places of the world were tied together, and at last communication was independent of transportation and its limitations, and the speed of communication was no longer dependent upon distance.

But still communication had one serious limitation. How great it was, no one realized at the time. Communication whether by letter or telegraph must be by written message and not by the "spoken word." Our natural means of communicating with each other when together could not be used when we were separated by as much as a few hundred feet, and conversation by any of the then existing instrumentalities of communication was impossible.

VI

In 1876 Alexander Graham Bell first demonstrated his newly invented telephone. Writing of it in 1878, the year of the opening of the first small and simple exchange, he said:

> It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground, or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufactories, etc., uniting them through the main cable with a central office where the wire could be connected as desired, establishing direct communication between any two places in the city. Not only so, but I believe in the future wires will unite the head offices of telephone companies in different cities, and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place.

Then came the problem of making an actuality of this prophecy of Bell's.

Telephone instruments must be improved to make the speech clearer and more powerful.

Telephone lines must be developed to carry the speech currents

to greater and greater distances and to permit of the construction of the greater and greater numbers of wires needed.

Means must be developed to permit of communication under conditions that make the use of wires impracticable.

Telephone switchboards must be developed to permit of making promptly and accurately the greater number of connections.

Telephone costs must be kept down, in spite of the increasing complexity of the system growing out of the increase in the number of telephones, and this increase in numbers must be realized.

This work has been and is going on continuously, and how well it has been done is testified to by the fact that today our range of communication by telephone is from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the northern snows to the Gulf of Mexico; it includes Cuba and Canada and part of Mexico, and now Great Britain. At last the "spoken word" has assumed its place in communication.

VII

Well do I remember the wonder of my first talks across the Atlantic, and especially the thrill of one of them. I had been to London in November, 1926, to negotiate for the telephone connection between the two countries. For two weeks I had worked with the officials, and it was a busy and a pleasant two weeks. I then returned to this country, and went to my suburban home. The following morning, at about half-past eight, my telephone bell rang and I answered, expecting to hear from one of my fellow townsmen. A voice said: "This is the transatlantic telephone operator. London is calling you." And next I heard the voice of our London representative, just as though he were but a few miles away, asking if I was well and if my trip home had been a pleasant one.

VIII

Until about 1840 the only communication between the Old World and the New was by means of sailing ships; then came the steamship, and later the telegraph cable, by both of which written messages are sent. Another tie has now been added, "Voices Across the Sea."

LO! THE POOR CLERIC!

BY THE REV. DR. PERCY T. FENN

A GOOD deal is being said, and written, these days about the theological fog that seems to have penetrated the Church, and to have blinded the eyes of many; and of the appalling indifference to public worship as evidenced by the diminutive and rapidly diminishing congregations, especially among the Protestant denominations. The Church of Rome does not seem to be specially affected. But it cannot be denied that in all the non-Roman churches conditions have arisen in the last twenty-five years which are gradually destroying their efficiency, and effectiveness, and making it difficult, if not impossible, for them to do the work for which they have any right to exist. One of these conditions is the widespread restlessness of the clergy.

There was a time in the history of the Church when a parson's job was of life tenure. It was not an uncommon thing for a man to stay in a parish for thirty, forty, fifty years. He grew to know his people intimately, was consulted by them in all the varied experiences of their lives, and was intensely beloved by them. But that day has passed, and now it is unusual for a man to stay with his people for more than a few years. It is no secret that seven-tenths of the clergy would move on tomorrow if they had an opportunity; they could truthfully say with poor Jo, in *Bleak House:* "I'm always a-moving on. I've always been a-moving on and a-moving on ever since I was born. Where can I possibly move to, more nor I do move?"

And the villainous part of it all is that we gain nothing by moving on. We simply change our hotel, or boarding-house, but we have the same unpalatable diet to digest, the same hard bed to lie on, and precisely the same conditions to face after the first year or two. A grim old professor of pastoral theology in one of our Eastern seminaries used to say to his class: "Gentlemen, don't ever expect to find the ideal parish. You may think you

have it, but it will be an illusion. It is always this way: The first year, 'Come pussy, here pussy, sweet pussy!'; the second year it will be, 'Poor pussy, poor pussy, poor pussy!', and the third year it will be 'Scat!'."

And most of us think he was about right. This is why we want to keep moving on.

But what is it that we clergy want? Well, it is not Utopia, because we shall never be able to find that. But in many cases we want to get out of hell. For many of us can say with Dante, "We have seen hell." The new theology may succeed in abolishing the future hell—much must depend upon our interpretation of hell—but we wish it would devote its fine scholarship and its splendid energies to the task of abolishing the present hell in which so many of our clergy are compelled to live!

But what is this hell, and what are these conditions which make the clergy so restless, and their lives almost unendurable? First there is their scanty wage. The overwhelming majority of the clergy get scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. They find it impossible to live as decently as the average member of the flock they serve. Our Bishops don't realize this, else such a condition would never be tolerated.

Before the war, God knows, it was bad enough. But salaries were larger then than they are now. At any rate they bought more. Today, the stipends are a little larger in some dioceses; but the slightly increased stipend does not begin to go so far as the smaller stipend did before the war. And yet we are expected to dress neatly, live comfortably, pay our bills promptly, and educate our children.

Another cause of restlessness among the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church is found in our divergencies of belief and teaching. We have few Fundamentalists amongst us; but we are divided into "High", "Low" and "Broad". A Low Church parish will sometimes make the mistake of calling a High Churchman, and this, of course, spells disaster after a year or two. Under our present system it is really difficult for a vestry to know what they are getting until the rector has come to live among them. Then, when he begins to change the ceremonial of the parish, and to teach unaccustomed doctrines, there is first resentment, and

then open antagonism. And a house divided against itself cannot stand! The trouble lies in the fact that the Church seems to have no uniformity of teaching, or of ceremonial. We have a Creed, fragrant with antiquity, but no fixity of interpretation. Some of us preach the faith as it has been preached in all the ages; others have imbibed the new learning, and very naturally reject some of the old interpretations. We cannot wonder at this when we remember that some of our Seminaries teach the whole Catholic Faith, whilst others deny much of that Faith. This is true of our Bishops. Some believe and preach the Catholic Faith; others glory in their Protestantism. So is it with our Church press. Some of our papers exist to commend the Faith; others to denounce it.

Then there is our name. We are the Protestant Episcopal Church; so the Protestant-minded clergy and laity are technically justified in fighting for their Protestantism. Yet we all believe that we are not a product of the Reformation, but a branch of the Church which our Lord Himself founded, and which has come down to us from the beginning of Christianity. But how can the Church continue to exist, and to prosper, when she blows hot and cold at the same time? She cannot be both Catholic and Protestant in the commonly accepted interpretation of those terms, because they are mutually exclusive. When we tell our people that we are Catholic they point us to our legal name, and we are silenced. Of course we can explain the anomaly to ourselves, but not to them.

We have hitherto gloried in our inclusiveness. We have been able to hold those who accept, and those who deny the Faith; those who believe in an ample ritual, and those who reject it. But this has created a spirit that is divisive and destructive, and has seriously impaired our work. There is no other church in Christendom of which this can be said, and there ought not to be. If the Church were to believe in herself, preach a pure Catholicism, and protect her clergy, her growth would be phenomenal. As it is many of us are more or less muzzled, and are compelled to give our people what they think they want. But the task is depressing, paralyzing, and often fatal. A priest whom I was called to succeed in a large parish in one of our Southern cities,

went down into his cellar, and blew his brains out! He had been rector of that parish for less than seven years, but the burdens imposed upon him were beyond human endurance.

The Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and others know what they believe, and they teach it. We know what we believe, but many of us teach it at our peril. But if the Church has a Creed why should not her clergy be allowed to teach it, and to teach it uniformly throughout the Church? If she has a ceremonial to symbolize that teaching, why should not the clergy be permitted to practice it, and be protected by those in authority when they do?

Another cause of restlessness among our clergy, and among the ministers of all the denominations, is the changed conditions and methods of work and worship. In former times men and women went to church to worship God. Now they go, largely, to be entertained. And often, the greater the clerical mountebank, the larger the congregation. The parish, in many instances, has degenerated into a Club, and what the people want is not a spiritually-minded leader, to whom they may go with their sins and their sorrows; but a real, live Manager to gather in the crowd, and the money. A clergyman wrote me recently: "We have made efficiency, organization, and 'pep' our gods; and standardization and methods our sub-gods. Even in the Church 'hustle' and 'go' predominate, and the parish priest who is not on the move, who does not hustle and devise something for his people to do——God save the mark!—is not on his job. Just as long as the Church is the home of prosperous, complaisant, more or less well-to-do Babbitts, just so long will the Cross be crossed with the dollar mark." And what he says is pathetically true, as hundreds of us know from experience.

The final cause of restlessness that occurs to me is the inability of the Church to employ those of her clergy who have come to middle age. The tendency of the Church today is to scrap her older men, or men who have reached their prime and have family responsibilities. In other words the Episcopal and other churches are doing what no business concern would dare to do—luring the finest type of men to give the best years of their life, practically without reward, and then scrap them in middle life!

And no church can stay alive which continues to do this inhuman thing.

Now these are some very plain and simple reasons for the restlessness of the clergy, and they call for serious consideration, and drastic treatment. If we are to do the work required of us, and do it happily, something must be done by those in authority. A set of disgruntled, restless, heartbroken clergy will never be able to inspire the people they serve, or gather in the unchurched. And our spiritual rulers ought to be keen enough to see this. Much of the seething discontent of the clergy is unknown save to themselves; they discuss it with each other, but not with their superiors. Some of them have reached the breaking-point; many of them absolutely refuse to encourage young men to offer themselves for the work of the ministry because of what they themselves have had to suffer, and are still suffering. Our Bishops know little about them. They make an annual visitation, and see a crowded church, and they go away with the idea that all is well. But could they but take time to enter sympathetically into the story of their labors, and their sufferings, they would go away with a heavy heart.

When the Church met at the Council of Nicea, in the year 325, to draft the Nicene Creed, it was at the close of the Age of Persecution. In that council there sat men who bore upon their bodies the scars of torture, and of martyrdom. Nearly every man had a tale to tell of suffering and persecution. The age in which they lived required this heroic endurance, and they gladly suffered that the truth might be spread abroad. In theory, the age of persecution has now passed, and we are living in a land in which the Faith may be proclaimed without danger to life or limb. And yet thousands of the best and bravest men the world has ever seen are compelled to endure every sort of mental and spiritual torture and indignity, not at the hands of enemies of the Church, but at the hands of the men and women for whom they are giving their all! This is the irony of our Christian times and country.

It is not with a heart boiling over with my own personal wrongs that I write in this spirit. Personally I have little of which to complain. In a ministry of thirty-eight years I have had more

than my share of happiness, pleasures, honors, friends, and successes. I am speaking for the overwhelming majority of the clergy of all denominations, who have been less fortunate than I. I know how they are suffering, and how bitterly they resent these sufferings as altogether needless. They started out with hopefulness and enthusiasm, only to find that a man cannot be free unless he be a genius. He is compelled by his official board to speak the shibboleths which they deliver to him, and he soon finds himself trammeled and handicapped, and shorn of every shred of independence he possessed. A man of pluck, independent spirit and originality, is crippled, bedevilled and anathematized. The average parish wants a safe, conservative man, who will let things be as he finds them, and not worry the people about their sins. And these are the men who get, and keep, our large parishes.

But this is not Christianity, and it can never be. And our clergy know it, and they are eating their very hearts out. Kindness, loyal affection, and whole-souled coöperation in the things that make for righteousness in a community, are rarely found among the members of the parish. A clergyman has as many bosses as he has members, and many of them are hard, domineering, and unkind.

The wonder is not only that men can be found to enter the ministry, but that those who are in will consent to remain where they are! There is only one explanation—these men have a reservoir of joy of which the world knows nothing. But the world outside should not permit these worthy men to be so tortured. If the unchurched can do nothing else, they should cover with opprobrium the people who are guilty of it.

To summarize: If the restlessness and misery of the clergy are to disappear, a sufficient living must be provided for them. They must no longer be kept on the borderland of want.

They must be given intellectual and spiritual freedom to express the truths for which they live, and the Church must declare herself to be behind them in all their work. If she be afraid to declare herself either Catholic or Protestant, let her have the courage to stand by the men who do, and not blast their careers for doing what she is afraid to do.

There must be a better system of promotion than exists in the Church today. A priest from a neighboring diocese wrote me as follows: "The manner in which clergymen are given cure of souls in our Church is nothing short of an unchristian outrage. From my own observation of many years in this diocese I have discovered that the leading places of responsibility are given only to men who have rich wives, or inherit wealth. Riches and social position are the dominant factors, not consecration, eloquence, ability, or brains, in securing a priest a call to any but the poor mission stations."

More adequate provision must be made for the older clergy who are unable to secure remunerative employment. If these have to accept small mission stations, their pitifully small stipend should be supplemented by a grant from the diocesan or general board, so that they may be enabled to live respectably. Above all, they should be pensioned when they reach the age of sixty-five, or after thirty-five years of service, and their pension should be large enough to maintain them. Even as it is, they are assured of their pitiful pension only if their parishes have paid their assessments in full. If a priest and his wife should die just before the retiring age of sixty-eight, all the money paid in for their benefit is forfeited. This may be good business, but it does not sound much like Christianity! And if a priest be forced out of his parish, and cannot get another, he is compelled to pay seven and one-half per cent. per annum, on an imaginary stipend of $1,200, in order to make sure of his pension when the time comes. Fortunately, many men die before they are eligible for this miserable dole.

The world needs brave, self-sacrificing men today as much as—perhaps more than—ever before in its history. At its best, it is a call to the heroic, the adventurous, the unselfish. Our young men who possess these qualities in their fullness will respond to this call if the Church will do her duty, and provide for and protect them. If she should fail in this, her doom is sure, for the handwriting is already upon the wall.

"EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST"

BY KENGI HAMADA

In a feverish effort to seek a satisfactory solution to the exasperating race problems that confront citizens on the western borders of America, so much has been said and written with veiled intimations, and denied with equal astuteness, in connection with the relative superiority of the peoples of the Orient and the Occident, that perhaps it would be well worth while to delve into the enigma of misconstrued fundamentals and excavate the truth. The truth, I think, will be disappointing, or at least unconvincing, to those irreconcilables possessing a preconceived notion on the subject, for it will reveal the unromantic fact that there is no such a thing as collective superiority or inferiority in mental properties as designated by race. The crux of the problem lies merely in a difference of viewpoints, each group imagining itself to be superior to the other because each regards the other's qualities and deficiencies with its own particular set of goggles; and the present attempt is made to illustrate this point by resorting to a means that affords the greatest insight into the psychology of life—the drama.

Taking the silent drama as a criterion, because it reaches the greatest number of people, the average American audience generally looks upon tragedy with disfavor, preferring the plays that close with a happy ending. This penchant reflects the mood, the philosophy and the moral fibre of the American people.

The Japanese people, on the other hand, have as yet made very inconsiderable progress along comedy lines. Plays of a tragic character have a greater appeal to them, and the development of the Japanese stage has been characterized almost wholly by the advancement made in the fields of tragedy; so much so that tragedy has virtually become synonymous with drama. Obviously, this apparently morbid characteristic of the Japanese stage reflects the spiritual aspects of the Japanese mind.

Judged by American standards, this spiritual manifestation leads inevitably to the assumption that the Japanese people are a race of fatalists who revel in the suffering of others. Decidedly, in the eyes of a race so optimistic as the Americans, this attribute in the Japanese mind must be both abhorrent and destructive, for its contribution to art, however profound, can scarcely be considered beneficial for the national weal, handicapped as it is by the fact of its serving unequivocally the ends of moral retardation. To one, however, whose whole philosophy of life has been nurtured in an environment saturated with American ideals, yet sufficiently conscious of the fruits of his traditional background to waive all indictments prompted by a mind prejudiced against the Oriental point of view, it does not appear to be so bad as that.

This diversity of opinion, in my estimation, is merely the result of observing the subject from different angles. The American people are prone to attach an unwholesome interpretation to tragedies and to those who delight in tragedies, because in rendering their verdict they concentrate their line of judgment almost entirely on the theme of the story, and hence on the philosophy it expounds. To them, the thing of superlative importance in a dramatic presentation lies in its appeal to the human heart; in the profound meaning it attempts to convey; in the power it possesses in moulding aright the destinies of wavering souls. This theme, however, must be presented in the form of a diversion, not a preachment. To be worth while and successful, a play must amuse as well as point the way.

All of which, in my opinion, is as it should be. It is, moreover, eminently consonant with the spirit of progress; and it can be said without fear of contradiction that this optimistic phase of mind largely accounts for the colossal strides which Americans have made in many fields of worthy endeavor.

But here we must, if anything savoring of an impartial judgment is to be rendered, be careful not to let our sense of vanity lead us into the erroneous belief that all exotic ideas that are not attuned with the American standard are wrong and undesirable. Very often the element of undesirability creeps in because the observer, through an incomplete or faulty comprehension of the subject, imagines it to be there. If, in the case of the Japanese

people, the cultivation of the art of appreciating the drama were effected along lines similar to the American standard, then it would be plainly manifest that the Japanese preference for tragic plays was too morbid to be wholesome. But it is not, and in this diversity of taste we find the keynote to the right understanding of each other's points of view.

When conceived by the Japanese mind, the thing of foremost essentiality in a drama lies, in the first place, in the skill with which the intangible story fabric is brought to life. True, the story must possess qualities *par excellence*, and the Japanese have their own conception of what constitutes an excellent story; but the thing that grips their interest is, above all, the histrionic skill of the interpreter. Such considerations as the magnetic appeal of the story, the perfection of its phraseology, etc., are of comparatively lesser significance, and their value is determined only in proportion to how effectively they aid the interpreter's art. And it must be conceded that, in this connection, a play with a tragic vein offers far greater possibilities than a comedy.

A good story is always interesting to read, but good acting is, in many cases, merely good art. Art can be superb and yet uninteresting. Uninteresting, at any rate, to the average layman who is not sufficiently versed in its esoteric features to appreciate its fine points. The Japanese have merely cultivated the leisure, which Americans on the whole for obvious reasons have not, to be interested in uninteresting art. It is a common occurrence in Japan for people of all classes to attend the same performance night after night despite their familiarity with the play and its obvious results, much as a Frenchman or an Italian patronizes the same opera continually without tiring, for the thing that sustains the interest here is the finished artistry of the artists and not the appeal of the story.

In the second place, the Japanese people do not profess to regard the *Pollyanna* theme with such enthusiastic faith as the Americans do, largely because realism is more palatable to their dramatic taste, and consequently they are, as a group, not much given to illusions. This trait is conspicuously in evidence in the vast and unparalleled popularity attained by *Hototogisu*, a masterpiece of realism created by the mind of Japan's foremost novel-

ist, Tokutomi Kenjiro. *Hototogisu* is a tragedy but, unlike many Western tragedies, it is so full of loving tenderness and human sympathy that all traces of morbidity which, to the Western mind, are inseparably associated with a tragedy, are submerged by its obvious appeal. And the appeal is there because it is wholly devoid of cheap sentimentality and reflects so frankly and realistically the spirit of one phase of Japanese life.

Many Westerners, in interpreting the East, have confounded realism with fatalism, but it is contended that there is a world of difference between visualization of the truth and a fatuous submission to an adamantine figment of the brain. We in America are prone to believe that realism contains little or no dramatic value. Realism is merely a reflection of everyday life, and only by proper treatment can we make it dramatic. Our treatment consists in striving to show that every obstacle in the path of virtue can be overcome, even if we have to resort to miracles when every other logical means fails to turn the trick. In short, our idea of a good story consists in depicting life, not as it really is, but as we really want it to be. The Japanese people, on the other hand, have been accustomed to portray life with all its emotional possibilities and human limitations and depend upon the skill of the portrayal for its appeal.

The theme has its place in a Japanese fictional presentation, but here again the Japanese taste differs essentially from the American in that, whereas in America love is paramount and womanhood is glorified with courageous and death-defying loyalty, in Japan the basis of its reckoning is built upon the conviction that the affairs of the State, the Clan and the Family come before the interests of the individual. This conviction may or may not be sound. Suffice it to say that it has been nurtured in the belief that an individual is only a part of a whole, and that the proper method of developing the individual is to develop the individual in relation to the whole. In this method there is unified effort, and it is believed that in unity there is strength. This, obviously, is a direct anthithesis of the American philosophy which permits every individual to develop himself in accordance with his own inherent power and acquired knowledge, and which believes that in a union of well-developed individuals there is strength.

There is no sentimental differentiation between the sexes in Japan, the interests of both men and women being in general regarded on a basis of strict equality. This accounts for the fact that the problem of sex consciousness has seldom been exploited in Japan. Aside from the negligible works of a few modern writers who have traveled abroad and assimilated an over dose of the Western ideals of a lesser calibre, the books and plays of that country are singularly free from the lurid sex problems that abound, despite the persistent protests of a decent minority, in the fictional and dramatic productions of America.

It may be contended that life in Japan, as evinced by these disclosures, especially in the world of femininity, permits very little opportunity for the exercise of individual liberties which we in America so highly cherish. But viewed in the light of stoical Japanese psychology, it is extremely problematical whether there is virtue in liberty unrestrained. While the necessity of this enviable privilege for individual and social expansion, when utilized in a manner compatible with dignity and common sense, is cordially recognized, they are nevertheless firm in their belief, seasoned by centuries of sound experience, that there is such a thing as abusing it; and liberty when abused leads to licentiousness and general decadence of the nation's morals. The ignominious fate of Rome, at the apex of her dazzling brilliancy, bears an eloquent testimony to this contention.

The Japanese, as a race, are a serious minded, highly sophisticated people, with a serious, matter-of-fact outlook upon life; capable of abiding love, deep sympathy and heroic sacrifices; building their dreams upon the actualities of existence, and not upon the extravagant imaginings of a vague and uncertain hope.

Now, it may or may not be commensurate with wisdom, as conceived by American standards, to nurture such a psychological make-up, but the fact remains that environmental influences have moulded for the Japanese and for the Americans traditional backgrounds that are distinctly and diametrically at variance with each other.

For this reason, the two races possess points of view on various phases of life that are curiously different, neither of which can with justice be characterized as superior to the other. Their

respective civilizations possess distinct advantages that are peculiarly their own, and each lacks in a great measure what the other possesses.

The civilization of Japan is based primarily upon the acquisition of wisdom, and that of America on the acquisition of information. While the former has been cultivating a system of philosophy which teaches mankind to give a full measure of expression to its life and soul, the latter has been developing a science that builds factories, railroads and radios. The moot question is not one of superiority or inferiority, for neither is perfect without the other. The essential thing is that, lacking what the other possesses, neither civilization has yet reached its zenith of development. When the zenith is reached it will inevitably mean a delightful fusion of both. If this principle is borne in mind whenever new ideas, new customs and new traditions are encountered in different corners of this vari-colored globe, it will conduce so much more to the better understanding of, and its resulting respect for, the peoples outside our own kind.

CHEATING AT SOLITAIRE

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

LITERATURE has familiarized us with the metaphor of the river which gathers a hundred rills into one stream, flows on thus for miles, and then forks, proceeding thereafter in two opposite directions, usually with diminished power if not seldom with increased violence. Of such is the Stream of Life, says many a classic. On contemporary maps this river appears as the Stream of Consciousness; because our literary cartographers of the human scene have been affected by the prevalent passion for turning the simple into complexes, which is born of shallow wading in the sciences. Rescued from jargon and reduced to primer English, what it all means is that nothing remains the same. Sameness reaches inevitably what may be denominated its Pole of Divergence.

The importance of being in fashion leads us to examine our subject first in the light of science. For instance, in our globe's primal era all the elements of a then future life, or consciousness, existed; but in a state of sameness. Sexes and souls, apes and Appenines, radio, Rotarians and radishes, mathematics and cosmetics, muddled and muddied along together indistinguishably for millions of years. In time, each reached its point of divergence and became individualized into mountain or eye cataract as the case might be. With some of the more recently individualized elements of composite Consciousness the habit of divergence has persisted because of certain magnetic forces, as yet only inadequately explained, which continue to draw them together. This is markedly so in the case of the sexes. Although science has now practically accepted the theory that the sexes' pole of divergence is in the realm of psychology, no scientific man has yet been able to stabilize it. Perhaps, like the North Magnetic Pole, it is eternally doomed to waver. As sure a foundation for it as any that has been advanced by scholars, so far, is the

solitaire deck. Statisticians, census takers, immigration officials, and the like, could eliminate their present crude phraseology by substituting "Do You Cheat at Solitaire?" Extensive meteorological researches in the regions of Polar Divergence indicate that the correct answer in the affirmative is "Female; married or unmarried!" All women cheat at solitaire sometimes; men, never.

Why do women cheat at solitaire?

Seeking a logical answer to this question—though it might circumstantially appear to have none—we are led from the plane of pure science, on which our discussion opened, along little travelled bypaths of history, and then aloft into the glamorous ether where philosophy and metaphysics have their home and where a new species of ethics, mobile and iridescent as the darting erratic chalcopteryx, begins to be. And, as often happens in the search for truth, the first task is to remove a mass of misconceptions. For, strangely, less is really known about the mind of woman than about any other chemical which man employs in his formulæ of joy. Wine, song and stud poker are far better documented. To be sure, there is an immense amount of literature on the subject but, as nearly all of it is based on masculine research, it must be classed as secondary, and not source, material, and is to be used only with the greatest discretion.

While man in all eras has discovered woman to be delectable—this is a sweeping statement but the race itself offers some evidence in support of it—and has frequently rated her as non-escapable, he has failed to recognize her as enduringly *significant*. Yet, as in a half light, he has seen her having *something* to do with Destiny. The Greek conception of the Fates is an illuminating example of man's faulty visualization. Two ladies of the respectable Spartan middle class pass thread to a third, who snips it. (This is the Stream of Life idea beginning, in an age of simple minds, as a thread flowing from a distaff.) But close scrutiny makes it at once apparent to us that the Fates are really doing nothing in particular. The thread passes through their hands as a matter of routine. They have little consciousness and less volition in regard to it. Had the Greek conceived Destiny in a symbol of *five* women—the first selecting and planting the seed and tending

the flax; and the fifth receiving the snipped-off ends in her lap and crocheting them into antimacassars of original designs—then the Greek had been a seer indeed. Instead, he bequeathed his defective vision to all men who have succeeded him on the earth.

Stepping briskly along this historic bypath, over the dust of the ruined civilizations lying between the Nile and the North River, we arrive overnight at the Middle Ages. Oh, bright sights and sounds of Romance; glint of armor, tinkle of sabre and roundelay! A new theology confers spiritual Knighthood upon brute force. That fair chivalry crowns frail woman with its protective halo can instantly be surmised, because the streets are being torn up in every direction to make room for more moats, and cartloads of great stones creak by incessantly for the building of new cloisters; while in the bazaars, which still smell faintly of the Saracen, the master goldsmith finishes off milady's engraved girdle, deftly, with a police lock. Pagan Fates are not presented here, nor needed; for the actuality itself does away with all necessity for a symbol. Flesh and blood woman, ringed by granite walls and the chased reducer, is weaving glowing threads in designs that are not of her making. So many years have passed since Greece; but, to man, woman is still static mind in so far as he concedes that she is mind at all. Nevertheless, it might somewhat perturb even Lion Heart himself could he read her thoughts while she draws her stout threads about the figure of knightly man in his romantic rôles of lover, warrior, archbishop, prince and Dick of the Road. Into fabrics sufficiently rich and durable to come through the Customs free centuries later as antiques, her bold spirited touch weaves his adventures, now hers at second hand, which are the only adventures she can have if she does not wish to be pointed at by the friars, and by all the other tight-girdled dames who will catch the pulpit's moral cadence and roll it from end to end of the Barony. Even we, looking at her from this distance, can see that she is impatient. Something is eating at the core of her content which will not be cured, as her armored lord fondly believes, by a little family outing on the palfrey. Merely to ride behind him, holding on to his metal waist, will not allay the unrest of her who has begun to dream of action.

Now the bypath leads on to the satin boudoirs of Versailles.

Woman has escaped, in a degree, from former limitations. Far behind her lie both the Spartan Spookery and the cloisters of Charlemagne. Her life is poised on spindly gilt chairs, veiled in *point d'Alençon*, and environed with perfume and political *amours*. Many mirrors, small and great, in carven gold frames, reveal to us how deeply self-study, self-knowledge, now engross her. No longer does she see only a portion of herself and in but one aspect. To use more modern parlance, she gets several different slants on herself at once. She has, so to say, passed over the great psychic span from Fate to Crystal Gazer. Not only can she forsee the impression she will make face to face; she knows the thoughts she will leave behind her. A new epoch opened silently, unmarked by those supposed sentinels of civilization, the historians and the theologians, when woman achieved the view of herself from the back. From that day, at first heedlessly, then more and more contemplatively, she has pushed forward. In short, once woman herself had become willing to leave man behind her, her moral and spiritual leadership was assured. Therefore, how naturally we find the solitaire table placed between two mirrors in these boudoirs! With the commencement of self-knowledge, woman has also discovered the Pole of Divergence! Her mood is partly playful, partly awed; for the suits and several of the cards have names with dread associations. Kings are potent, and often evil. Queens may be jealous. Clubs are unlucky. Spades hint of the grave. Mysterious invisible powers control those bits of pasteboard. Their bane descends on the cheater. Hence, she plays the game honestly.

America! Democracy and mass production of playing cards! The solitaire deck is in hall bedrooms, and Pullmans, in the parlors of Main Street, in city kitchens. Women of all professions and none are playing; but not as women played in the boudoirs of Versailles. Woman today feels no awe of kings nor love of knaves. Let one of them turn up to balk her and she puts him in his proper place. What interest has a queen for her, except as an exhibit from Roumania? She is not superstitious about symbols, titles, or rules. Abreast of her scientific age, as she is, she knows that diamonds, for instance, are discovered by mineralogists, mined by Kaffirs and acquired by psychologists.

Her own fingers testify to a part of this. Living in an era of cut flowers and crematories, spades have no weird terrors for her, nor horticultural associations to make her digress more pleasantly from her purpose. Hearts? They were; but they are passing. Each year there are fewer, even on St. Valentine's Day; and the blank circular peppermint has almost entirely replaced the inscribed lozenge of love which was so expressive in the 'Nineties. Clubs stir not the primordial memory. How completely she has forgotten that a reversed form of marriage by capture ever existed! Her civic activities have already convinced her that the race is only saved by Clubs, not perpetuated. And since no occult powers, other than her own will and fancy, direct the cards, no bane dogs the cheater; so she plays them as she pleases.

She has learned that the perfect pattern exists, and she is allowing no material nor moral obstacles to intervene between her and that perfection. Inevitably her mind, having gained freedom and versatility by smashing inhibitions at solitaire, will advance with increased force and subtlety to the creation of her own patterns. Let man consider that: however helplessly. The Three Fates he invented, plus the two he never guessed, are upon him. In the tapestries which woman will weave hereafter, man —in so far as he may appear at all—will be in complete subjection to her original design of life and society.

Cheating herself! Man cries, watching her palm an ace. He is still as dim-eyed as the Greek. For Mother is not cheating herself, nor is Sister, nor Dearest. Dusky Miranda in the kitchen is not cheating herself when she reads 'em and weeps not but fixes 'em. She is winning against chance, against law and old pedestrian ethics. Oh no! Woman did not shed her distaff and cross the moat only to cheat herself under a liberal Constitution.

TO VOTE OR NOT TO VOTE

BY CATHERINE MITCHELL TALIAFERRO

MUCH talk is current as to why all qualified voters in these United States do not appreciate the franchise and use it. That the quota of those who do vote is only about one-half of those who should, is a fact to be remedied and not one that need cause discouragement. It seems indigenous the world over, for people in general to take little personal interest in *res publicæ* unless there is some great cause to defend, or promote. It has been said, dogs would sleep themselves to death were it not that fleas bite them. So it would seem that voters need to be incited by some such feverish energy-producing act as a fleabite to arouse them from apathy to take active part in politics. Hence campaign issues.

Nobody expressed care as to how many voters voted or did not vote until women were given the franchise. It had been predicted that they would not use it. Those who said, "I told you so," took count to prove their gift of prophesy. It was found that a large percentage of women voters did not use the franchise, which satisfied those who said they would not. But the women were not satisfied. They knew that many women did not want the vote. In fact, a great percentage of women so opposed the right of women to vote as to inhibit wherever and whenever they could the hard work, though they could not prevent the final victory of the zealots. So, it was no surprise to the zealots that many women did not vote, and they now continue by unrelenting endeavor to educate those apathetic sisters to activity in politics.

However, the matter only begins there. Only approximately one-half of male voters vote. Perhaps they did not want suffrage. At any rate they fail to use it. This was not prophesied. A fact is the best proof of itself. All men do not use their voting privilege.

Let us review a bit of political history, come up to the present time, and decide where to go from here.

Women first voted by National franchise in the Presidential election of 1920. The War had brought about a radical change in the social order. Ladies of refinement, culture, highest social contacts and customs, established and carried on centers of entertainment for the soldiers, sailors and marines. To these centers came women and girls from every walk in life. Men and women, alike, were doing something for their country. Women, especially, had changed their habits. Social functions were less elaborate. Entertainment on a purely democratic and impersonal plane was in vogue everywhere. Values changed. Character, ability and willingness to serve were weighed and counted of worth in judgment of patriotism. Before a reversion to type had occurred, the Presidential campaign was on with the League of Nations as the paramount issue. The women could vote, and before returning to strictly domestic life were called to defend the Nation at the ballot box. Division in the ranks came through following the standards of the two major political parties. Both sides had a sentimental appeal. Membership in the League of Nations would end war. Membership in the League of Nations would drag us into war. Wounded soldiers were coming home. Gold Star mothers were weeping. There was Peace, but it might not last. The fate of the world depended on the political battle then being fought in this country.

To test woman's ability as a politician, the women were given the "dirty work" to do in all parties. Being accustomed to washing dishes and sweeping off the back porch, they worked like beavers, day and night, in season and out of season. They electioneered everybody with whom they came in contact. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, the iceman, the milkman, the janitor, the bootblack, and their wives and daughters, were urged to vote. They made friends, they made enemies; they commanded respect, they lost respect; but what of it? It was a patriotic duty for everybody to vote, and, as to be a slacker in war work was disgrace, so it was equal disgrace to be a slacker in the duties of citizenship.

The men were surprised. The women could work. They could deliver votes. They could be of value to parties. But something for nothing is a bad bargain. Positions in the or-

ganization would be a just reward for work well done. Were there enough honors to divide? Investigation disclosed that only about half of the women voted anyway. Did it really make much difference in the outcome?

No party bid for the women. Left to decide party affiliations for themselves, they set out to study both sides, or all sides. Non-partizan study groups were formed. Women were shown a strange thing. They were told that the two major parties claimed to be as distinct as black from yellow. To prove them as alike as two peas, one was told to stand at the yellow side and look through yellow glasses at the black. It looked green. Then the same one was taken to a position on the black side and told to look through black glasses at the yellow. It looked green. The point was proved. Both were the same color. Then how could one choose? What difference did it make how one voted, or whether one voted or not? A discouraging dilemma was present. But the way out was shown to be easy. Vote for a Candidate. Never mind where he comes from, any party or no party; with following or without following; vote for a Candidate and prove independence of thought. "Oh, yes, George Washington did say this country would have to be governed by parties; but that was a long time ago!"

The next call to the polls was in 1922, when Governors, some United States Senators and Representatives were elected. Indeterminate women voted split tickets in many instances and in other instances did not vote at all or did not vote a whole ticket on account of the candidates. The reaction on the part of the men was that women could not be counted upon. The woman's vote was unreliable, vacillating, difficult to handle. In 1924 the women were left a little more to themselves, and there came the realization that efforts must be made to urge men to vote in order to steady the party ships. In 1926 there came a sort of "*S-s-s-sh!*" with regard to women and stronger efforts to get out the man vote.

This sketch is done in broad strokes. Now as to details. Different conditions in different localities. Then we will have got to the present.

There are groups of sincere, earnest and untiring women working for their parties. The word "for" is used advisedly, as

women had not yet been fully assimilated into the parties. It is still necessary in some places for them to finance their own part of the organization. There are also sincere women who are non-partisan. All groups are making earnest efforts to learn what it means to be good citizens; to understand local and national conditions and international affairs. Study clubs, lectures, individual research, papers, talks, etc., indicate an enormous amount of energy put forth in the desire to learn. The need to continue the process of education, to awaken in women the force of moral obligation to take part in the government by voting, is steadily going on between election campaigns as well as when the fight is at white heat.

Are the men carrying on as well? If so, then the National election in 1928 will see more votes cast everywhere. It is not enough to say that magazines, newspapers and broadcasting keep the people informed so that they should know and comprehend the political moves. This is only true for those of us who make a profession of keeping informed, but somehow, the Sports Editor; the Comic Supplement Editor; the Cross-Word Puzzle Editor, make their pages so very entertaining that one cannot altogether be blamed for not reading editorials and news that is making political history.

It is not the purpose of this article to preach, teach or do more than present an observational point of view, but a moderate injection of statistics in easy terms of percentage will not, I am sure, cause the reader to stop before he gets to the end.

It is generally stated that fifty-two per cent. of the voters use the franchise. Examining the population as a whole, perhaps we should not expect more than eighty per cent. to vote! The qualified voter is one who has attained twenty-one years of age, is a native or naturalized citizen of the country, exempt from criminal charge, has lived in a certain voting precinct the required time, and can take the literacy test. Thousands of Negroes who are qualified voters are not incited by patriotism or campaign issues to vote. Other thousands of qualified voters in large cities and remote, scattered rural districts have not the faintest grasp of Constitutional, representative government, and so are indifferent. There are still other thousands whose meager

knowledge of the English language makes it difficult for them to appreciate our ideals, but who are qualified voters. Without exact figures at hand, one might fairly suppose that the aggregate of these groups sum up to twenty per cent. of the total population of persons twenty-one years of age and over, leaving eighty per cent. who might be expected to vote. As fifty-two per cent. of one hundred is sixty-five per cent. of eighty, we are not so apathetic as we might at first seem. However, the thirty-five per cent. who disappoint us must be brought up to the ballot box, and when this is done, we can press on to poll the votes of the other twenty per cent. of the whole. How is this to be accomplished?

A good old maxim, obeyed, will bring results: "Not only strike while the iron is hot, but keep it hot by striking." Keep party organizations together in the study of politics between campaigns. Teach honest statements of fundamental party principles. I have tried this recipe with good results. Even in the thick of a political campaign, I have always found time for "parlor talks" on the issues, giving the reasons for promoting certain measures and answering such other questions as individuals wanted to know. Such personal contact has thrown much light on why many voters do not vote. They do not understand exactly what representative government means. Few realize that an election such as we had in the autumn of 1926 was a National election in choosing our representatives in both Houses of the Federal Congress, and that such choice of men to handle National and International affairs is as important as choosing a President and Vice-President. When once the moral responsibility of expressing approval or disapproval of candidate or party is aroused, it generally bears fruit. Then, as the individual begins to feel a sort of personal responsibility for "his" representative, he begins to take notice of what that representative is doing in the halls of legislation. He also learns that adhesion of representatives on sound party principles makes for better legislation and cleaner politics than for an isolated "candidate" to work without friends against all foes.

One particular woman's political club has an interesting custom of inviting the representative of that district in the State legisla-

ture to give the workings of the inside of that body, explaining the whys and wherefores of measures that the newspapers do not always give. This also gives the representative an opportunity to keep himself before his constituency. Another club corresponds with United States Senators and Congressmen to learn why they take certain stands on bills, and are thus well informed before advocating or denouncing a bill. These instances show what can be done to keep the voter interested in the functions of government.

The experiment of using the radio in place of personal speeches has proven inefficient in getting out the vote. The radio audience is usually in passive mood, unless dancing to jazz music. An uninteresting speech is cut off for something entertaining. Should more interesting speakers follow the bore, it is rare that one listening in reverts to the station where the uninteresting speaker was heard. And there is lack of the contagion of personal enthusiasm to incite one to get out and work and go to the polls and vote, whereas to attend a good political rally, "talk it over" with others on the way home, shake hands with the speakers and feel oneself personally honored by contact with the great and near-great, will do more to get out the vote than all impersonal methods.

The greatest patriotic duty for every citizen in time of peace is to help those who do not feel the responsibility of civic duty to awaken to it and to the enjoyment of exercising it. Party affiliation makes for coöperation and team work and a better understanding of our system of government. No one ever cleaned a house by deserting it to insects and vermin.

LARGE SCALE DRAMA PRODUCTION

BY J. BROOKS ATKINSON

I

In ten or fifteen years the bigwigs will be grinding out their solemn lucubrations on the Middle 'Twenties in the Drama. With that additional perspective they can relate the current plays to life in general, and no doubt draw a very pretty moral. At present we can only guess. Immersed in a vague transitional period in thought and manners, bewildered by much that is ephemeral, we scarcely recognize ourselves. Just "whither we are drifting", in the stale platitude, only the good Lord knows.

As always, the truth lies somewhere between the excesses of calamity howlers and the mystic hopes of prophets. For, it seems to me, the proposals on both sides betray special interests rather than the abstract truth about the stage. Those who attend the theatre spasmodically and who are chiefly engrossed in the cross currents of modern thought deplore with reason the artificiality of the theatre, the decline in acting, the superficial plots and the moral licenses of the themes. They can point to days when the theatre was grander. Great names burn glowingly in their minds.

But those who are devoted to the theatre as their chief diversion are constantly amazed at the vitality, ingenuity, brilliance and even the daring of what they see. Is it not closer to life than ever before? Is it not more piercing in its illumination of daily existence, more vivid, more unerring, swifter, neater? Although the grand manner of acting has largely disappeared, because sweeping drama has dropped out of fashion, the average acting is far more competent—as slender and true as modern architecture; and surely the mechanics of staging are vastly superior. Shamed by the resourcefulness of the Theatre Guild, Winthrop Ames, Arthur Hopkins, the recent Neighborhood Playhouse group and the fine achievements sponsored by Morris Gest, nearly every

producer sets his stage well and lights it intelligently. For the production of small-gauge plays, written from observation and designed for the trade, the current theatre is ably equipped. *Saturday's Children*, *Burlesque*, *The Second Man*, *Broadway*, *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, slip across the footlights without splintering a fragment of their stories. In the more complicated sphere of imaginative works, like the Ames revival of *The Mikado*, or musical extravaganzas like *Rio Rita*, the versatility of staging is nothing short of genius. Burning colors, bits of comedy, musical serenades, patter, chorus embroideries, whirl across the stage like a phantasmagoria—like that strange, enchanting, spirited art which is the theatre. No art is dead or degraded that can summon such magic from tools of the trade. Product of the machine age, it is nevertheless soft, beautiful and alluring.

II

What are the average achievements of all this skill and equipment? In the field of the spoken drama, as distinguished from musical entertainments and revues, the products are consistently grifling. Anyone who attends the theatre night after night cannot escape the suspicion that the plays merely keep the machinery in motion. In New York, for instance, we have about seventy major theatres, eating off their heads in ground rental. Each theatre has expensive stage equipment that must not lie idle. Nearly every producer has also a staff of assistants whose abilities must be properly employed. Every unproductive moment, therefore, is costly; and the clamor is for a piece to "keep the theatres lighted". From the Olympian point of view the cart runs far ahead of the horse, and the art about which the poet singeth is purely incidental. The theatre is industry; it is a profession in only a few instances.

In the circumstances one is not surprised to find that the most numerous plays (and the most profitable) are those that make efficient use of the machinery. If the effect is not ennobling, it is, I think, entertaining. As with the musical productions, it is more nimble than the equipment, and more versatile than what we contemptuously brand as the "machine-made"

play. *Broadway*, by Philip Dunning and George Abbott, illustrates the product in every respect. Technically a melodrama, it recounts the lurid affairs of bootleggers and cabaret entertainers with the usual gun play, clash of interests, jealousies, treacheries and revenges. The dialogue is compounded of short sentences; it is packed with vulgarities. The action moves at express train speed; there is noise, and frantic excitement. Attractive as all these elements may be, they do not fully account for the extraordinary popularity of the drama—for more than a year of uninterrupted playing in New York and numerous secondary companies in America and abroad. Beyond the facts of the story *Broadway* represents the stage in an efficient use of acting, directing and playwrighting. Almost for the first time on the purely commercial stage it succeeds in bringing a performance to flaming life, not by blindly following the directions of the author's text, but by employing the actors as phrases in an orchestrated score or as designs in a large pattern; and then expressing them completely in terms of synthetic motion. It emerges as a blaring, variegated processional of Broadway life, a common story against the lithographic background of all that shrill, amorphous "racket". Quite apart from the fable of Steve Crandall, Roy Lane and Billie Moore, it sets in fast motion the garish pageantry of the night clubs, and, like all comprehensive drama, it makes for the time being a microcosm of its vibrant material. It gives us that peculiar, glamorous sensation which is the theatre.

III

After *Broadway* had become the "hit" of the last season—a "wow" in the argot of the trade—imitations of that technique sprinkled the mendicant stage for many months. Some of the most inept, like the flabby *Ballyhoo*, are remembered only for their pathetic hopelessness. But *The Barker*, by Kenyon Nicholson, recaptured the same mood in a picturesque melodrama of the American "mud-show", or peripatetic carnival; and *Spread Eagle*, staged by the producer of *Broadway*, carried the same theatrical versatility into the sphere of sensational international politics.

Although the imitations of any art never convey the freshness of the original, and seem stagnant on that account, further explorations always pique interest. Obviously, *Broadway* has stimulated the imagination of directors and producers, and it has quickened their daring. They have sought with conspicuous success to reproduce the same stirring theatrical excitement by other means. *The Spider* has twisted a dull story into a sensation by planting members of the cast in orchestra chairs, impounding the audience, sending shivers of apprehension down the spine by discharging pistol shots over the heads of innocent playgoers—in general playing fast and loose from orchestra to stage.

What Bayard Veiller, author of *Within the Law* and *The Thirteenth Chair*, has done with *The Trial of Mary Dugan* seems to me especially interesting. For years the sniffing intellectuals, the fastidious dabblers in art, have dreamed of plays that weld the audience and the actors into one being—plays in which the passive interest of the audience becomes an active force in the production. Reinhardt and Gemier have succeeded here in varying degrees.

In *The Trial of Mary Dugan* the frankly commercial stage has employed that device with capital results. The stage, set to represent a court room, is always exposed. When the audience begins to collect for the evening performance, scrubwomen are cleaning the furniture and a policeman, with his feet perched on the attorney's table, is smoking a cigarette and reading a newspaper, completely oblivious of playgoers in orchestra seats. Between the acts, which represent temporary adjournments of the court, some indigent functionary calmly munches his luncheon in the middle of the stage. Throughout the play the audience represents the jury. Although I do not consider the effect completely successful, for the traditional division between audience and players is never quite bridged, the scheme does broaden the scope of acted drama. And, as usual, the journeyman practitioners of the theatre accomplish their object more effectively than the high priests of art. They may be sluggish in conjuring new ideas from the welter of routine producing; but they attack new ideas with biting, resourceful skill.

IV

Are these the mice born of so imposing a mountain? By and large they are. When producers require nothing beyond the employment of idle machinery, and a stinging sensation, the thoughts of dramatists never stir from the old, familiar patterns of melodrama. Audiences fatten on vulgarity; the box office looks merry. When the same versatility in theatrical excitement reaches out to finer stuff, it lays a deadly hand on ideas and dreams. In *Four Walls*, for instance, George Abbott, the animating wizard of *Broadway* and *Spread Eagle*, has imposed his craftsmanlike skill upon a play of characters and ideas by Dana Burnet. I do not know exactly how much vitality Mr. Abbott has brought to Mr. Burnet's script; I suspect that he has made a weak play seem strong in the theatre. But not without temporizing the ideas. *Four Walls* seems to propose that "the truth shall set you free". After spending five years in jail, an East Side gang leader determines to keep himself free, not physically but intellectually, by acting the truth in every detail of his life. His past engulfs him before he realizes it. Suddenly, through a series of impulsive actions, he finds himself in the arms of the law once more. He has killed his rival in Grand Street accidentally, or perhaps in self defense; but you realize that his troubles with the police are begun again. At any rate, believing that the truth will set him free, even though he may be confined in jail, he delivers himself to the police voluntarily and he promises to save his soul by telling the full truth. It is a splendid dramatic idea. But ethical principle does not blend well with theatrical excitement. To shoot *Four Walls* across the footlights briskly the authors and direction have crowded it with pungent local color, strident scenes between political hangers-on, a gang war, lightning changes in setting and mood. In fact, thought is so soundly trounced by theatre that neither comes through the skirmish unharmed. In this instance of an unusually engaging play, splendidly acted, theatrical versatility has not forced dramatic ideas across the footlights. It has forced them to one side. The result is vaguely disappointing: the means have not matched the creative principles of the play.

If all this is "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth", as the witnesses in *The Trial of Mary Dugan* reiterate, it follows logically that the mechanics of the stage, the skill in acting and directing, surpass the written drama in forcefulness. So far scarcely a dramatist has been strong enough to subdue the equipment to his own devices. Most of the plays of character and idea, like *Saturday's Children* or *The Second Man*, still employ the simpler three-act forms. When they run to the looser patterns of picaresque stories, like *In Abraham's Bosom* or *Pickwick*, they miss the exhilaration essential to the stage.

Only one dramatist is as big as the theatre, or bigger. Only Eugene O'Neill sees the new resources of the theatre in terms of a glittering opportunity, as promises of a fillip to the imagination. In most of his plays Mr. O'Neill has bent the form to the guiding motive or dominant tone of his play. *The Great God Brown* employed masks—not quite successfully—to distinguish the relative qualities of truth, or to show the sources of the misunderstanding that warps human relationships born of affection. His next three plays, *Marco Millions*, *Lazarus Laughed*, and *Strange Interlude*, have not yet reached the stage; and from reading them we can only estimate their power to transport audiences beyond the concrete boundaries of daily experience. But in the truest sense they are imaginative and creative. They transcend reality. They require masks, chorals, singing, instrumental music, vast panoramas and pageants, dancing, orchestrated performing, acting in the grand manner; and they will test the skill of the stage as none of our native plays has ever done.

Mr. O'Neill's undisputed dominance of the American stage must seem rather tiresome even to him. But the truth is that he is peerless. No one else is so protean an influence in shaping the theatre into a creative expression of beauty. Of all our playwrights he alone leads the directors, scene designers and electricians. Accordingly, we still look to him to justify the theatre's amazing resourcefulness. All we need at any time is genius. I suppose we should not be gluttons: we should thank God for one genius at a time. But while the theatre is so rich in possibilities, it is a pity that we cannot see them on every modern stage.

PROTOTYPE OF "THE RAVEN"

BY GEORGE NORDSTEDT

It is not my intention here to prove that Poe was a plagiarist in the common application of that term. I shall simply state my opinion as to the metrical form of one of Poe's most remarkable poems, *The Raven*—a poem which to this day continues to be an object of admiration (even among *vers librists*), not only because of its strange originality, but also for its unique stanzaic structure. This structure, or stanza-form, I propose to analyze a little, comparing it with an old "sacred" poem recently discovered by myself in the city of Boston.

It has been said that "Poe stole the theme, rhythm, and technique of *The Raven* from a certain lunatic in a certain madhouse." This is not so, or the proofs would be forthcoming. R. H. Stoddard points out that if Mrs. Browning had cared to dwell upon the subject of metre, she might have intimated that the measure of *The Raven* (in spite of the difference between them) had evidently been suggested by the measure of her *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, and might have produced a verbal proof that Poe had read that poem before writing his own. The resemblance between one of her lines and one of his lines is too close to be accidental. Here it is:

> With a rustling stir, uncertain in the air, the purple curtain—
> (Mrs. Browning)

> And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain—
> (E. A. Poe)

Undoubtedly Poe had read *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* before he wrote *The Raven*. The metre and rhythm of the four first verses of Poe's stanza are exactly the same; and that Poe must have borrowed some of the airy language of the quoted verse can hardly be denied. Innumerable poetasters have borrowed from Poe. "Our verse-founders," writes Oliver Leigh, "will never

confess their debts to Poe for ideas, for designs, for word-forms, melody, witchery, etc. For that matter he was not more scrupulous than they are in picking up trifles from owners, less expert than himself in knowing their value, than were Shakespeare and Tennyson, 'Longfellow, and other plagiarists,' as he calls them."

As Kipling says of himself in this happy rhyme:

> When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre,
> 'E 'eard men sing on land and sea;
> And what 'e thought 'e might require,
> 'E went and took, the same as me.

But it is not in *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, nor in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall* that the metrical prototype of *The Raven* is to be found. However, in this connection it is a curious thing to read the following from Poe's *Fifty Suggestions:*

> With the exception of Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, I have never read a poem combining so much of the fiercest passion with so much of the most delicate imagination, as the *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* of Miss Barrett (Mrs. Browning). I am forced to admit, however, that the latter work *is* a palpable imitation of the former.

Poe was ever morbidly keen on the subject of plagiarism.

Let us see what Poe himself says regarding the stanza-form of *The Raven*. In *The Philosophy of Composition* he writes:

> Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of *The Raven*. The former is trochaic—the latter is octametre acatalectic, alternating with heptametre catalectic repeated in the refrain of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrametre catalectic. Less pedantically, the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short; the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet, the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds), the third of eight, the fourth of seven and a half, the fifth the same, the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines taken individually has been employed before, and what originality *The Raven* has is their combination into stanzas; nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted . . .

And now let us quote the stanza Poe himself said was the most perfect one in *The Raven*, the sixteenth:

> "Prophet!" said I, "Thing of evil!—Prophet still, if bird or devil!
> By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
> Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore".

Compare this stanza with the stanzas of the following poem, written by an unknown poet and discovered by myself in an old volume of fugitive poetry which I came upon by chance and bought some time ago at a second-hand bookstore on Cornhill, Boston:

EVERMORE

I beheld a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it streamed the radiance of a never-ending day;
While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
Were giving gladsome greetings to all who came that way.
And the gates, for ever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore;
And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
And the burden of that chorus was hope's glad word—Evermore!

And as I gazed and listened, came a slave all worn and weary,
His fetter-links blood-crusted, his dark brow clammy damp,
His sunken eyes gleamed wildly, telling tales of horrors dreary,
Of toilsome strugglings through the night amid the fever swamps.
Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had time for thinking,
A bright angel raised the sinking wretch, and off his fetters tore.
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Pass, brother, through our portal, thou'rt a freeman evermore!"

And as I gazed and listened, came a mother wildly weeping—
"I have lost my hopes for ever—one by one they went away;
My children and their father the cold grave hath in keeping,
Life is one long lamentation, I know nor night nor day!"
Then the angel softly speaking,—"Stay, sister, stay thy shrieking,
Thou shall find those thou art seeking beyond that golden door!"
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Thy children and their father shall be with thee evermore!"

And as I gazed and listened, came one whom desolation
Had drived, like a helmless bark, from infancy's bright land!
Who ne'er had met a kindly look—poor outcast of creation—
Who never heard a kindly word, nor clasped a kindly hand.
"Enter in, no longer fear thee: myriad friends are here to cheer thee—
Friends always to be near thee; there no sorrow sad and sore!"
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Enter, brother; thine are friendship, love, and gladness evermore!"

And as I gazed and listened, came a cold, blue-footed maiden,
With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes filled with lurid light;
Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden;
Her home had been the roofless street, her day had been the night.
First wept the angel sadly, then smiled the angel gladly,
And caught the maiden madly rushing from the golden door;
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Enter, sister, thou art pure, and thou art sinless evermore!"

I saw the toiler enter to rest for aye from labor;
The weary-hearted exile there found his native land;
The beggar there could greet the king as an equal and a neighbor;
The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand.
And the gate, for ever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore;
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
While the vision faded from me with the glad word—"Evermore!"

This, then, is the metrical—the stanzaic—prototype of *The Raven*. I shall try to prove, from metrical analysis exclusively, that Poe had read *Evermore* ere he wrote *The Raven*, and that the former inspired him to compose his own poem, which is an imitation of *Evermore* both as to metre, rhythm, stanza-form and rhyme-scheme.

The difference of stanza-form between the two poems is not so great as it appears to be. Poe's stanza consists of six verses, that of *Evermore* of eight. The first five verses of both stanzas are identical, except that Poe runs two heptametres (the fourth and fifth verses) together, and then abruptly ends the stanza with a truncated verse or tetrametre catalectic. Otherwise Poe's metrical analysis would equally well fit the stanza of the unknown poet. It is the latter's rhyme-scheme, however, that proves Poe to be an imitator. Here is *Evermore's* interior rhyme-scheme:

Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had time for thinking,
A bright angel raised the sinking wretch, and off his fetters tore.

And here is *The Raven's:*

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels named Lenore.

The identity is absolute. Poe's stanza, of course, is the more artistic one, having interior rhyme also in the first verse, besides

the assonance and alliterative melody of the old Scandinavian and Saxon ballads. Poe was too fine an artist to borrow without altering and improving upon the original.

And now, what shall we think of Poe's statement regarding *The Raven's* stanza-form? Did he knowingly write an untruth in the passage: "Nothing even remotely approaching this combination was ever attempted"? Or did Poe really invent the whole of *The Raven's* stanza-form and rhyme-scheme? This I hold to be absolutely impossible. Taking everything into consideration, such a coincidence could not happen even once in eternity. Consequently, if Poe did not imitate the unknown poet, the latter must have imitated Poe. Is this the case?

Against this possibility there is, I think, internal evidence in the unknown's poem itself. The language, the punctuation, are of a literary epoch before Poe. The second stanza could hardly have been written after the abolition of slavery in America in 1865. True, Poe died on October 7, 1849, four years after he wrote *The Raven;* so there would have been ample time for someone to imitate the stanza-form ere the Civil War did away with chattel slavery in the South. But it is not necessary even to consider this, for *Evermore* was not written in this country. The volume I happened to find was printed at Stoneham, near Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1878. The publisher says in his preface: "I take the present opportunity to return thanks to friends who have rendered me assistance in collecting, and also to those Editors and Publishers who have readily granted permission to include in this selection pieces from their compilations, etc., that are held as copyright." It was probably in one of those "compilations, etc." that Poe came upon *Evermore* at some second-hand bookstore in Philadelphia or New York. The poem must have been written in Scotland or England long before Poe was born, probably at the close of the eighteenth century.

No matter where Poe happened to read *Evermore*, one thing is certain—he saw at a single glance the extreme excellence of the stanza-form and rhyme-scheme. If ever a metromaniac existed, Poe was one. The intense power of the poem struck him mightily, and it is safe to say that he sat thunderstruck with surprise and admiration. Certainly, "nothing even remotely approach-

ing this combination was ever attempted," so far in America, that he saw at once. The haunting melody of the refrain, the music of the twice repeated interior rhymes, filled his sensitive soul with immense pleasure. Here was a poem exactly to his liking, written by an unknown. "Evermore"—what a sonorous word at the end of such a stanza! How superior to that celebrated stanza in *The Celestial Country*, written in Latin about 1145 and translated by Dr. John Mason Neale:

> And there is David's fountain,
> And life in fullest glow;
> And there the light is golden,
> And milk and honey flow—
> The light that hath no evening,
> The health that hath no sore,
> The life that hath no ending,
> But lasteth evermore.

That Poe had read the above stanza is certain. And here is another poem he must have been well acquainted with:

> O, sweet and fair! O, rich and rare!
> That day so long ago
> The autumn sunshine everywhere,
> The heather all aglow,
> The ferns were clad in clothes of gold,
> The waves sang on the shore.
> Such suns will shine, such waves will sing
> Forever evermore.
>
> O, fit and few! O, tried and true!
> The friends that met that day.
> Each one the other's spirit knew,
> And so in earnest play
> The hours flew past, until at last
> The twilight kissed the shore.
> We said, "Such days shall come again
> Forever evermore."
>
> One day again, no cloud of pain
> A shadow o'er us cast;
> And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
> To conjure up the past;

Like, but unlike,—the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like,—unlike,—evermore.

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone,
And marred our harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours," they said:
"The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
O, never, nevermore!"

The author of the above remarkable stanzas is also unknown. The poem is entitled *Again*, and Poe must have admired it greatly, though he never mentions it in any of his essays or criticisms on poetry. The fact is that Poe not even once praised the poetry of an anonymous poet, although not much of the poetry of his day escaped his notice. *Again* probably was written in America half a century before Poe.

Undoubtedly Poe had read a great number of similar stanzas without being overmuch impressed. Not even Lowell's *Threnodia* could make him see the possibilities of the word "nevermore." No wonder. Lowell was no metricist, his stanzas lack that undefinable something which irresistibly appeals to us in spite of ourselves. This is the way not to write poetry:

Gone, gone from us! and shall we see
These sibyl-leaves of destiny,
Those calm eyes, nevermore?
Those deep, dark eyes so warm and bright,
Wherein the fortune of the man
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
In characters a child might scan?
So bright, and gone forth utterly!
O stern word—Nevermore!

Poe saw nothing to admire in this. "Nevermore," without a rhyming word in close proximity, he hardly noticed.

Evermore, however, opened wide his eyes. He scanned the stanzas, and his unerring eye and ear found them almost fault-

less; the few irregularities only served to heighten the unique metric, rhythmic, and rhymic effects. The theme was highly, genuinely poetic. Presently, however, the weirdly melancholy, pessimistic soul of Poe saw one great fault with the poem. 'Here were everlasting life, joy, friendship and love promised to all human beings weary of their earthly struggles; here was everlasting hope for all despairing souls. Why eternal hope and bliss? Why not eternal despair and suffering? The antithesis could not be avoided or ignored. And all of a sudden the word "nevermore" stood in letters of fire before his mind's eye. He added the letter "n," and "evermore" became "nevermore." The rest was comparatively easy. And to me it seems very natural to think that *Evermore* was printed in one of those old volumes Poe mentions in *The Raven's* opening stanza:

> Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
> Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore.

It would be only a waste of time and energy to speculate upon the question where Poe got the idea of the speaking raven. Prof. H. E. Shepard says regarding this problem:

> The *Legend of the Raven*, related by Roger De Hoveden, and referring to the era of the Latin conquest of Constantinople, nor the *Legend of Herod and Agrippa*, cited by De Quincey in his celebrated essay on *Modern Superstition*, furnishes an adequate foundation for the text of Poe's masterpiece. The raven has constituted a prominent character in English poetry for many ages. In *Hamlet*, in *Macbeth*, in *Sir David Lindsay*, in Tickell's exquisite ballad of Collin and Lucy, the appearance of this ominous bird of yore will readily suggest itself to all lovers of our dramatic and lyric poetry. But none of these can be considered as the precursor of Poe's *Raven*. The nearest approach to any distinctive feature of *The Raven* is to be found, I suspect, in the dramas of Shakespeare, those unfailing sources of intellectual nutriment. The one word "Mortimer" of Henry Percy's starling, presents a marked phonetic resemblance to the "Nevermore" of *The Raven*, whose melancholy refrain seems almost the echo of the starling's unvarying note.

Or did Poe, as Markham thinks, borrow the idea from Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge?* In his review of that novel Poe writes:

> The raven, too, intensely amusing as it is, might have been made, more than we now see it, a portion of the conception of the fantastic Barnaby. Its

croakings might have been prophetically heard in the course of the drama. Its character might have performed, in regard to that of the idiot, much the same part as does, in music, the accompaniment in respect to the air. Each might have been distinct. Each might have differed remarkably from the other. Yet between them there might have been wrought an analogical resemblance, and although each might have existed apart, they might have formed together a whole which would have been imperfect in the absence of the other.

Poe's review of *Barnaby Rudge* appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1842, three years before he published *The Raven*. Poe moved from Philadelphia to New York in April, 1844. *The Raven* was published on January 29, 1845; and as the poem, so far as known, was not written in Philadelphia, it must have been written in New York some time during the year 1844. Poe never told anyone *when* he composed it.

The Raven was published under the *nom de plume* of "Quarles." Why did Poe publish the poem anonymously? Did he fear and expect some metreaster would at once discover the close resemblance between *The Raven's* and *Evermore's* stanzaic form and rhyme-scheme, not to speak of the "strange and thrilling refrain," with its "long sonorous *o's* and *r's* swelling on the ear and the memory in anthemlike ululations"? He probably did. But there was little danger. There seems to have been not a single metricist of note in Poe's time, just as there are very few abroad today.

In their search for the prototype of *The Raven* the enemies of Poe and professional hunters after plagiarisms have ransacked almost the whole of the world's literature. The result is not worth mentioning. For example, one "Outis" thought that Poe, in the repetition of the fourth and fifth verses of his stanza, had imitated Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner*. Poe wrote:

> It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
> Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.

"Outis," by running two of Coleridge's verses into one,

> For all averred, I had killed the bird that made the breeze to blow.
> "Ah, wretch!" said they, "the bird to slay, that made the breeze to blow!"

produced a somewhat similar effect. But it is preposterous to trace the quaint repetition of *The Raven* to that source. Poe's

enemies must indeed have been desperately jealous, having to resort to such criticism in order to belittle his fame.

The Swedish lyrist Stagnelius (1783–1823) invented or borrowed somewhere this remarkable stanza-form and rhyme-scheme:

Att vid månans bleka strimma
Jag i dalens silfverdimma
Vandrar mången enslig timma
  För ej trädda spår;
Att mot himlarandens blånad
Stum jag ser med namnlös trånad,
Och en suck af kvalfull brånad
Då från hjärtat går.

Now, by running two of these verses together the interior rhyme-scheme of *Evermore* and *The Raven* is exactly reproduced, as can be seen at a glance:

Att vid månans bleka strimma jag i dalens silfverdimma
Vandrar mången enslig timma för ej trädda spår;
Att mot himlarandens blånad stum jag ser med namnlös trånad,
Och en suck af kvalfull brånad då från hjärtat går.

The second and fourth verses of the above arrangement want only a trochee to agree even as to metre with the four first verses of Poe's stanza. With the unknown's stanza it would agree entirely, as his is only a repetition of octametres acatalectic and heptametres catalectic. Stagnelius is called the "Keats of Sweden," but in all his voluminous work there is not to be found a single trochaic octametre verse, except as arranged by myself in the above illustration.

To trace all the elements of which Poe, with his rare erudition, built *The Raven* would be an impossible and thankless task. But it cannot be denied that there exists an elemental affinity between *Evermore* and *The Raven*. The music, the rhythmical swing of the verses, is the same. The very atmosphere of the two poems is alike, and this in spite of the awful gloom of the one, and the bright consolation of the other. Both possess a passionate metre-creating motive. Poe borrowed, only that he might create a greatly superior work of art. But he kept silent about the prototype of *The Raven*.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

THE ECONOMICS OF DEFENSE

Conspicuous in the aftermath of comment upon the failure of the latest efforts at naval limitation is a protest against American insistence upon equality with Great Britain in strength, on the curious ground that the latter country is dependent upon its foreign trade, of which its fleet is a necessary guardian, while the United States is not. The fact is that America is vitally concerned in the protection of its foreign commerce; not perhaps for the sake of its very life, but at least for that prosperity which makes life worth living. One-sixth of all the farmers in the land, and a like proportion of other industrialists, are dependent upon foreign markets. One-third of our vast oil products, one-fifth of our manufactures of agricultural machinery, one-fourth of sewing machines, one-fifth of cash registers, one-third of typewriting machines, one-fifth of cigarettes, are sold abroad. Other great industries—manufactures of locomotives, automobiles, telephones, electric lamps, clothing, furniture, paints and what not else—are as dependent upon imports for materials as England is for food. Such considerations give the stamp of industrial and economic approval, even of agricultural approval, to the insistence that the foreign commerce of America shall be protected equally with that of any other Power.

WHERE WAR IS OUTLAWED

The demand of the British Labour Party that their Government shall make a treaty with America outlawing war between the two countries was well meant but superfluous. A few months before The North American Review was founded a treaty was made which declared that—

There shall be a firm and universal Peace between His Britannic Majesty and the United States and between their respective Countries, Territories, Cities, Towns and People, of every degree, without exception of places or persons.

That was a hundred and thirteen years ago, and that treaty still stands, unbroken and unbreakable. In all that time never once has either country armed itself against the other, and today the British Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, proclaims to the world that "war between the two is unthinkable".

A SOVIET *BRUMAIRE?*

The repudiation and expulsion of Trotsky may well mark an epoch in the Russian Revolution, comparable with some events in the French Revolution; between which and the former there have already been some striking parallels. One hesitates to determine, perhaps, whether to bracket it with the fall of Danton, or of Robespierre. But it is difficult not to anticipate the advent of a 9th Thermidor, and then of an 18th Brumaire.

IRELAND FOR IRELAND

With no wish nor purpose to take sides as between the two major parties in the Irish Free State, we must frankly declare that some features of Mr. De Valera's course cause an unfavorable impression. So, notably, did his half confession, half complaint, that he was just starting for America to raise funds for his party when Mr. Cosgrave called for a general election and thus prevented his coming, and caught Fianna Fail with an empty campaign chest. With the use of money, however much or little, in Irish politics, we have no concern. But we do think it high time for Irish politicians to cease making America their banker and their fighting ground. Such use of this country was carried to the extreme of endurance at the time when a comparatively united Ireland was fighting politically and otherwise against Great Britain. With all our sympathy with the Irish desire for self-government, it was not agreeable to have the controversy

between those two countries made an issue in American politics. But to have that process continued as between the two factions in Ireland itself, and to have rival Irish politicians campaigning against each other in America and seeking American "sinews of war" for the domestic feuds of the Free State, would be quite intolerable.

REPLENISHING THE EARTH

Nonsense is uttered as fluently as water runs over a dam about emigration as a cure for over-population and about immigration as a means of filling up a sparsely settled country. It is a law as fixed and invariable as that of the Medes and Persians that birth rates vary in accordance with migrations. Just as fast as emigration relieves pressure in crowded countries, the birth rate ncreases to supply the deficit; and just as fast as immigration pours into a country to fill it up, the native birth rate declines. In token of the former, note Signor Mussolini's call for ten million Italian babies, and the copious response that is being made to it. For proof of the latter, a simple arithmetical computation will show that if the birth rate in America had remained what it was a century ago, and not a single immigrant had come to these shores, our population would have increased just as rapidly as it actually has, and would have been today just as large as it is. We may add that there is a similar emission of nonsense about the alleged overcrowding of some countries. China is often referred to as a land the intolerably dense population of which will one day burst all bounds and overflow upon America and other sparsely settled regions. In fact, China has a population of only seventy-five to the square mile; while that of New York is 218 and that of Illinois 115 to the square mile. Why should China, then, "pour her surplus people into our great open spaces"?

"AMURATH TO AMURATH SUCCEEDS"

The recent unprecedented mortality among Presidential candidates and their promoters in Mexico suggests that the present Government is no less intolerant of political opposition than was

that of Porfirio Diaz. Indeed, we must regard its ways and means as even more strenuous and ruthless than those which the "Black Eagle" usually employed. At the same time it must be doubted if it possesses—certainly it does not display—a tithe of the administrative efficiency that signalized his protracted reign. Each country to its own taste. We decline to be censorious of Mexican methods. But as disinterested spectators we may perhaps be permitted to express, as between despots of varying characters, a preference for one who is at least efficient if not always benevolent.

WHO BEGAN IT?

We must regard with hearty sympathy the adoption by the League of Nations of Poland's proposal to outlaw aggressive wars. But we should esteem it with much more optimism if it were coupled with a convincing definition of "aggressive wars" upon which all nations would agree, and also with some effective prescription for enforcement of the decree of outlawry. Who was the aggressor in 1870, France or Prussia? Can you get the Allies and the Central Powers to agree as to who began the World War? Ask Hindenburg! Then ask Clemenceau! Our own one aggressive war was that of 1898, with Spain; but what should we have said to its being outlawed by Europe? As for enforcement, or even observance—the nations of the world never entered into a more solemn compact than that of 1907 at The Hague; nor was any agreement in the history of the world ever more flagrantly and contemptuously and universally disregarded. So while we may have hope of good from this Polish proposal, also "we hae' oor doots".

FRANKLY FRANKING

For many years abuse of the franking privilege has been one of our Governmental scandals; and it seems not yet to have been abated, but rather to have assumed a new and still worse form. Members of Congress used to send by mail under their franks all sorts of merchandise, including carpets and grand pianos. But now a United States Senator has offered to furnish his franks

wholesale to anybody and everybody for the transmission of campaign literature calculated to advance the political interests of his party and to oppose those of his rivals. That is simply making the Nation pay personal and partisan campaign expenses. Just suppose that Mr. Coolidge had chosen to run in 1928, and had announced that he would give his Presidential franks for all Republican campaign documents!

AN ENVOY OF PRESTER JOHN

Few incidents in recent diplomatic history have exercised a more fascinating appeal to the imagination than the announcement that America will probably soon accredit a Minister to Abyssinia, and receive one from that country. Perhaps there are still some old timers who remember Curtis's inimitable *Potiphar Papers*, or have had the gumption to look up that classic in a library and revel in its delicious humor. If so, they will recall the Minister from Sennaar. Well, Sennaar is not in Abyssinia, rather in the Soudan, near by; but an envoy from that place would have seemed scarcely more extraordinary than one from Ethiopia, as Abyssinia is hereafter to be known; as of course it should be. We may be skeptical of the stories of the descent of the Neguses from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and also of the classic traditions of Prester John. But at any rate, since the Christian Powers of Europe have consented to the destruction of Armenia, Ethiopia clearly ranks as the oldest surviving Christian nation in the world. It is also well to be reminded, as we shall be in this new contact, that despite the almost universal misuse of the word in that sense, an Ethiopian is not a Negro, but belongs to the Semitic race. This new foreign relationship may not be as important as that with some other country, but it will certainly be one of the most picturesque.

BRAINY, AND OTHERWISE

One of the latest triumphs of feminism is the establishment of the proposition that women have as much brains as men. Of that we are assured by the Curator of the Burt G. Wilder Museum

of Brains at Cornell University; as a result of his examination of the brain of the late Mrs. Helen H. Gardener, formerly United States Civil Service Commissioner. It is not claimed that the brains of women are as heavy as those of men, but that the wealth of "gray matter" and its appurtenances amply compensates for the lack of mere avoirdupois. This explanation of the basis of equality must be gratifying to the sex, as it would be a dubious satisfaction to know that there was merely an equality in weight. We recall that the brain of Geronimo, the old Apache warrior, weighed precisely the same as that of Daniel Webster!

THE EAGLE AS VERMIN

In probably the best known, if not the best, Tyrtæan ode in American literature, the American Eagle is apostrophized as "Majestic Monarch of the Clouds" and "Child of the Sun", to whom "'tis given to guard the Banner of the Free". We wonder how many of the millions of young Americans who in past years declaimed Drake's thrilling verses anticipated that under the sanction of the American Congress that same bird would be officially classed as vermin and a bonus of a dollar a head be publicly paid for its destruction and extermination. Yet such is the case today, with the result of the annual slaughter of more than forty thousand Eagles. Perhaps in view of this outlawing of the National emblem it was well that a few years ago its image was removed from our coinage and its place there filled with the effigy of a cross between a pip-stricken buzzard and the lulu-bird of joyous tradition. It would indeed have been a little too raw to pay blood money for the killing of Eagles with coins bearing that bird as their chief device.

VICTORIAN FLAPPERS

Lady Southwark has been describing the conservatism, the restraint and the deadly dulness of the life of young women in early and mid-Victorian days; conditions which doubtless seem quite impossible to the young women of today. Yet it was in the very

times of which Lady Southwark writes that Mrs. Lynn Linton portrayed "the Girl of the Period" as a creature quite as formidable and revolutionary as the Flapper appears in our own age.

CITY AND NATIONAL POLICE

The government of New York City has recently added seven hundred more men to its police force, with general public approval. There had indeed been much public demand for an increase of the force, and still further additions would not be censured as excessive. It might be profitable, even if somewhat embarrassing, for our pacifist friends to observe that this addition makes the New York police force, in proportion to the population, more than twice as large as the Army of the United States. If our standing army bore the same relation in numbers to the population of the United States that the New York police force does to the population of that city, it would be more than twice its present size. According to Euclid, the whole is greater than any of its parts; wherefore we infer that the United States is at least as much entitled to an efficient police force for the Nation as its chief city is to one for municipal use.

"GEORGE" DEPRECATING TIPS

It cannot be so, of course; and yet it is, certainly and indisputably. "George" wants no more tips. That is to say, the multitudinous host of porters in Pullman cars—some seven thousand of them—want the tipping system to be abolished, and in its place to be regularly salaried. What that would mean, in two directions, may be estimated from the authentic statement that these seven thousand men receive an average of a thousand dollars a year each, in tips from the passengers whose gripsacks they mix up and whose necks they scratch with whiskbrooms. That means, then, a total of seven million dollars which the public pays in lieu of wages to the nominal employes of the great corporation. Perhaps the public does not mind that drain upon its finances. But we feel confident that the Pullman Company

would very considerably mind having the fee system abolished and being itself called upon to add seven millions a year to its budget, to pay George's wages.

A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

The Right Reverend A. F. Winnington, Bishop of London, complains that hatred of England is taught in many American school history books.

The Hon. William Hale Thompson, Mayor of Chicago, declares that those history books are filled with pro-Anglican propaganda, insidiously and treasonably designed to make us all vassals, peons and serfs of King George.

When Messrs. Tunney, Dempsey, Sharkey, *et al.*, become worn and tedious as a twice-told tale, it might add to the gayety of nations to have these two distinguished protagonists of international comity meet in some ample stadium for a new Battle of the Books.

PROGRESS IN THE AIR

With some commendable abatement of the mania for spectacular and usually disastrous "stunt flying", popular interest in aviation appears to have declined. Yet there is good reason for it greatly to increase, in view of the steady if quiet and unobtrusive expansion of practical air service. People think vaguely of the air mail, when they see the special letter boxes provided for it or hear the planes droning overhead; but not many, we judge, realize that the twenty-four airways are carrying mails to considerably more than one-half of the population of the United States. These are not, as at first, Government enterprises, but are conducted by private corporations, carrying the mails under contract, just as do the railroads. It is in such development as this that the vision of seeing "the heavens fill with commerce" is being realized. We may hope that Colonel Lindbergh's aerial tour of the forty-eight States—accomplished with the same marvellous precision that made his transatlantic flight a wonder of the world—will bring this fact home to the minds of the American people.

THE NORDIC INFLUX

One of the most interesting effects of our restrictive immigration laws, coupled doubtless with political and social conditions in Europe, has been the large relative increase in Nordic accessions to our alien population, and especially of English-speaking peoples. This is of course accompanied by a corresponding decrease in Latin and especially Italian immigration. Actually nearly one-half of the incomers in the last three years have been English-speaking people, many of them from Great Britain and Ireland, but most of them from Canada and Newfoundland. That means that the proportion of English-speaking immigrants to the whole number is now about four times as great as it was before the war. On the other hand, the Italian influx has been transformed into an exodus, the number returning to Italy exceeding that coming to America. Whereas in the three years immediately preceding the World War the net increase in the Italian-speaking population of America was more than 447,000, in these last three years there has been a net decrease of 32,246. It seems probable that the next few years will see the number of Italians exceeded by that of Mexicans, and the latter thus become the largest non-British element among the immigrants. At the present time Mexicans constitute nearly one-fifth of the entire alien influx. It will be a significant change from former conditions, to have the bulk of immigration into the United States come from the two great countries immediately adjoining us at the north and south, particularly as in neither of them does the urge to remove arise from over-population. In fact, we have the spectacle of extensive migration from sparsely-settled countries into one more densely populated.

NASBY IS DEAD

The prospect of placing all remaining classes of postmasters in the classified Civil Service, to be selected for merit and appointed for life, must be strange news to the shade of Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby, in the Elysian Fields. To get the appointment as post-

master at "Confedrit X Roads", Kentucky, was the supreme ambition of that formidable protagonist of the *ancien régime*, and he regarded it as a proper and inevitable perquisite of triumphant partisanship. We can imagine his divine ire at the spectacle of candidates for that appointment engaging in a competitive examination as to their education, experience and general fitness for the office. It would cause him to think that he had "fit, bled and died" in vain.

A CENTURY OF MATCHMAKING

Let us honor the day of small things. We have celebrated the centenary of the railroad, the half-centenary of the telephone, and what not other anniversaries of great inventions. But it was just a hundred years ago that there was made one of the smallest, simplest and cheapest of devices, which has yet been used a million times more than all these others put together and is, in fact, one of the most indispensable objects in civilization. The friction match was invented by John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees, England, in September, 1827. Room, in the Hall of Fame!

NOT "HARD BOILED" CRIMINALS

The once familiar phrase "hardened criminal" is obviously falling into desuetude, and if present tendencies continue we may before long have to abandon it altogether, or else regard hardening as a very rapid process of youth. The up-to-date criminal is young in years, and is growing younger. Analyzing 25,000 representative felonies, the Crime Commission of New York State reports that the average age of robbers of all kinds is not over twenty-three years, and that of burglars, specifically, is somewhat less. Grand larceny is usually committed by persons between twenty-five and thirty years of age, and forgery and fraud by those of thirty. The most serious crimes of all kinds, including arson and murder, are chiefly committed by youths who have not yet completed their twenty-fifth year. In these circumstances there is ground for curious speculation. What becomes of these young criminals? Why is it that they do

not become "hard boiled" in age? Do they reform? Do they die? We are pretty sure that they do not all get locked up for life. It may be gratifying that careers in crime are not as long continued as they formerly were, though it is deplorable that many boys take to evil ways when scarcely yet emerging from their teens. The one indubitable reflection is, of course, the need of more efficient moral training, in homes and schools; a corollary of which is the pertinent question whether the home or the school is the more neglectful of duty—or whether they both alike fail.

SELF IMPOSED BURDENS

In discussion of new or revised proposals for agricultural relief, stress continues to be laid upon the burden of taxation which farmers suffer, with a certain looking toward the Federal Government as responsible for it and as therefore being the source from which abatement is to be required. No view could be more mistaken. It is doubtless true that farmers, in common with most other people, are burdened with taxes; perhaps overtaxed. But that is something with which the Federal Government, whether Executive or Legislative, has nothing whatever to do. The fact is that Federal taxes and the National debt are being reduced at a rate unprecedented in history; that State taxes and debts are pretty generally increasing; and that municipal taxes and debts are increasing by the proverbial leaps and bounds, at a rate never known before. Millions of citizens are paying as local taxes a larger percentage on their entire property than Federal taxation requires merely of their income.

Thus the closer the taxing power comes to the taxpayers themselves, the heavier are the burdens which it imposes. Perhaps this is necessary and inevitable. But it is certainly a circumstance which should be understood and kept clearly in mind; particularly when making out income tax returns, and when discussing ways and means of relief from the burden. Whatever assistance the Federal Government may give to the farmers, it cannot take the form of reduction of taxes which it does not levy.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

THE Deacon is a persistent pipe smoker. A gift of a new pipe is certain to please him. He admires it and fondles it, polishing its shiny surface with his thumb, but I notice that he seldom smokes it. He may try it out for a day or so after its arrival, but then he adds it to his collection and returns to a mangy corncob, or a scarred and ancient imitation briar that may have cost him all of fifty cents years ago at the general store. Early in our acquaintance I made the mistake of offering him a cigarette. He said nothing, but the look he gave me from under his bushy brows, and the way in which he promptly spat into the fireplace, took the place of words.

So it was with some surprise that I noted, on my latest visit, a package of cigarettes at the edge of the centre table near his hand. "You're not trying those?" I asked, pointing at them.

He looked at me solemnly. "Bought 'em for Ma," he said. "But she won't even try 'em. She's upstairs an' won't come down. I might even have to get my own supper."

I made no effort to conceal my astonishment. I had never happened to see the dear old lady even slightly moved from her even temper over any household matter. In certain whimsical moods the Deacon was wont to charge her with strange improprieties of motive or conduct, but her invariable acknowledgment was a maternal smile and a bird-like lift of her head, and then she would proceed with her knitting or her housekeeping as quietly as ever.

"Isn't she feeling well?" I asked anxiously.

"She's all right," he grinned. "But you see daughter was home for a visit, with some new notions, and she must have talked Ma into trying to do something about my habits. Anyhow, Ma talked to me today. I knew she was going to from the way she acted all morning; and when she got to talking I knew it wasn't her idea. She said fashions changed, and while it was all right once for a man to sit in the sitting room in his shirt sleeves with his suspenders showing, and no one thought any less of him, folks were a little different now, and some visitors might not understand if they dropped in and caught me. She said too,"—here the Deacon looked particularly solemn,—'that mebbe I spit just a mite more'n I needed to, or ought to. I didn't argue with her. I saw it was hurting her more that it hurt me. But when I came in this afternoon I had these cussed things with me, an' I offered 'em to her. First I ever bought, I guess. And I told her we'd got along together nicely just as we was, for quite some time, but that I was willing to modernize if she would. Oh, she's all right," he added reassuringly; "but it must have cost her some effort to pass along that lecture, and she don't like I should have the last word. Probably she's writing to Abigail and taking it out on her."

"I never understood your feeling about cigarettes," I said, borrowing one from the offending package, though I am not over fond of them myself. "You can't regard tobacco as a vice, with a pipe like that in your hand."

"Of course tobacco's a vice," he said, fondly regarding the odorous old briar; "I never claimed I hadn't any vices. But I believe in acknowledging the ones I've got. The worst kind of a vice a man can have is the one that he doesn't admit, either because it's a secret one, or because he's forgotten he's got it. I claim that a man can get to smoking cigarettes so that he doesn't realize he's smoking 'em, or how many he's smoked, even though they're disguised as incense. And folks are so used to 'em *they* don't realize he's smoking 'em, unless maybe he pokes one into his girl's eye, and then she remembers.

"Now this pipe," said the Deacon, filling it in an almost reverential manner, "isn't wearing any disguise, and if I mean to smoke her I have to prepare for it. She calls for about ten matches to start her, and a cord of wood to keep her going. My conscience has plenty of time to chirk up and ask me if I ain't ready yet to quit the habit. And when she's lit, everybody else knows I'm smoking. Yes-sir-ee, she's an honest-to-goodness vice, like a black cigar. She isn't masquerading, and I take some pride in knowing that nine out of ten of the young cigarette smoking loafers around the general store if they tried her would get seasick."

* * * * *

The Deacon puffed placidly after his outburst, and I carefully restored my cigarette, unsmoked, to its original package. "I don't care for them much myself," I said meekly; "but I can't see that the doctors have proved much against them. Of course no one ever claims that tobacco is really good for a man, but the statistics as to the harm it does seem contradictory."

"I guess I hate statistics worse than I hate cigarettes, and in the same sort of way," said the Deacon. "It's how people use 'em that gets me indignant. I read in a paper the other day that a doctor said that sixty per cent. of the babies that died under two years of age had parents that smoked cigarettes. He might be right, at that. But I bet that ninety per cent. of 'em had parents that were forced to eat predigested breakfast foods at least one morning a week. How can he tell which of those shameful conditions killed the baby? And did he ascertain the habits of the parents of all the babies that lived to grow up and eat such foods themselves, and then pass the horrible appetite on?

"Statistics!" said the Deacon animatedly; "they're a kind of a vicious habit themselves, or else they're a disease. From what I read in the papers, it's a disease that preachers and college professors and public speakers are specially liable to."

"How about professional statisticians?" I suggested.

"Well, I expect they're like typhoid carriers; they've got the ailment permanently, it don't hurt 'em, and they give it to other people. But the harm is done by the fellow who goes around with a lot of statistics in his mouth that he can't chew and digest. Sometimes he's funny and sometimes he's dangerous. And I guess even the regular statisticians get hold of a lot of stuff they can't handle. They know it's true and they know they got it by sweat and blood and questionnaires, so they think it's the whole truth."

The Deacon was giving me a good deal of solid comfort. "It's the cause of

education that suffers most from misused statistics," I hazarded. "It's so easy to count teachers and school children and students and then ask them questions and make deductions. Not long ago a magazine writer counted up the college students in the United States, estimated the expenditure of an average student during four years of college, multiplied that by the total number, and stated that parents were spending the total enormous sum on their children's education, which was not worth it. His figures might have been right as far as they went, but he forgot to deduct, among other things, the amount earned by students working their way through college, or working in the summer to pay their own expenses. That figure alone would knock his deductions to pieces. And he left out millions in scholarships and loans."

The Deacon nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, that sounds like a statistician," he said. "But I doubt if the educators get it worse than the farmers. The figurers have reduced us to dollars and cents, or they have us sliding up and down graphs like roller coasters. The trouble with them seems to be that they forget we are human beings and think we are just numbers. The efficiency expert is worse than the statistician, but he belongs to the same breed. He will tell you that if a farmer's boy can pick six quarts of cherries in an hour, and a girl five quarts, the two of them together will pick nine quarts. But any farmer knows that the two of them together won't pick any."

* * * * *

The next time I saw the Deacon, his comments on statistics were still in my mind and I brought him a bit of scientific deduction from the pen of one Wilbur D. Nesbit, of Chicago: "If a fox terrier two and a half feet long, with a tail three inches high, can dig a hole ten feet deep in an hour, to dig the whole Panama Canal in two years would require a fox terrier eighty-eight feet long, with an eight foot tail." The Deacon seemed pleased with this. "It's mighty useful to know," he said, "and that fox terrier belongs with the half-a-baby that every Harvard man has. From some statistics I read quite a while ago, the Vassar graduate ought to get more comfort out of her children because she has one whole one and seven-eighths of another.

"I suppose I am an average newspaper reader," said the Deacon, "but I'm not as ignorant about colleges as the newspapers seem to think, and I know a good deal about the young people that graduate from 'em, just by mixing my common sense with my statistics. As I remember it, a Pittsburgh man figured out that Harvard graduates were not reproducing themselves, and neither were the young women who went to the eastern colleges for women, and so these great schools must be a menace to our future civilization.

"From what I've been able to deduce," continued the Deacon, "I disagree on two counts; on account of his facts, and on account of his conclusions. Whatever is left may be all right!

"My daughter's boy, Abner, is at college now, and his mother went before him. He was her first baby, and it's my recollection that when he was born she not only mentioned it to her class secretary, but she probably wired the Dean. When the second one came along, she was slow about getting it into the college statistics, and by the time the third one arrived she wasn't even paying her dues as a member of the grand old class of 'umpty-umph. I ought to know. She and Henry were living here at the time. And what's more,

none of those grandchildren of mine are what you might call fractional."

"But don't you think it would be a serious business if college graduates weren't doing any better than barely reproducing themselves?"

"Well," meditated the Deacon, "at my age I can't do very much about it; and furthermore, I ain't worrying. Those same figurers tell me that only about three per cent. of the young folks of college age go to college, and it doesn't affect the total population much if they don't reproduce. What we need 'em for is leaders, not breeders. Perhaps if they were all celibates, like the scholars in the middle ages, and furnished the world with three per cent. of scholarly experts and intellectual leadership and no children at all, they'd justify all we spend on their education. Mind you, I don't say they shouldn't have more children, but I don't get all het up about it.

"There's something wicked about printed numerals," he continued.

"They say figures don't lie," I retorted feebly.

"Generally speaking, a horse is an honest critter," said the Deacon; "but most folks that deal regularly in 'em get to be liars."

* * * * *

I stayed to supper, and the Deacon did not have to get it for himself. Afterward he did not let me go at once. Our topic was sticking whimsically in his thoughts. "There's no such thing in the world as a number," he said, going back into the dining-room and returning with the unfinished plate of doughnuts. "I et four of these, if I remember rightly," he said; "and I suspect I'm going to eat another. But you can't eat or taste or smell a *four* or a *five*. A number is a symbol. In itself it doesn't exist. But folks that deal too much in numbers get to thinking that they are things, and forget all about what they are numbers *of*. An efficiency expert gets to counting the number of motions my hired man uses when he plants a potato, and he forgets both the potato and the hired man. Then he shows the man how he can plant more potatoes with fewer motions, and he persuades me to pay the man more, because he gets more done."

"That's a fine thing," said I, warmly. "There's too much lost motion in our industrial life."

"Mebbe you're right," said the Deacon; "I ain't dealing in generalities. All I know is that the man quit work and left me in a hole. He said I worked him too hard. But the only way he knew I was working him too hard was because he had never earned so much before, and it made him feel tired when he drew the pay."

"But that was absurd, and doesn't prove anything."

"It proves," said the Deacon, "that the expert was dealing with figures, and I was dealing with the dumbest Swede in the State of Massachusetts. It proves that if an expert could leave a Swede like that out of his calculations, he was the dumbest of the lot of us."

The Deacon's wife had entered the room and was redding up the centre table. I had a premonition that she would soon wind the clock, so I rose to take my leave. The Deacon smiled at me ruefully. "I don't exactly choose to go to bed," he said, "but I guess I don't do all the choosing that's done around here."

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

SAMUEL GILMAN, *the eminent theologian, poet and critic contributed an "Essay on Postures" to* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for July, 1817, in which he wrote:*

The most universal, easy, and gentlemanlike is dominated the *cross-kneed* posture. All ranks, classes, and ages of males, together with some individuals of the other sex, cultivate this attitude with very happy success. It is no uncommon thing to see as many as sixteen or seventeen in a company who, throughout an entire evening, most patiently and heroically persevere in this inoffensive mode of arranging the nether limbs. The child of three years of age adopts it among the first imitative accomplishments which excite the joy and admiration of his parents. The aspiring school boy, by piling one knee upon another, adds a year to his existence, and bodies forth the dignity of the future man. The youth, who is just entering the world, who has a letter of introduction to Mr. —— of Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, would be put to infinite embarrassment, if the privilege of crossing his knees were denied him. But without going through every age for the illustration of this division of our subject, I proceed to observe, that the cross-kneed posture is not to be adopted by all persons, at all times, and on all occasions. It is much too nice and trim for everyday use. I know many a respectable farmer who will never sit in this fashion, except in his best suit, on a Sunday, or at a board of Selectmen, or at the examination of a district school, or when visiting an acquaintance in town. What, sit cross-kneed and erect in a plain frock and trowsers, and on a common working day? Why, Sir, it would be as preposterous and uncommon as to read the Bible on a Monday, or to fix one's thoughts and eyes during the offering up of prayers on a Sabbath. . . .

I would remark, by the way, that the cross-kneed posture is now almost out of use with the other sex. For what reason they themselves best know. There was indeed an attempt, about five or six years since, to get up the fashion among ladies, of adopting this posture, and at the same time of bending over the upper foot, so as to make it form a crescent. She, whose foot could describe the most complete curve, was envied and admired by all her competitors. But, alas! Mr. Editor, there are but few persons whose feet are sufficiently flexible to enable them to shine in this accomplishment. And so it was dropped. Out of a company of twenty-five ladies whom a friend of mine

reconnoitred the other evening at a tea party, twenty-one sat with their feet parallel and together; two, a matron somewhat advanced, and a maiden lady, whose old associations of gentility induced them so to sit, were found in the cross-kneed predicament, and the remaining two, being the youngest of the whole company, had drawn their feet under their chairs, and crossed them there.

Those who think this late summer of 1927 was queer will be interested to know what that of 1816 was like, as observed by Professor CHESTER DEWEY *at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., and recorded by him in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1817:*

The very singular seasons of 1816 will long be remembered. The mean temperature of the summer months was several degrees lower than common. Frosts are extremely rare in this region in either of the summer months; but in this year, there was frost in all of them. June 5th at noon, the temp. was 83°. June 6th the temp. about 44° through the day—snowed several times. June 7th, no frost, but the ground frozen, and water frozen in many places. Moist earth was frozen half inch thick. June 8th, some ice was seen in the morning—earth very little frozen. June 10th, severe frost—Indian corn, beans, cucumbers and the like, cut down. The corn grew again. June 11th, severe frost. Ten days after the frost, the trees on the sides of the hills, whose young leaves were killed by the frost, presented for miles the appearance of having been burned or scorched. The same appearance was visible in parts, at least, of Connecticut and, also, on many parts of Long Island. July 9th, frost this morning which killed the parts of cucumbers. Aug. 22d cucumbers were killed by the frost. Aug. 29th, severe frost. Some fields of Indian corn were killed on the low grounds, while that on the higher lands was unhurt.

SIR WALTER SCOTT *is not commonly regarded as a corrupter of English speech. Yet he was thus arrainged by* WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *in an elaborate critique of "Guy Mannering", in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1815:*

There are, however, considerable defects. It must always be in some degree confined to Scotland, as so much of the dialogue is in the peculiar dialect of that country; add to this the cant language of the gypsies and smugglers, and the Low Dutch of Dirk Hatteraick, and a great part of the dialogue must be mere gibberish to the majority of readers without a glossary. Besides all the unintelligible words from these sources, the author has ventured on coining one or two new ones. *Appetising*, from the French *appetissant*, is a convenient term, but it is not English—and there is an instance of the modern fashion of making all substantives plural, which only adds to the hissing sound of the language, without any increase of force; the word is *neatnesses*, which is absolutely barbarous.

Those who see need of improvement in the public schools of today may be heartened in their efforts by recalling what ORVILLE DEWEY, *the eminent theologian and educator, had to say of the common schools of Massachusetts as they were a hundred years ago; in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of January, 1827:*

In the first place, better schools are wanted. We mean that the Free Schools, or what are usually called the Common, and in the country, District Schools, need to be made better, and more efficient organs of instruction and influence. . . . We would ask our easy and unsuspicious advocate of the present systems to look about him, and to mark the restlessness, or reluctance, or stupidity, that pervades all these schools. He will find some pupils reading, what every tone of their voices tells him they do but half understand; some, poring over the pages of a grammar, or hunting out the parts of speech in a dictionary, a work altogether mechanical, of the principles of which they understand literally nothing, and of which there are thirty-five chances out of forty that their master understands as little; others, he will find studying geography, in such a way that they comprehend it as vaguely as we do the geography of the moon, and care about it a great deal less than some of us do about that luminary, who see in it volcanoes, and city walls, and the shadow of towers; and others still, scowling over a perplexing *sum* in arithmetic, to which they apply no other logic than that of the multiplication table. . . .

We are not now accusing the people of gross ignorance; though we apprehend that their intelligence is overrated, and that some of our boasting on this point were better spared. The truth is, we forget that our language on this subject is only comparative. When we speak of our intelligent population, we mean that it is more intelligent than that of Europe generally; but we are apt to transfer this comparative sense of what we say into an absolute estimate. Be it admitted, however, that the yeomanry of this country is distinguished for intelligence, and as much distinguished as any one desires to maintain, still we say that nothing of this intelligence, but the instrument, is obtained at our Common Schools, that is, at the generality of them, for there are, it is true, a few honorable exceptions. Our citizens, as they come into life, gain, indeed some general acquaintance with the state of the world, and with the politics of their own country; but this they gain, not from school books, but from newspapers. Of all that they actually know in the world, of all the habits of right reflection and conduct, by which they are guided in the pursuits of life, the schools, we say again, have furnished nothing. . . . The empire of these States must rise or fall with the mind. The *schools* hold, in embryo, the future communities of this land. The *schools* are the pillars of the republic. To these, let the strong arm of the Government be stretched out. Over these, let the wisdom of our legislatures watch. Let not the needful scrutiny and support be withheld, lest their very foundations silently moulder away and the fabric of empire sink in their ruins.

The proposal to build a hospital for the insane evoked an excellent bit of fooling from WILLIAM POWELL MASON, *the eminent lawyer and Reporter of Justice* STORY'S *Decisions, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1817:*

To effect a separation between the sane and insane persons of the community, seems indeed to be a most desirable object, take it in whatever point of view we may; but the manner and means of best effecting this separation, under existing circumstances, is not so plain and obvious, I apprehend, as some may choose to think it, but will be found, on the contrary, to require no little consideration and forethought. The first and fundamental error of the intelligent gentlemen who have planned this institution, arises, I conceive, from an incorrect estimate of the number of insane persons in the community. . . . In consequence of the late successful attempt at the establishment of the above institution, I was led, with the assistance of a friend who is well versed in these things, to make some calculations as to the relative numbers of the sane and insane in this country, and after a very laborious and exact estimate, we arrived at the following results.

Taking the term insane, in its most general signification, to comprehend all persons of disordered minds, we classed them under such several heads as their different degrees of insanity seemed to demand, and after this manner found, that the number of those totally deprived of reason, and who in vulgar language are denominated *Stark Mad*, amounted to about *one* out of every *thousand* persons;—*Staring*, to about *one* out of every *hundred;*—*Insane*, in its most confined sense, to about *twenty-five* out of a *hundred*, or one quarter part;—*Persons beside themselves*, to about *fifty* out of a *hundred;*—*Insane* in *its most extensive sense*, *deranged* or *cracked*—which three terms are nearly synonymous—to about *nine hundred* out of every *thousand;* this last class being understood to include in it all those going before. . . . I venture, after due reflection, most respectfully to propose, that the present plan be so amended, as that, instead of an hospital for the *insane*, this establishment be exclusively appropriated to the use of the *sane*.

It would be impossible to enumerate, within the limits I have proposed to myself, all the advantages of such an arrangement. To notice a few of them only;—we may observe, in the first place, that in this way all obstacles with regard to numbers immediately vanish; for it is apparent from the preceding statement, that let but a strict examination be had upon admission, and there will not more persons be found in the whole community, properly qualified, than would serve to people a very moderately sized establishment.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

THE PAEANS OF THE RHAPSODISTS

BY business nomenclators the advance in stock prices during the past three ears will probably be tagged "the Coolidge oom", from the fact that it first gathered oticeable speed on the day after Election Day, 1924, and was thus received as a by-roduct of the Coolidge victory, although tatisticians insist that its true beginning was ive or six months earlier. Until the mid-October decline this year, therefore, the dvance has been continuous for virtually hree years, which in the stock market is a ong life and, it must be admitted, a merry ne.

During those three years the individual rosperity of the American citizen, as meas-ured by the purchasing power of the average vage, has reached heights never before ap-roached—heights before which ninety per ent. of our own business writers have turned nto rhapsodists and which foreign engineers nd investigating committees of one kind and nother are inspecting with mixed feelings of nvy and of determination to discover what kind of seismological process piled them up.

The paeans of the rhapsodists are familiar o all. We have attained an efficiency of nanagement and performance hitherto un-paralleled in the business of the world. With a stock of natural resources superior to hose of any other country we have devel-oped a technique of turning them into capital vith unprecedented speed and thoroughness. We have become the depository of all the vorld's monetary gold except the bare re-erve requirements of other countries. Our Federal Reserve System makes us secure rom monetary panic. The business cycle as been eliminated. The substitution of nachinery for labor has raised wages and owered prices, so that it is a shiftless home ndeed which does not own an automobile, adio, vacuum cleaner, electric washer, and other semi-luxuries and conveniences of t kind; which does not buy fur and silk f clothing as freely as wool and cotton. T partners and creditors of industry, number in its stockholders and bond buyers, ha grown to millions instead of thousand Trips abroad have become the scho teachers' holiday. We are creditor to t world to a constantly increasing extent ea year, and the service of the debts provides with a national income which adds to o luxuries, reduces our national debt, a decreases our taxes each year. And with our savings, our life insurance, our person independence of economic troubles, increa as rapidly.

This is an inspiring picture and one which the essential truth cannot be doubte These are indeed the elements of the secul trend of business, of the mighty onward ti of economic progress. For what the mark vernacular calls the "long pull" they a matters of transcending importance. B there is reason to fear that they are al being put forward and accepted as justifi tion for confidence in the immediate futu for belief that good business is permane and the course of stock prices ever upwar and this is an improper use, for the fact th business, and the stocks of many sou companies, will be on a higher level fi years from now is but the slimmest of su ports for a similar prophecy of conditions o year hence.

The danger of taking guidance from t rhapsodist—and his school is particular powerful because the majority of influenti men, in public position, perforce lean th way in their utterances—is that the elemen which cause the temporary but often e tremely severe downward reactions from t upward trend are not sufficiently considere In passing it might be said that the bel

that the business cycle has been conquered is probably the most dangerous of all tenets to which currency is now being given; it is well enough to dissipate the mistaken belief that there is any regularity in business cycles, but anyone who presumes to state that they have been controlled or erased, that permanent stability on the line of the secular trend has been even approximately achieved, and that inflation and a slump do not still follow periods of great prosperity, may as well throw his forecasting reputation out of the window before events filch it from him.

This, then, is the danger that lies ahead for business at the end of the third year of the "Coolidge boom", perhaps not immediately ahead but surely somewhere in the not distant future unless powerful correctives are quickly applied: the danger that inflation has already reached an extreme point, and that sooner or later someone will pull out one of the cards and the house will collapse.

A Concise Picture

As support for this statement a brief summary of certain financial trends since just prior to Election Day, 1924, presents a concise picture. Our total holdings of monetary gold on October 1 last were $4,581,829,000, an increase of only $34,000,000 as compared with October 1, 1924. But upon the basis of this virtually equal amount of gold a credit structure of vastly greater proportions has been erected. A convenient index is the weekly report of leading member banks of the Federal Reserve System, whose loans represent something more than a third of all the bank loans of the United States. In the middle of October the total loans of these banks stood at $15,039,000,000 of which $8,841,000,000 was in commercial loans and $6,197,000,000 in loans on securities. Three years earlier the comparative figures were $12,786,000,000; $8,206,000,000; and $4,579,000,000. Thus while business loans have increased only $635,000,000, loans on securities have gained $1,618,000,000. At the same time the banks' own investments have increased $618,000,000 to $6,067,000,000; thus $12,264,000,000 is employed in the securities markets out of total loans and investments of $21,106,000,000, the two figures representing gains of $2,239,000,000 and $2,874,000,000, respectively, during the three years.

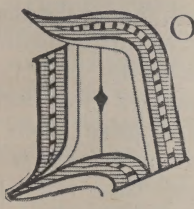
Brokerage loans in New York make an even more striking comparison. The only figure obtainable for 1924 is a private estimate, which placed them at $1,475,000,000, whereas they are now, according to the New York Stock Exchange, approximately $4,000,000,000.

The effect which this vast credit expansion has exerted on prices can be measured by the Dow-Jones averages of a selected group of stocks, as follows: industrials were 102.53 in 1924, 179.78 on October 22 this year, and 199.78 two weeks earlier; rails advanced from 89.33 three years ago to 135.12 on October 22; and bonds rose from 90.84 to 98.74. On the other hand commodity prices have declined instead of rising, for on October 1, 1924, *Dun's* index number stood at 190.878 and on the same date this year it was 190.217.

This can be described only as a picture of security price and credit inflation of the most virulent sort. It is not the kind of inflation which was meant when the term was used in 1920; commodity price inflation has been kept down by an almost constant overproduction and intense selling competition, and by the proverbial fear of the fire, because the 1920 burning was so recent. But as a Chicago banker said in a recent address: "Our business men have been so busy watching for inflation in commodity prices that they have failed to see it as it has made its appearance in a different suit of clothes. . . Many careful observers say that our present business activity has not developed any inflation, and base their assertion upon the fact that commodity prices have not risen nor inventories increased. They do not seem to realize they may be thinking too much about the inflation of 1920, and may finally wake up to the old familiar fact that it is hard to recognize inflation until it is too late."

All of this of course is of the most vital interest to investors. Bank loans on securities are not eligible for rediscount at the Federal Reserve Banks, and when and if the loaning power of the member banks reaches its limit, or if there should be a wholesale

Confidentially —



ON'T you hate to have Christmas come around? This buying of presents for a lot of people whose wants and preferences—and sizes—you know nothing about, is a beastly bore. A pearl necklace will usually pacify the wife for the time being, and a new fur coat will usually keep your secretary on speaking terms; but there are those to whom you would like to send something less ostentatious —something more in the form of a remembrance than a ransom. In other years you have sent a greeting card perhaps. But with the mails what they are, and the reception that you yourself give to greeting cards, you'd like to send something a little different this year. But, alas, what is there? That's where we come in! Why not send BOOK CHAT for a year? The cost is no more than that of a gaudy Christmas card, and instead of going into the scrap-basket BOOK CHAT finds its way to the library table. It tells people about books. It cheers their jaded souls. It makes the lofty laugh at themselves, and puts new spirit (non-alcoholic) into the meek and misguided. It's the biggest fifty cents worth of intellectual fodder to be found today—and we pay the postage. Use the coupon and just see what a difference it makes in your Christmas.

BRENTANO'S BOOK CHAT
1 West 47th Street, New York City

Here's fifty cents. Send BOOK CHAT for a year as a present from me to:

Name .....

Address .....

MAKE THIS LIST AS LONG AS YOU WISH AT THE SAME RATE

withdrawal of foreign-owned deposits in our banks, which aggregate much over a billion dollars, money for loans on securities will become distinctly less abundant and banks may turn sellers instead of buyers of bonds. The effect on security prices need not be described here.

Release of the Lightning Bolts

But the process of deflation is one which strikes suddenly only to those who are blinded to it. A survey of the immediate past and future suggests no reason for believing that the lightning bolts are yet ready for release. The discounting abilities of the Federal Reserve System are almost unused, in comparison with their potentialities. The flow of money to the stock market does not suggest that the banks are at the end of their loaning power. The Federal Reserve Banks are still adding to the supply of credit by purchasing Government securities, and for the autumn at least they seem to be committed to a low discount rate policy for the primary purpose of supporting the foreign exchanges and facilitating the export of our agricultural products. If a check to the expansion of credit is to be expected from the Federal Reserve Banks, probably it will not be applied until after the holidays, and at that time credit is always seasonally abundant.

Ease of money is so pronounced that there is much probing for the fundamental causes. The following three reasons are contributory:

1. Demand for currency is smaller because of the slight slackening of industry. Funds not needed for working capital have flowed into New York to be loaned in the securities markets.

2. The Federal Reserve Banks, in addition to establishing low rediscount rates, have been purchasing Government securities, thus adding to the supply of funds in the market.

3. Net gold imports in each month of the year up to September permit member banks to pay off their indebtedness to the reserve banks and add to their loaning power.

In mid-October the stock market was declining. The losses revealed by *The New York Times's* averages were more severe than in any of the other three or four important reactions in the "Coolidge market". That the final liquidation of that market is under way is not impossible. If so it will probably be braked and cushioned by cheap money. And since money is a more influential factor in the markets than the bearishness of a few bankers who see the end coming while it is still a long way off, it may be that inflation must be carried even further before the limit of distension is reached.

The decline conveys clear warning that stocks cannot hold price levels on which their yield is almost as low as on good savings-bank bonds at any time when there is as much slackness in business, price-depressing competition and low profits, as at present. The best investment policy to follow is the conservative one of keeping a large proportion of funds in highly seasoned and easily marketable securities, which will show less depreciation in a declining market and may easily be disposed of when lower levels finally suggest that higher yields may be obtained with more safety. This policy is recommended for cautionary, hence negative, reasons, but it may prove excellent for positive reasons also; a long-distance forecast of money rates is a hazardous thing, but the chances are that the trend is downward. Efficiency in the mobilization and use of credit, our position as a creditor nation and as the greatest generator of capital in the world, and the probable inability of gold production to expand as fast as the production of other commodities, all suggest that money rates will sink gradually and that Government bonds within the next ten years may sell on a 2½ per cent. basis, as they have in the past.

Even now, when for any reason offerings of new bonds have been relatively light for some time, reports of "scarcity", a very elastic term, are heard. Many of the domestic bond issues are for refunding purposes, and do not add to the available supply. There are many good bonds, notably public utilities, which are not on the list legal for savings banks, and that limited list is therefore smaller than it should be in relation to the market. As a steady retirement of bonds is going on, by corporations as well as by the Government, there are times when "scarcity" means a great deal. However,

distributors rush to relieve the situation by dipping into the great foreign bond factory, which they continue to patronize assiduously, and the flood brought out early in October aroused some fears of congestion.

The business situation is not definitely encouraging. Despite many excellent reports from industries, large mail order and chain store sales, and the prospect for a somewhat larger agricultural income this year than last, the iron, steel, and automobile industries are depressed and building is less active. The prospect cannot be called exhilarating when those three major industries and business accelerators are laggards. Railway freight traffic through most of the autumn has been about 5 per cent. below the corresponding figures last year. The total decline in trade is, however, probably somewhat less than that, for in 1926 coal buyers were accumulating supplies against a strike and the comparison is with a movement therefore abnormally large. The textile and leather industries are now the most active on the list.

Seldom have the affairs of any one company so dominated business as has the inactivity of the Ford Motor Company in recent months while preparing its new model for public offering. So strong was the suspense created, and so great the public interest in this new car, that buying of automobiles even in the higher price classes was checked while potential purchasers waited for the details and price of the Ford. The result has undoubtedly been a substantial subtraction from the business of this year; the industry's executives confidently expect a compensating increase in December and in the early months of 1928. A revival of business and increase in profits might also enliven the stock market. It is more likely, however, that the interrelation will work the other way, for a declining stock market can hardly fail to depress business for psychological reasons if for no other.

Dangers in Keeping in Style

Changes of style in investment, or speculation, are among the most interesting of the phenomena of the financial world. Within the past few years these changes have included, in succession, a fashion for trading in farm lands, a national plunge into the sea of German marks and other foreign currencies and foreign currency bonds, an unbridled buying and selling of Florida real estate which stopped only when funds available for "binders" were exhausted, and an unprecedented absorption of real estate mortgage bonds. These "booms" overlapped to some extent, it is true, but in the main each represented a distinct crest in the fashion cycle. The same tendency to run with the pack is to be discerned to a lesser extent on the Stock Exchange; at one time rails will catch the buying fancy, at another industrials, at still another the public utilities, and then perhaps foreign securities or bank stocks. Among the more seasoned securities style changes are governed fundamentally by changes in the basic conditions affecting their value, but undoubtedly the element of doing what the neighbors are doing and believing is infectious, and this is vastly important in creating public favor or disfavor.

These fluctuations in the public taste are as keenly studied and catered to by a section of purveyors of securities as they are by designers of dresses or automobiles. But the validity of the comparison extends no further. As a rule, the more fashionable a group of securities the more cautious the buyer should be. The stylist in the securities markets usually ranks much lower on the business scale than his fellow in clothes or furniture. He is the man who follows fashion because it facilitates selling, and when selling is easy one does not need to be too particular about the quality of the wares offered. There are financial gentry who are always to be found in the vanguard of every new speculative or investment movement. Immediately after the war, one suspects, they were to be found dealing in German mark bonds or something similar; then many of them migrated to Florida, while others turned up to take advantage of the excellent market enjoyed by those most standard of securities, mortages representing conservative loans upon conservatively valued real estate, and to sell mortgage bonds which represented neither conservative loans nor conservative valuations.

It must be obvious from the examples

given that there is little direct relation between merit and style; the favored purchase of the moment may have much or little merit. Anything fashionable is likely to have a basis of real worth, for it would not otherwise gain the preliminary foothold necessary for its climb to popularity; and it may have great merit when the set-up and management of the organization issuing the securities are good and the price reasonable. But upon that foundation it may go to extremes, and the more fashionable it becomes the greater the extreme to which it can be carried by the incompetent or unscrupulous whose only desire is to sell buyers what they are eager for.

To say, therefore, that investment trusts are now in great public favor and that the investment trust movement is probably being carried to extremes by reason of which many buyers will suffer eventual loss, is to say nothing against the intrinsic soundness of the plan. It is merely to repeat what the real leaders of the movement are saying, for they realize that its merits themselves endanger it, and that unless it can be controlled by educating the potential buyer it will sooner or later face restrictive legislation which will choke its progress and deprive it of the investment position to which it is entitled.

The writer dealt at more length with investment trusts in the October issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and there is no occasion to repeat here all that was said about them then. But it should be added that during the past two months particularly many toadstools have grown up among the mushrooms and it is imperative that the small buyer who would obtain the investment diversification which these trusts alone can give him should investigate carefully. If the trust is of the kind in which substitutions in the list of securities which it holds are permitted, the financial antecedents of the managers, their experience, ability and character should be ascertained through the usual channels of credit information; capable advice should be obtained as to the soundness of the trust indenture and the financial se up, and assurance should be had that inves ment provisions designed to maintain dive sification are enforced. If the buyer prefe a trust of the "fixed" variety, the same i vestigation is necessary to provide assuran that it will not be "milked" by its manage that the securities held will be put into it a reasonable price and only a reasonab charge added for the service performed, an that dividend policies will be conservati and a surplus built up such as backs ever sound investment.

Over-liberal dividend policies early in trust's history, made possible by appreci tion of the principal of the securites hel merely put an inflated valuation on i shares which will collapse when the inevit ble turn in the securities' markets comes. competent manager of an investment trus must possess not only great specialized abi ity, but very high ethical standards and a unimpeachable financial record, and the buy er's investigation should be properly directe for the most part toward the personal facto Any trust which cannot meet these tests, an particularly one which is unwilling to give it shareholders abundant information, shoul be suspect.

Bonds, debentures and preferred stock bearing warrants which give the investo the right to buy common stock at a fixe price for a limited time, say ten years, ar a comparatively recent investment innova tion which has been received with deserve popularity. As stated by one of the partner of a New York bond house, "in a large majority of the offerings of industrial issue of less than $5,000,000 the proceeds from the securities which go into the treasury o the company represent from 25 to 50 per cent. of its total net assets. An investo who puts his money behind an industrial concern and takes the greater risk inherent in the smaller size of the company should get more than the 6 or 7 per cent. ordinarily netted to him by the bonds, debentures or preferred stock."

AS OTHERS SEE IT

A Noteworthy Number

IR:

I thank you for the copy of THE NORTH MERICAN REVIEW for October, including as does the timely, illuminating, candid, onstructive and admirably written article y Mr. Norbert Lyons *What Next in the hilippines?* This article alone would give otableness to the number. Written as it is ut of Mr. Lyons's experience of many years, ought to be in the hands of every news- aper editor and national legislator in the ountry. It is seldom that I have seen so emperate and fair-minded a discussion of a eething problem. There is much else of reat interest in this issue of the magazine, nd I found myself reading most of it at a itting. I congratulate you on the vitality nd liveliness of the number.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

New York City.

Many Thanks, Sir Hubert Stanley!

IR:

Please let me congratulate you on the ontents, make-up, articles, editorials and ppearance of THE NORTH AMERICAN EVIEW.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

New Haven, Conn.

"Where is Fancy Bred?"

IR:

I enjoyed Carlton Kendall's article on *Pseudo-Geniuses.* The whole subject of hese border-line individuals, as the psychiatrist calls them, is intensely interesting and important, as they often have grave possibilities for harm to themselves and to society. It is true that they add color and variety to life which we could not well do without; a world of perfectly sane, perfectly healthy, "normal" people would be a dull place even for these perfect specimens. I am glad Mr. Kendall explained that not all the people who live in Greenwich Village are pseudo-geniuses; when he writes: "There live many honest souls—rarely geniuses of the highest class, to be sure." I wonder where on this earth geniuses of the highest type are anything but rare? If Greenwich Village had produced only one it could match any other locality or "state of mind" on the North American continent.

XAVIER HARRISON.

New York City.

The Cosmopolitan Admiral

SIR:

With regard to the editorial in your November number, *Colombo or Colon?*, you might have added "or Colomb", for a noted Peruvian historian has written a book to prove that the reputed discoverer of America was none other than Joan Colomb, a Catalonian, more or less of a pirate, who was influenced in his beliefs about the shape of the world by the great Catalan Mystic, Ramon Llul. That he took the name of Christopher, that is, Christ-bearer, is said to be explained by the fact that a part of his duties on his expeditions was to act as a missionary to the Indians. This Colomb is supposed to have fought against the Spanish crown,

too, and would therefore have had the same reason for concealing his identity as the supposed Gallego, Cristoforo Colombo. The Peruvian's book has aroused the patriotism of the Catalonians, which is normally at fever heat, and may be expected to stir up a lively controversy when it is published here next spring.

ALFONS FOIX.

New York.

At Home In Texas

SIR:

You make me feel at home in Texas. What have you to do with that? do you ask? Well, to adapt Prince Hal's words, Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down —or, rather, put you up with quite justifiable elation. Here I am at Brownwood, in Brown County, at just about the geographical centre of Texas; a land which devotees of the drama of the late Charley Hoyt assume to be chiefly occupied by Texas Steers. Surrounding communities are Byrd's Store, William's Ranch, Indian Creek, and Comanche. Isn't it a pretty place for an exile from Beacon Street, who was brought up on THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW? Of course, there are flour mills and cotton gins (not synthetic), and oil wells (some of which are really oily), and a tremendous pecan nut industry (only I'm not that kind of a nut). But "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

Well, here's the kernel in the pecan: The other day I found a man reading THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, not as a mere experimenter, but as one who was thus making use of an old friend; and when I remarked upon the circumstance that Brownwood was a long way from Thirty-seventh Street, he replied: "Oh, that's nothing. I'm not the only one. There are several other subscribers here." And surely enough, I found that there are at least four regular subscribers in Brownwood, which means doubtless at least four dozen readers. Do you say that four subscribers are not many? No; but I reckon that they make the Heart of Texas average up pretty well with the rest of the country. For Brownwood has only between eight and nine thousand inhabitants; and if you have four subscribers to every eight thousand people in the United States, you must have a mailing list of between fifty and sixty thousand, beside an equal or larger number of newsstand purchasers.

However, the point I started to make is that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is really a vital and potent factor in the intellectual life of Brownwood, Texas, and that is why, as I said, I feel at home during my sojourn here.

WILLIAM HEMMENWAY.

Brownwood, Texas.

Creative Artists Wanted

From The Tennessean, Nashville, Tenn.

News comes that the veteran NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is to be converted from a quarterly into a monthly, but exactly what this portends, I should not dare to guess. The fondest wish of the public might be that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and its more ambitious contemporaries, could get away from the professional contributors who do a lot to make our magazines dull. One gets the feeling, when looking over the field, that the editors are to a large extent enslaved to persons who do nothing but write for magazines, and that they do not reach, as fully as they should, the American creative artists who keep the book world healthily alive.

A Dollar To Its Home

SIR:

Please find enclosed a note for one dollar, —that, in fact, which natives, I believe, call a greenback. I am inclined to underline the word "please"; for if you do not find it, Fate will have rewarded me shamefully for one of the most arduous and praiseworthy actions of my life.

I conceive that a hundred-per-cent Man of the World would find no difficulties in sending a dollar to New York, but to a retiring man of letters the task is so formidable that, if you could appreciate the effort involved, I should find myself upon the permanent free-list of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. When first I enquired, nonchalantly, how I could best pay you for the magazine which you sent me, people said, 'Oh send him a postal order': but others observed 'No! he will have the greatest difficulty in changing an English postal order.' Now I am loath at all times to create unnecessary trouble, and accordingly I asked my bank about it. The bank advised me to fill in half-a-dozen forms, saying that when I had done so they would effect some mysterious transactions with American banks: but this seemed to me a great deal of heavy machinery to employ for the despatch of a dollar to its home. And so I scorned the bank and said I should go out and buy a dollar. Then some one stopped me in the street, and distracted my mind. Every morning for two months I woke up with a load upon my conscience, and slowly realized that it was my debt to the Manager of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Corporation; and every morning, after breakfast, I resolved to buy that dollar when I took my afternoon walk. But I was grappling with the problems involved in the writing of a book, and my afternoon walk always seemed the very best opportunity of finding the solutions. In this way I invariably returned empty-handed, and never realized my omission until I had taken off my shoes. No man could put on his shoes again in order to go out and buy a dollar, and accordingly I postponed the purchase until the next day. Then came a day when I married, and, however culpable I may have been, the interest of the occasion again put that dollar out of my thoughts. Your polite request—polite but firm—arrived just as I was leaving England, with my wife, for a holiday in Capri: and, had I been even more conscientious than I am, it would have ruined my stay there. But once again I forgot all about it. Then, coming back, I stared in horror at the heap of correspondence that had accumulated and, above all, at the polite but firm request for payment which stood on the top of the mountain of letters. 'This will never do,' I cried, —'the matter must be tackled firmly, once and for all, or that dollar will become an obsession and I shall go through life with a hunted look.' So I carried your letter in my pocket for a week, telling myself that I had only to go into a *bureau de change* during one of my expeditions. And how often I saw a Bureau while I was being swept along on the top of a 'bus! How guiltily my hand went to the envelope in my pocket! How swiftly the 'bus bore me past the Bureau! Not a 'bus in London seems to have a stopping place designed for persons in my predicament, they always pulled up either half a mile before or beyond the Bureaux. At last—today—seeing a Cook's Bureau from the top of a 'bus, I determined to have done with that dollar on this side of Eternity, and, pulling the bell violently, walked back a hundred yards and interviewed Cook's and found that he had a dollar-note. When I saw it I felt like Christian when the Load fell from his back: like Hercules, when, having cleaned the Augean Stables, he stepped into his hot bath: like Dr. Livingstone when, in the depths of Africa, he saw the cheerful countenance of Stanley. Life has cleared again, and I can once more look the world in the face. Not any longer do I slink by rapidly when I see in the street a member of the American Legionary Force. I feel that a new and lasting bond of friendship and confidence has been forged between the United States and Great Britain. But wait! A new peril dismays me. If I do not call a halt to this account of my travail, I shall surely forget to enclose that dollar-note,—so here—here indeed—it is!

Faithfully yours,

CLIFFORD BAX.

London, England.

P. S. And the copy of the N .A. R. which I ordered was not even for myself but for a friend in Naples.

Grammar and Rhetoric!

SIR:

The editorial entitled *Sloppy Speech Again*, in the October number of THE NORTH

American Review, is the best thing I have read in quite a long time; especially is this true of these three sentences:

"Some two hundred and twenty-two men of 'light and leading' are reported to advocate, 'for the sake of originality and forcefulness', abandonment of the 'strict rules of grammar and rhetoric'. Why not do the same with the 'strict rules' of arithmetic? . . . The need is not of abandonment, but of stricter observance, of the rules of language."

Some of the rules of grammar and rhetoric always have seemed arbitrary to me. My inclination is to say "It's me". Indeed, I got little reward after I had become inured to the employment of the perpendicular pronoun in such regard. When I reached home one night without a key and my wife came down to admit me, she asked, "Who is it?" "It is I," I answered, in accordance with her instruction. But she declined to admit me, saying, "If it was you, you would say 'It's me'!"

Nevertheless I repress my inclination to rebel, knowing that anarchy as to speech is almost as hazardous as is anarchy with reference to the law of the land.

It has pained me within recent years to observe the reckless use of language by college trained men who have come into newspaper work. These have defended their departure from rules upon the ground that usage had given sanction. When I have asked, "Usage by whom?" they have blandly cited some contemporary magazine writer, or Addison or Thackeray. And they have remained stubborn even after they were shown that they had emulated lapses, not the habit, of these writers. But I have been more greatly pained to learn at first hand that many college professors sanction just that kind of usage. They are teaching this stuff.

Is it any wonder that murderers, highwaymen, moonshiners, bootleggers and speedmaniacs are pleading "usage" in defense?

Faithfully yours,

Tom Finty, Jr.

Dallas, Texas.

STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF

The North American Review

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

for OCTOBER 1st, 1927

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carl W. Culman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The North American Review, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Carl W. Culman, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

The North American Review Corporation,
By Carl W. Culman,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1927.

Dorothy Crowne,
Notary Public.

[seal] (My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

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